

Chatterbox.



'You are a thoroughly honest soul.'

MICHAEL DE RUYTER, THE BRAVE DUTCH ADMIRAL.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.

IN the summer of 1617 the tower of the principal church of the town of Flessingen in Holland was undergoing repairs. Much of the wood-work had decayed in course of time, and the constant storms which raged round the coast made the townspeople fear lest some day their church-tower should come down with a crash, and they found it had not been attended to an hour too soon.

The carpenters and masons had erected a strong scaffolding and went busily to work; it was not however a service without danger, for, if any one should be seized with giddiness when on that lofty position and fall, he was sure to perish.

One day the workmen had fastened a high ladder to the top of the scaffolding, in order to repair a place just under the roof of the tower. The ladder reached almost to the round knob which adorned the top, and on which the weather-cock was placed.

Unnoticed by the workmen, a boy of ten years of age had gone up with them, climbed from stage to stage, till he reached the ladder, which he mounted, quick and agile as a cat till he arrived at the knob, on which he sat down very comfortably, holding on with one arm while he looked merrily down on the houses of the town, on the little men in the market-place, on the ships in the harbour, on the wide mouth of the Scheldt, and on the vast ocean, which extended as far as his eye could reach.

This view so fascinated the boy that he did not perceive that the workmen had taken away the ladder, and left the tower, because that afternoon was a holiday.

A sharp eye in the market-place below had discovered him, and drew the attention of others to the rash lad.

A crowd of people collected in fear and terror, their cries and lamentations reached the ears of the little scapegrace, who now for the first time perceived his dangerous position, and that those below had given him up for lost. However, he did not agree with them.

He looked calmly round him, breathed, as his good mother had taught him, a few words of prayer to the Lord, and then began to descend. The least sensation of fear or giddiness must cause him to fall. How all those hearts below were beating! But the boy had formed his plan. He held on by the hooks by which the slate-layers fastened their ladders, with the high iron heels which in those days were worn on shoes, he broke some of the slates in two, and thus formed a holding for his feet, and in a few minutes he was down at the top of the scaffolding-poles; he now clung tightly round these: they were thick tree stems, and let himself slide cautiously down till he reached the first stage of the scaffolding, and had already arrived at the steps of the tower when he met the workmen who had hastened up to rescue him if possible. It is scarcely necessary to add that he met with a great many hard words, and still harder boxes on the ear, but he bore all the scolding very quietly and patiently,

for he knew how much he was to blame. He skulked away through back streets to the lane where his parents lived, who he was glad to find had not yet heard a word about his foolhardy adventure.

The name of this bold, strong, active boy was Michael de Ruyter. His parents were very poor, they had no less than twelve children, of whom our friend Michael was the fourth. Poor Adrian de Ruyter, who was only a brewer's drayman, had no easy work to earn an honest living with so many hungry mouths to feed.

It may well be imagined that after this adventure on the tower, Michael was looked up to with great respect by all the lads of the place; and when, as was often the case, in those warlike times, games of war, battles and wrestling-matches were the order of the day among the boys, his party always chose him for their general, and were almost certain in consequence to be the victors.

At school he learned but little, and in after life bitterly repented his idleness and love of sport. He longed to be a sailor, and spent all his time about the port and harbour; at last his father, who would not consent to his wish to go to sea, apprenticed him to a rope-maker; this business was a flourishing one at Flessingen, but it was a dull one for a boy like Michael—to have to walk backwards all day drawing out and twisting the hemp! His wages were about twopence a-day. But the sea-loving lad looked much oftener at the ships than at his ropes. His work did not satisfy his master. He threatened to dismiss him. The boy daily implored his parents to let him go to sea,—after a time they consented.

He was now in his proper element; he became at once attentive and willing. He seemed as if he had been accustomed to be on board ship during his whole life; all were contented with him, he had left all his naughty, wild tricks and ways on shore. For four years he served as a cabin-boy; when he was fifteen he became a sailor. Holland was then at war with Spain; on one occasion Michael and all the crew in his ship were taken prisoners, they were confined at a town on the southern coast of Spain; but love of freedom and of country was so strong in them that they formed a plan of escape, and traversed Spain from the sea-coast to the Pyrenees without being discovered, and then begged their way home all through France, enduring fearful hardships the whole way.

We are not writing the life of Michael de Ruyter, but only relating the most striking incidents in his career. When he was about twenty-five, and had long since been captain of a vessel, he was in the employment of a rich merchant and ship-owner, who traded with Sallé in Barbary, on the northern coast of Africa. This was a dangerous voyage, for in those days the Mediterranean swarmed with pirate ships which, fitted out in Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, attacked and plundered every trading vessel they fell in with, sold all the young men for slaves in the market, carried off the goods, murdered all the old men, or if the ship did not please them, sunk it with them to the bottom of the sea, so that often

no one knew what had become of ship, crew, and cargo.

The shipowner had generally himself undertaken this voyage, but, growing old and infirm, he one day called Michael to him, and said, 'You must be my agent and overseer of the cargo.'

'I,' said the astonished youth; 'I am a sailor and not a merchant.'

'Never mind,' said the merchant, 'you are an honest lad, I shall trust everything in your hands, so make no bones about it.'

De Ruyter was obliged to consent.

The ship was small, but it was freighted with a valuable cargo and provided with a few cannon for defence in case of an attack. It arrived safely at Sallé. Michael landed, and received permission from the Dey to expose his goods for sale. The inhabitants hastened to the young Dutchman's stall in the market-place; they purchased his wares so fast and paid so well for them, that Ruyter hoped in a few weeks to weigh anchor and sail on his homeward voyage to Flessingen. But it happened, that one fine morning, the Dey himself followed by a long train of his courtiers, took a walk through the market-place, and at last remained standing before Ruyter's stall examining the cloth which he had for sale. Taking a beautiful piece in his hand he said, 'What is the price of this, Giaour?' (or dog, as the Turks delight to call Christians, when they dare).

Ruyter at once named the price fixed by his master.

The Dey immediately offered him half the sum he had demanded.

'I am not a Jew,' said Ruyter, 'or a man who demands half as much again as the article is worth, and then, when he finds he can't get it, is content with its proper value. There is no bargaining with me. What I ask is the fixed price. Moreover it is not my property; I am only the servant of my master.'

This speech would have been all very well in a country where there were laws and justice, but there were neither in Morocco. Every one trembled for his head when they marked how furious the Dey looked, but Ruyter was not in the least alarmed.

'Don't you know, dog of a Christian,' cried the Dey, 'that I am master over your life and property?'

'Yes, my lord,' said Ruyter, fearlessly, 'I know it well, but I know, too, that I have not asked too much, and that it is my duty as long as I am in my master's service to take care of his interests, and not of my own. You cannot, then, have the cloth for a penny cheaper than I asked at first. Do as you think fit, you are responsible before God!'

There were several other European merchants in the market besides Ruyter; they were all terrified at his words; they trembled for themselves, as much as for him.

The Dey gazed at the stalwart, fresh-coloured, young man for a long time, his eyes flashing with rage. All expected the short command, 'Cut off his head!' but he said, 'I will give you till this time to-morrow to reflect. If by that time you have not changed your mind, you had better make

your will!' He then departed. Ruyter quietly put the piece of cloth away in his chest and waited upon other customers.

The Turk had scarcely turned his back, when all his fellow-merchants crowded round him, and reproached him for his boldness. 'We implore you to give him the cloth! If he has your head cut off to-morrow, which will assuredly be the case, not only will you lose your life, but your master will lose the whole of his property. Your sailors will be all sold for slaves, and your ship destroyed. Give up a little and save the rest, as well as yourself and us.'

'I am in God's hands,' he replied; 'I had rather be faithful than prudent. That is what God requires. I have no right to give away what is entrusted to me. I shall not flinch a hair's breadth from my duty. I had rather die with a good conscience than live with an accusing one.'

All they could say would not move him. That evening Ruyter went calmly to rest, commended his soul to God in prayer, and slept as sweetly as an infant on its mother's breast. Next morning, after thanking the Lord who had strengthened and refreshed him, he went to the market-place and stood with a smiling face at the stall. It was not long before the Turk appeared with a face which looked as if he would like to eat Ruyter for breakfast. Behind him was one dressed in red, with a broad, naked sword in his hand. Everybody in Morocco knew who he was, and avoided him like the plague.

The Dey halted before Ruyter's stall, looked fiercely at him, and said, 'Dog of a Christian, have you reflected?'

'What I told you yesterday I must repeat to-day,' replied the bold young Dutchman; 'I cannot give you the cloth for a farthing less than I asked then. If you wish to take my life do so; I shall die with a pure conscience and as the faithful servant of my master.'

All the people around held their breath, while the man with the red dress looked at his sword-blade, examined its sharpness, and smiled like a fiend.

Suddenly, however, a change came over the Turk's face, it became bright and friendly.

'By the beard of the Prophet!' he exclaimed, 'you are a thoroughly honest soul. Such a faithful servant to his master, I never met with before. I wish I had one like you; it's a pity you're not a Turk.'

Thereupon he turned to his followers and remarked, 'Take this Christian for your example;' but to Ruyter he said, 'Give me your hand, Christian; henceforth you shall be my friend.' He then laid a purse of gold on the table before him with the words, 'There is, I believe, as much money in this as you asked for the cloth. I shall have a robe made out of it, and whenever I wear it, I shall think of your honesty.'

Then he shook him by the hand once more and departed.

Ruyter, with large profits, soon after returned to Holland; he did not tell his master a word about this adventure, but through others it soon came to his ears; henceforth he treated him as his son, and at his death left him a large sum of money.

(To be continued.)

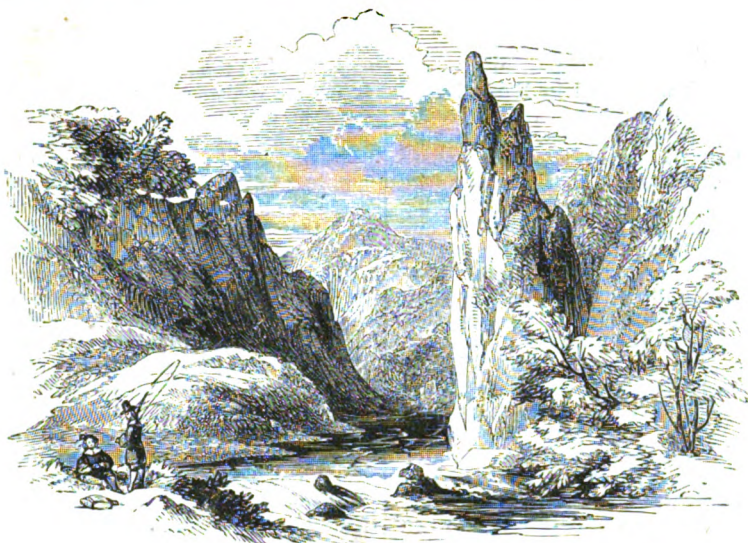


IZAAK WALTON.

IZAAK WALTON was noted for two things, of each of which our picture speaks. He is often called 'the father of angling,' and he was a lover of good books, and himself wrote the lives of many English worthies.

Of old Izaak's own life little has come down to us.

He was born at Stafford in the year 1593. When he grew up, he went into business in London and kept a hosier's shop in Fleet Street, and in due time made money enough to enable him to retire and to devote himself to writing the lives of such good men as George Herbert, Richard Hooker, Sir Henry Wotton.



Valley of the Dove.

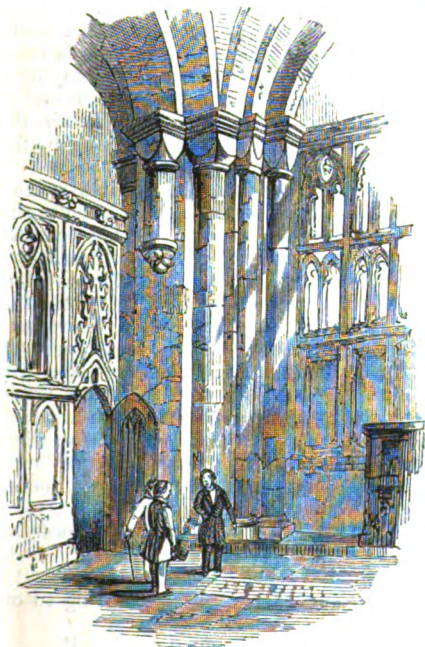
Dr. Donne, and others,—and also set him free to follow his favourite recreation of angling, especially in the river Dove amid the beautiful mountain glens of Derbyshire.

He wrote a well-known book called 'The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation,' in which there are many sayings in praise of the art.

Here is one,—'No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler; for, when the lawyer is swallowed up with business and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent, silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us.'

Izaak Walton's 'Complete Angler' first appeared in 1653; it was afterwards enlarged by his friend, Mr. Charles Cotton.

Though he was married twice, he outlived all his children except two, and lost his second wife in the year 1662, when he was himself seventy-one years of age. He himself died at Winchester in 1683, and was buried in the Cathedral, where there is this inscription to his memory:—



Isaak Walton's Tomb.

Here resteth the Body of
MR. IZAAK WALTON,
WHO DYED THE 15TH OF DECEMBER, 1683.

—o—
Alas! hee's gone before,
Gone to returne noe more!
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged fire;
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past;
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done.
Crowned with eternal blifs,
We wish our souls with his.

EDWARD'S WISH.

(Continued from page 203.)

HE work was found by Edward very hard to do properly that day. He was always starting, and fancying that he heard steps or voices approaching. At last, just as he had for a moment forgotten his great anxiety in a smaller one about some delicate cuttings, he heard his master call him. Hastening towards him, he saw from the expression of his face that there was good news, and the first words he heard, were: 'All right, Edward; your friend William Gray is quite cleared; but it is a pity he should have been so intimate with that good-for-nothing fellow.'

'How was it, sir? Were there only three after all?'

'No, there were four. The other was Ned Travers; his handkerchief was found behind the hedge by the field where the assault took place, and when they went to his house they found that his arm was broken, and he could give no satisfactory account of how it was done. And Mrs. Barclay of the mill said that her little girl had seen William try to jump the ditch, and fall, and then she had seen him lying there groaning, and was frightened, and ran to tell her mother. Mrs. Barclay was very busy, and did not listen to what the child said for some time. When she did understand that there was a man lying in the ditch, she went there with the little girl, but William was gone by that time; so she thought it must have been a fancy of the child's, who, however, persisted in telling her story. I am very glad for him, and for you too. I dare say you are wishing to see him, so if there is nothing very particular to be done, we will spare you this afternoon.'

'Thank you kindly, sir. I will see to these cuttings, and then I will go. Poor William will have been much upset with all this, and suffering so much too with his foot!'

When Edward arrived at his friend's cottage he found that his foot was already much better, and as soon as he heard that Edward was free for the whole afternoon, he declared his intention of accompanying him home. Edward feared the walk might do his foot harm, but William was bent on going.

'Give me your arm, old fellow,' he said, 'and you'll see if I cannot walk. The air will do me good.'

They approached the cottage silently and slowly, for William's foot was beginning to pain him again. As they passed the window they both unconsciously looked in, and saw Margaret, her face buried in her hands, evidently crying.

'What is the matter, Maggie?' said Edward, as they entered.

She looked up, and seeing William with him she uttered a cry of joy; then all at once she remembered herself, and blushed deeply.

'It is all right, Maggie. He did not do it. We

always knew it—did we not? But he gave us a great fright. Where is mother? I must go and tell her.'

As he shut the door he heard William say, 'Was it for me you were crying, Margaret?' He did not hear the answer, but when he came back with his mother he was not much surprised to hear that William, who had long set his heart on Margaret, but had not had courage to tell her so, seeing she cared so much for him, had asked her to be his wife, and that she had consented. Both mother and brother were delighted that it should be so; and as William's father and mother were also pleased, and he had good, steady work, there was nothing to delay the marriage, which took place in six weeks' time. It was settled that William and Margaret should live with Mrs. Moore in the old home, and Edward was happy to see that William was another son to her, so that there was every hope that they would all be happy together. But Edward's own heart's wish seemed no nearer fulfilment; for he could not let William support his mother when he had not more than enough to keep his own family in comfort. So he went on steadily and cheerfully doing the work appointed him, at the same time improving his mind by reading, so as to be prepared, if it should please God to call him to a higher office. In this he was assisted by the good Vicar, who always encouraged his wish, and who now devoted part of two evenings of each week to teaching him many things which he could not otherwise have learnt.

Edward was much trusted by his master, more than ever since he had spoken so truthfully, when by so doing he might have injured the very cause he was earnestly pleading. When Mr. Howard was away, it was his charge to see that the house was safe the last thing at night. One winter's evening, when both Mr. and Mrs. Howard were staying with a sick relative, he, as usual, made his rounds, saw that all was right, and went to bed. At about four o'clock in the morning he was awakened by fearful shrieks, and starting up, saw by the red glare through the window that the terrible cause was fire. Hastily throwing on his clothes he rushed out of his room, and saw, to his horror, that he could not go through the passage which led to the chief rooms, as it was already full of smoke, lighted occasionally by tongues of flame. He rushed down the back-stairs and into the kitchen, where some of the other servants were already gathered. In a moment they had unbarred the doors, and in another found themselves before the front entrance. Through the open door the staircase was seen a mass of flame, and through many of the windows the flames, crackling and roaring, were bursting with dreadful fury. But Edward hardly looked at all this, for what was his horror to see the nurse in an agony of grief, rushing frantically towards him with the baby in her arms!

'Where is Miss Alice?' he cried.

'There!' shrieked the nurse, pointing to one of the windows.

'In that room with the open window?'

'No, in that room at the back. The flames are

not there yet, but they will soon be there. What-ever shall I do?

Edward did not hesitate a moment. 'There is a ladder the other side of the house, help me to fetch it?' he cried, rushing off.

The others followed, and they quickly brought the ladder and placed it against the open window. But by this time the flames had reached the room. Could he possibly pass through it and back again before it was too late? All thought not.

'Don't go, Edward! it would be no use. It is throwing away your life,' they cried, all except the poor nurse, who was almost fainting with agony and terror.

But Edward did not listen. With one earnest prayer in his heart he sprang up the ladder, and disappeared through the open window. It seemed to the lookers-on an age before he reappeared with a little bundle wrapped in a blanket in his arms. The flames rushed on, seemingly bent on swallowing him up; he had literally to dash through them. But his foot is on the ladder—he is safe—and so is the sweet child which he had risked his life to save. A shout of relief and congratulation burst from the anxious watchers; but Edward was so much burnt and exhausted that he could hardly descend the ladder, and had to gather all his failing strength for the effort. When he had reached the ground and given the child to the nearest of the bystanders his senses forsook him, and he was carried fainting to the nearest cottage. Many days there was hardly any hope of his life; not that his burns were very dangerous, but the excitement, and the heat, and the pain, altogether, produced a violent fever which caused his friends great anxiety. However, when the crisis was past he began to rally, and slowly but steadily regained his strength, and was able to hear all about the fire and the guesses as to its cause. It was supposed that the nurse, who, after every one was in bed, had hastily passed through several rooms to that of her mistress to fetch some medicine for the baby, might have set on fire one of the muslin curtains, and in her haste to return to the children, whom she had left alone, might not have perceived the mischief she had done. And if the fire thus arose in a part of the house at the time uninhabited, it would account for the fact that it had spread so far before it was perceived. But whatever was the cause of the fire, the nurse was the first to discover it. Hers were the shrieks which Edward had heard, as she started from her bed, seized the baby, and rushed down-stairs. With more than her natural strength, in her agony of fright, she unbarred the door, lighted by the flames which seemed to be following her. As soon as she was in the open air she looked back and saw that the staircase which she had descended was a mass of flame. Then the memory of the sleeping little one upstairs came over her, and her cries brought Edward to her assistance, and he was enabled to save the precious child.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE SKYLARK'S SONG.

EH, dear! how dark it is here!' said the Skylark, beating his wings against the sides of his narrow cage. 'I don't think the sun ever shines now; at least it never comes into this room. Oh! for the sweet green fields and the cool rushing river! I would gladly lie down and die the next moment, if I might once more mount up into the blue sky! Shall I *never* get free from this hateful prison?' and the poor bird drooped his head and sighed wearily.

Just then a shabbily-dressed woman entered the room, and approached the cage.

'What's the matter with you, birdie? you're not half brisk to-day; come, sing to me a bit. What, won't you? Poor fellow! I dare say you do feel doleful, cooped up in this dark hole. I've a great mind to take you a walk in the country to-day; I'd let you fly altogether, birdie, if she hadn't given you to me, but I can't part with my Lucy's pet.'

The Skylark had once belonged to the poor woman's daughter, who was dead now, and for her sake the bird was loved almost as though it had been a human being. The woman ate her scanty dinner, and then, putting on her bonnet and shawl, she took the cage in her hand, and descended the narrow, dirty stairs into the street. On, on, she plodded through the dusty streets of the factory town till the houses became fewer and fewer, and at length she turned into a country road, shaded by tall elm-trees, in which the breeze made a pleasant, soothing murmur. On she walked, still further along the green hedgerows, talking the while to her bird, for want of a better companion.

'It's pleasant to leave the dark, dirty town now and then; isn't it, birdie? The country air is so sweet and fresh, and the sun shines so brightly, it makes my heart quite glad—that it does! And it's a change for my birdie, too. I expect you'll be quite brisk after this. Ah! if only my poor girl were here! what a happy day we would have! But she's better off where she is; no dark, dirty town up there, I know. How glad I shall be to join her some day in that country where the sun always shines, and the trees are always green. Never mind, though, we'll enjoy ourselves just for to-day; won't we, birdie, and not think about to-morrow? Why don't you sing, my pet?' and the woman looked anxiously at the skylark's drooping head and dim, sad eyes.

'Oh! he is dying! my Lucy's bird is dying! Oh! what shall I do? Look up, my pretty, and sing to me—don't you die and leave me all alone in the wide world?' and the poor woman leant against a stile and began to cry bitterly. Not wishing to be seen by the passers-by, she presently crossed the stile, and sat down in the smooth, green meadow by the side of a river that rippled sweetly along amongst the buttercups and daisies. Lower and lower drooped the skylark's head, dimmer and dimmer grew his eyes, till it was only by the beating of his little heart that the woman knew he was still living, when suddenly he opened his eyes, and burst forth into a song of such thrilling sweetness



as he had sung since the day when cruel hands had captured and taken him away from his home. He sang of the happy days long since past—of the sweet spring, and the summer sun, and the green fields he was looking on for the last time, and as he sang his voice mingled with the pleasant murmur of the river, and rose louder and sweeter in mournful beauty, till suddenly, when it was at its most thrilling pitch, it ceased, his wings fluttered in a vain attempt to mount upwards, there was a slight

shiver, and the skylark laid his head down and died. Died, within sight of the sweet green fields, and the cool rushing river, singing with his last breath the song of gladness he had never sung since the days when he was free and happy. And the sun shone bright as ever, and the river plashed on in its peaceful course, but the poor woman's heart was sad as she left her treasure in the meadow, and trudged back to the town weary and alone.

F. M. W.

Parts I. II. III. IV. V. and VI. for Jan. Feb. March, April, May, and June, 1869, are now ready price Threepence each.

All the back Numbers have been reprinted, price One Halfpenny each.

Chatterbox.



Children walking two and two in red and blue and green.

HOLY THURSDAY.

'TWAS on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces
 clean,
 Came children walking two and two, in red and blue
 and green;
 Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as
 white as snow,
 Till to the dome of great St. Paul's, they like Thames'
 waters flow.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the
 voice of song,
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven
 among:
 Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of
 the poor:
 Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your
 door.

W. BLAKE.

MICHAEL DE RUYTER, THE BRAVE DUTCH ADMIRAL.

(Continued from page 211.)



1640 Ruyter entered his country's service for the first time on board a man-of-war. He soon rose to be a captain, and for a long time commanded a small frigate called the *Salamander*. His duty at first was to chastise the Algerine pirates which infested the Mediterranean; with these he had many severe conflicts and was always successful.

How the brave Ruyter could extricate himself from a dangerous position by a clever stratagem was proved by an incident which occurred on a return voyage from Ireland to Flessingen. He knew that the Channel was full of well-armed Dunkirk privateers, who were even more barbarous than the pirates of North Africa. He knew that they were more than a match for him with his one small frigate and only ten guns.

Fortunately he heard that in the Irish ports there were many casks of bad, rancid butter. He bought these and had the sides of his ship as well as the decks smeared all over with it. But he ordered his sailors to take a good quantity of chalk on board also; this they had to rub on the soles of their shoes several times a-day, so that they were able without any danger to walk on the greasy ship. Then he took his course straight for Holland.

A Dunkirk privateer, three times as strong as he was, overtook him in the Channel. As Ruyter defended himself but feebly the enemy tried to board him; but the Dutch ship was as slippery as if it were covered all over with ice. The Dunkirk sailors could not hold on to the sides, slid into the sea and many of them were drowned. Those who managed to reach the deck could not stand on it, but fell down over each other, so that the Dutchmen were able easily to take them prisoners. Being unable to

understand the cause of this strange disaster, especially as the Dutchmen walked as easily as usual, the Dunkirk sailors were seized with superstitious fear,—all who could fled to their ship, which sailed rapidly off in a contrary direction.

Holland was constantly at war with Spain, thus the Spaniards were the enemies with whom Ruyter had generally to contend. Once he was charged—still with a small frigate, but a first-rate sailer—to convoy a fleet of traders to the West Indies. The voyage was a most prosperous one. Not a Spanish ship had been seen, the palm-trees of the beautiful islands were already seen waving over the deep blue sea, when the large sails of a huge Spaniard were discerned making straight towards the Dutch vessels.

Ruyter stood on the quarter-deck, quietly looking at the enemy, who would very soon be within cannon-shot of his frigate. Turning to his men he said in a cheerful voice, 'Lads! this is a serious matter. The big Spaniard will soon give us a broadside. That may do us mischief, but I think, with God's help, and if you agree with me, that we may either board him or sink him. Shall we?'

'Yes, yes,' cried all the sailors, waving their caps.

'Very well,' said Ruyter, 'remember the duty which you all owe to your country. I shall try to do mine, and may God be with us. Now then! load well and aim well!'

There was a hopeful cheer as the Spaniard sent a broadside which enveloped him in a cloud of smoke, while his balls went high over Ruyter's ship.

'Well meant, but badly aimed; he does not understand his trade,' cried Ruyter, merrily. 'Wait a little! Now! fire!'

At the same moment there was a crash. The little vessel trembled, but all Ruyter's balls had struck the Spaniard's side.

'One more like that, and he will sink,' exclaimed the Dutch captain.

But before Ruyter's ship could turn her other side to the enemy, the Spaniard fired another broadside, and this time with better effect, for there was a terrible rattling in the yards and among the tackling of the Dutch frigate.

'Better this time,' cried Ruyter. 'Now it's our turn. Fire!'

And again not one of the little Dutchman's balls missed. The Spaniard's beams cracked so that they could plainly be heard on board the Dutchman; a large leak too was visible, through which the water was quickly forcing its way.

'The Spaniard is thirsty; see how he is drinking salt water,' said Ruyter; 'he is getting plenty of it, too!'

Meanwhile, the confusion on board the Spaniard was increasing. The huge ship was much injured, and rolled from side to side so violently, that its yard-arms nearly touched the sea. Undoubtedly it must sink in a few minutes.

The Dutch sailors had loaded again, and were awaiting the command to fire.

'Spare the powder and balls to your country, lads; the Spaniard is sinking.'

And, as Ruyter spoke these words the giant ship turned round in a circle, and suddenly went down into the fathomless ocean, leaving nothing behind her but a great whirlpool, which swallowed all that came in its reach.

'Lads,' said Ruyter, 'that was a masterpiece! and you shall all have your reward! but now we must have a second masterpiece. All boats into the sea. Save as many of the unhappy sailors as you can!'

The command was rapidly obeyed, the boats flew along like arrows, and the brave Dutchmen succeeded in picking up many Spaniards, the captain among them, bringing them on board their ship.

When the Spanish captain, a tall, sallow, and exceedingly proud hidalgo, was brought on the deck, Ruyter asked him, 'If you had succeeded in sinking my ship, would you have shown the same mercy to me and my crew as I have just shown to you?'

The Spaniard regarded him with all the pride of his nation and all the contempt of which he was capable, and exclaimed, gnashing his teeth,—

'No! it would have been my greatest joy to have seen you all drowned; and had I been able to save you without the least trouble, I would not have done so!'

This was too much for even Ruyter's gentle Christian disposition. His wrath was aroused in a greater degree than his men had ever seen it before; his face became crimson, and with a voice, quivering with rage, he exclaimed, 'Lads, seize these Spanish ruffians and throw them overboard, that they may drown like kittens!'

The sailors immediately laid hold of the Spaniards, quite ready to execute their captain's command.

But now it was all over with the Spaniard's pride. He and his men fell on their knees, and cringingly implored for their lives. Ruyter, though he could not repress his deep contempt for them, cried out, 'Stop, lads, let them bear their disgrace! The Lord has commanded us to pardon, as we hope that He will pardon us. It shall never be said that De Ruyter and his brave sailors injured the defenceless, though these ruffians have well deserved the fate which I (may God forgive me!) in the heat of passion, destined for them. God says, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall receive mercy." Let them live, and take good care of them, for they are poor prisoners, and I know from experience how they must feel!'

Soon after this Holland was engaged in war with England—a far more formidable power than Spain. The Dutch were frequently defeated at sea. About this time Ruyter had retired from active service and was living happily with his family in an estate which he had purchased. But his country could not spare him in these troublous times, his services were required to defend her against powerful enemies, and after great difficulty he was persuaded to take the command of the fleet.

He was soon after made admiral, a great honour for a man who had risen from being a common sailor, and who was still comparatively young. He took the command of the fleet and gained several

decisive victories, but a peace was very soon after signed. Ruyter was now sent to Barbary again to enforce a treaty on the Dey, who had been at his piratical tricks once more. He presented himself before Sallé, and when the Dey heard that it was his old friend Ruyter, he not only signed the treaty, but to prove his esteem, gave Ruyter a very useful present, consisting of 44 sheep, 200 fowls, 4 horses, 4 lion-skins, 1 tiger-skin, 10 casks of fresh water, a prodigious quantity of melons, and 130 pair of shoes for his crew.

It was natural enough that Ruyter's rapid promotion should cause him to be envied and disliked. This was proved by the conduct of the Commandant of the garrison of Amsterdam and his officers.

When the capital was showing every honour to the distinguished seaman, the Commandant, who could not remain behind, still thought he might add a humiliation for the Admiral. He invited him to a banquet which was attended by the officers of the fleet, as well as by those of the garrison. The trick was to be played off after the dinner, because *Ruyter*, which is the Dutch for *Rider*, was, as they all very well knew, a very *bad rider*.

The banquet over, the Commandant proposed that they should take a ride to his country-house, situated about half a mile from the town.

Horses were brought out for all,—for Ruyter a very handsome but vicious beast, which had already thrown many first-rate horsemen. Ruyter could not refuse, as the wife of the Commandant lived at that country-house and the visit was a particular mark of respect to her.

All went on well enough till they reached the city gate, then, according to the Commandant's previous arrangement, all military officers put spurs to their horses, and galloped off at full speed.

Ruyter could scarcely keep in the saddle, and the wild animal which had purposely been given him, perceiving that he had a bad horseman who was not his master on his back, began to kick and make all kinds of violent jumps and springs, and suddenly the Admiral was thrown to the ground.

The Commandant at once stopped, turned to his assistance, alighted and asked if he were hurt, but at the same time a smile at the Admiral's awkwardness passed over the officer's face, which Ruyter noticed. Fortunately the Admiral was not in the least hurt; the Commandant, however, would not allow him to mount the vicious horse again, but made him get on his own. Everything then went off well, and Ruyter took care not to show that he knew they had been playing him a trick.

Before taking leave he invited the Commandant and all his officers to a banquet on board his flag-ship.

When the whole party arrived in the gaily-decorated boat of the man-of-war, the beautiful vessel was tastefully adorned with flags, the sailors in their best uniforms stood on the yards shouting hurrahs and waving their hats. All the arrangements were splendid; beneath a beautiful tent on the deck, tables were spread with the choicest dishes and most expensive wines.

(To be continued.)



STRAWBERRIES.

LITTLE PEARL HONEYDEW, six years old,
From her bright ear parted the curls of gold,
And laid her head on the strawberry bed,
To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

Their cheeks were blushing, their breath was sweet,
She could almost hear their little hearts beat ;
And the tiniest, lisping, whispering sound
That ever you heard came up from the ground.

'Little friends,' she said, 'I wish I knew
How it is you thrive on sun and dew !'
And this is the story the berries told
To little Pearl Honeydew, six years old : —

'You wish you knew ? and so do we ;
But we can't tell you, unless it be
That the same kind Power that takes care of you
Takes care of poor little berries too.

'Tucked up snugly, and nestled below
Our coverlid of wind-woven snow,
We peep and listen, all winter long,
For the first spring-day and the bluebird's song.

'When the swallows fly home to the old brown shed,
And the robins build on the bough overhead,
Then out from the mould, from the darkness and
cold,
Blossom, and runner, and leaf unfold.

'Good children, then, if they come near,
And hearken a good long while, may hear
A wonderful trampling of little feet —
So fast we grow in the summer heat.

'Our clocks are the flowers ; and they count the hours
Till we can mellow in sun and showers,
With warmth of the west wind and heat of the
south —

A ripe red berry for a ripe red mouth.

'Apple-blooms whiten, and peach-blooms fall,
And garlands are gay by the garden-wall,
Ere the rose's dial gives the sign
That we can invite little Pearl to dine.

'The days are longest, the month is June,
The year is nearing its golden noon,
The weather is fine, and our feast is spread
With a bright green cloth and berries red.

'Just take us betwixt your finger and thumb —
And quick ! oh, quick ! for see there come
Tom on all-fours, and Martin the man,
And Margaret, picking as fast as they can.

'Oh, dear ! if you only knew how it shocks
Nice berries like us to be sold by the box,
And eaten by strangers, and paid for with pelf,
You would surely take pity, and eat us yourself.'

And this is the story the small lips told
To the dear Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
When she laid her head on the strawberry-bed
To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

Our Young Folks.





The Wedding Dance.

PHILIP AND ALICE.

WEDDING was always a thing of importance in the little village of Haven, but the marriage of Philip Sandon and Alice Blanc was talked of by the people of Haven for a long time beforehand. Not more than two hours after the banns were read out in church the villagers were all talking of the coming wedding, and I should fear that that day many wandered in their prayers

whilst thinking of the young gamekeeper and Alice the housemaid at the Rectory.

Philip and Alice had been known in the village ever since they had been children. Philip was the son of Jim the fisherman, and Alice had been

brought up in the same house with him. Alice did not remember either her father or mother. How she came to be brought up with Philip will be seen in the following story:—

Haven, you must know, is near a dangerous part of the sea-coast, and has its name from its little harbour, or haven, which was often full of fishing-boats in bad weather, and all the men could tell by a landmark the exact channel into which they could steer safely. This landmark was Jim Sandon's cottage. At night a light was always burnt in the window so that the fishermen might find their way home after sunset.

Now it happened one stormy night that signals of distress were heard out at sea, and by the dim moonlight the fisher-folk made out a foreign schooner fast drifting upon the rocks.

Her pilot, who knew the coast well, determined to make for Haven; but wind and wave were too

strong for him, and the schooner drifted nearer and nearer the fatal rocks.

No other help could be given from shore but to send out a boat, and although Philip was but twelve years of age he begged to join the rescue-party. Though quite a boy, he was well known as a clever little coxswain. No man could steer a boat into the channel better than Philip, and all trusted him. The men pulled with all their might and reached the schooner in safety; but it was too late, the *Marie* had struck the rocks, and was falling to pieces. The pilot, who was a good swimmer, gained the boat. Suddenly there appeared, on deck, just before the schooner went to pieces, a woman with a child in her arms.

'*O mon enfant !*' she said, '*ma chère Alice !*' and then both mother and child fell into the sea. The men tried all they could to save them, they caught the woman by her dress, but the child was gone. The woman was dead, nothing could revive her—but the little one was seen floating on a plank.

'Save the child,' said Philip, as the men were pulling away, and he steered the boat until he could grasp the little one and pull her in. He then put her inside his coat and kept her as warm as possible until they reached the shore, and then took her home to his mother.

The child recovered, and became as one of the family. The body of the poor mother was buried in the churchyard.

All they knew of their history was told them by the pilot. M. Blanc was the master of the schooner, and his wife and child were sailing with him to Calais with a cargo of goods from Liverpool when they met the storm. The little girl who was saved was about three years old, and that little girl now was Philip's wife.

Alice was twenty-one, and Philip thirty years of age. They were to live in the same cottage in which Philip was born. His father was dead, and his mother, now past sixty years old, was to live with them. They told her that the lamp in the window would not burn so brightly if she did not live with them to trim it.

Philip had often tried to persuade Alice to be married before, but Alice constantly said she was too young. However, as Philip was earning excellent wages as head-keeper, and, moreover, had a tidy little sum of money in the bank, he would not let Alice wait longer than her twenty-first year. Her birthday she never knew, but as they imagined she was about three years when she was rescued, she would now be twenty-one, and Philip said that eighteen years was long enough to wait. For he always declared he would wait until Alice grew up to be a woman, and then he would marry her.

After the wedding, the squire, Philip's master, gave a dance to all who liked to come from the village. In the picture you see the rector and his wife, who have just come to look on. The old woman touching the rector's arm is Philip's mother, she is pointing her son out to Mr. Aston, and what is often termed 'singing his praises.'

'There is a boy,' she said, 'who has never given his mother but one pang of sorrow, and that was

on the night he went out and saved my Alice. But he brought a hundred times more joy into my house than the sorrow he gave me. Alice, bless her little heart' (and here the good old woman put her hand to her eyes), 'has been as good a daughter as Philip has been a son. She is too young to marry any one but my Philip, but she was made for him and for nobody else. To see her face on stormy nights when he was gone to sea, and she a little girl, you would soon find out how she was wrapt up in him. Ay, but what a mercy it is he gave up being a sailor at last. When his poor father was drowned we said he must come and take care of us, and he left the sea and got a good situation, and is a good servant to a good master.'

He is,' said the rector, 'in that you speak truly. Philip has a good Master in Heaven as well as on earth, and his steady and consistent conduct makes him an honour to the village. He can laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep. Mary, when you depart this life, I trust you will not only depart in peace with God, but with a blessed hope of meeting your son and daughter in heaven.'

Philip's mother lived to be a grandmother; a new little Alice was born in the cottage, and a Philip and a James were added to the number of her grandchildren, but before the birth of Marie the grandmother was at rest.

W. M.

EDWARD'S WISH.

(Concluded from p. 215.)



ALL these particulars Edward learnt gradually, as one and another came and sat by his bedside. One of his most constant visitors was his master, who had hastened back to his ruined home, and after taking the children to their thankful mother, he had returned to see what was to be done, and what could be saved from amidst the ashes and rubbish. Often, and with heartfelt gratitude, had he thanked Edward for saving his little Alice; but he had not said much for fear of agitating the invalid.

However, one day when Edward was so much better that there was no longer any need for caution, after warmly expressing his thanks to him, Mr. Howard added, 'Now, my great wish is to prove to you my gratitude. I do not mean to repay you—that is impossible, but to show how sincerely I feel how much I owe you.'

Edward was very much surprised, and a little hurt. What he had done he had not done for a reward, and he did not wish for any; or rather, he was rewarded, but Mr. Howard persisted, and at last, when Edward saw how it would grieve him if he did not allow him to prove his gratitude by doing something for him, and that it would be only pride which

should prevent him from allowing his grateful master this pleasure, he opened his heart to him. He told him of his great wish—that wish which had never left him since his boyhood. He told him, too, that for his mother's sake he had never been able to carry it out; not because she could not do without him, for she had not only a dutiful daughter, but in William another son, but that he could not leave her unless she were independent of them: so that nothing could be so acceptable to him as a small annuity for his mother, which would enable her to live comfortably if he went away. Mr. Howard warmly entered into his plan, and after promising to provide for his mother, proposed to Edward to go, as soon as he was well enough, to study at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. Mr. Howard said it would give him real pleasure to bear any expenses of the plan. Edward knew well all about St. Augustine's College; how young men who were preparing to be missionaries went there to study; and then, after they arrived in the distant land of their future labours, they were ordained to be clergymen by the Bishop of the Church in that country. He had often thought how happy those students must be, but he had never imagined that he might be one of them. His idea of missionary work for himself was, that he might be a catechist; and he almost shrank with a feeling of unworthiness from the high and responsible calling of a minister of the church—an 'ambassador for Christ.' But his good friend the Vicar made him see that it would be false humility to draw back from the high office to which he was called, and that he would have strength given him to fulfil its duties. However, he again pointed out to him the sufferings and trials of a missionary's life; but these did not affect Edward at all. There was but one trial from which he shrank, and that was parting with his mother and all dear to him in his own land. But he remembered David's words, —'Neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing,' and our Lord's promise to those who leave all whom they love on earth to follow Him, and so his heart did not fail him.

He would not, however, promise without his mother's consent. It was a bitter pang for her; but when she heard how long, for her sake, he had denied himself the wish of his heart, she could not but give her permission and her blessing. And, besides, she was too good a woman to keep him back from the high duties to which he was called. There was no other difficulty, for the Vicar gave so high a character of him, that he was without hesitation admitted at the college, as this kind friend had purposely taught him all that it was necessary for him to know before he could be received there. It was a memorable day for Edward when, accompanied by Mr. Richmond, who had promised to introduce him, he first entered the college where he was to prepare for this high and holy calling. As he passed through the cloister, and saw written up the names of those who had gone from the college to their various fields of labour, his heart beat as he thought that his would one day be there; and when he was shown the crypt, and the names of those mission-

aries who had gone to their eternal rest, he remembered with a thrill that when his work was done, his name too would be *there*. When he was taken to his little room, and left there for a time alone, his heart almost sank at the thought of the solemn duties he had undertaken; but when he knelt with his brother students in the beautiful chapel, and joined in their hearty devotions, his spirit rose again, for he felt that it was not in his own strength that he would go forth, but in a much higher strength,—even His who has said, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

And did he ever regret his choice? When the time of preparation was over, and, in the midst of difficulties and privations, he preached amidst the heathen the gospel of his dear Lord, did he ever wish that he had chosen differently, when the generosity of the grateful father whose child he had saved would have put him in the way of a life of ease and comfort in his own country? Oh, no! In the midst of all his trials and privations he fully realised that the promise to him who shall 'leave house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands,' for the sake of Christ and the gospel, is not only 'eternal life,' but that even now, in this time, 'he shall receive an hundredfold.'

A ROYAL PAIR;

OR, A PRAIRIE-KING AND HIS WIFE.

IN Italy large herds of buffaloes are kept to clear the marshes and rivers from over-abundant vegetation; and the prairies of North America are annually grazed by multitudes of bisons, or, as they are called there, buffaloes. As soon as man arrives he alters this state of things, and as the gun, the axe, and the ploughshare advance, the poor buffalo is forced to retreat till some day he will have to be numbered with the things of the past, for in so new a country there is little hope that even a few of these kingly creatures will be preserved in some park like the wild cattle of Chillingham in old England.

The bison does well in the British Isles and in Ireland. It has even bred in the Regent's park, and the late Marquis of Breadalbane had a little herd which was bred in Scotland. They had to be fed in winter, in order to keep them in one spot.

Like deer and many of the antelopes the buffaloes in their wild state like to wander at certain periods of the year and unite in numbers, which formerly were fabulous, and even now are astonishing. But firearms and the idea that all these fine animals are merely created that Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson may be amused and prove their steady nerve, by shooting them, diminishes them from year to year at a great rate.

The bison calf is a bright, light red, and a funny little fellow, deserving more than any calf I have seen the Irish nick-name of 'Staggering Bob.'





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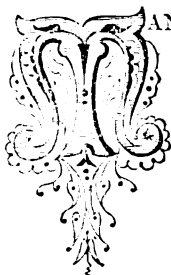
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THE SINGING STUDENT.



ANY years ago a student boy was seen and heard in the streets of an ancient town, singing. He was a stout, plainly-dressed lad, but his face was pale, and his eyes were sad and tearful. His voice was most musical, and the songs he sang were in beautiful words, and about sacred things. Every time he finished a song, he stepped to the door of a house, and gave a gentle tap.

When it was opened, he said in gentle tones:—

'Please give a poor student lad a morsel of bread.'

'Begone with thee! thou beggar child,' was the rough reply that often met his ear as he shrank back from the door-steps.

Thus driven from door to door, he sang his sweet songs until his body was weary and his heart sad. Scarcely able to stand, he at last turned his steps homeward. Striking his forehead with his hand, he said,—

'I must go home to my father's house, and be content to live by the sweat of my brow. Providence has no loftier destiny for me.'

Just at that moment, Ursula Cotta, a burgher's wife, who had heard his songs, and seen him driven from a neighbour's door, felt her heart yearn with pity towards the helpless boy. She opened her door, beckoned to the young singer, smiled sweetly upon him, and in tones that sounded like heavenly music to his ears, said,—

'Come in, poor lad, and refresh thyself at my table.'

Happy little singer! How he enjoyed the delicious meal! And when the good dame and her husband told him to make their house his future home, his heart melted. With eyes dim with tears, he looked in the faces of his friends, and said,—

'I shall now pursue my studies without being obliged to beg my bread from grudging hands. I shall have you, sir, for a father, and you, sweet madam, for a mother. My heart will once more learn to love. I shall be happier than I can express.'

After that day the singing lad studied hard and well. Years afterwards the world heard of him, for it was he who uttered his voice against Popery, and became the chief of that Reformation which gave an open Bible to the world. His name was MARTIN LUTHER.

Courage, then, poor lad! You may be friendless and unknown to-day—you may have to plod through trials and toils, uncheered by the smiles of even a single Ursula. But never mind. Plod away. Stick to study and duty. God cares for you. He has a work for you to do, and if you are faithful and true, He will, in due season, put you in your proper place.

MICHAEL DE RUYTER, THE BRAVE
DUTCH ADMIRAL.

(Concluded from p. 219.)



WHEN the banquet was nearly over, and toasts were about to be proposed, Ruyter got up and asked his guests to fill their glasses as he was about to invite them to drink to the prosperity of the brave army of the Netherlands.

At this moment, the gunners according to their orders fired off simultaneously all the cannons of the huge ship, so that all her joints trembled and all the officers of the garrison, together with their Commandant fell flat down upon the deck with their legs in the air! The naval officers and De Ruyter stood as firm as a wall, and had no little difficulty to restrain their laughter.

Pale with fear, shame, and vexation, the gentlemen got up from the floor, and when they were all on their legs again, the Admiral, turning to the Commandant, said with calm dignity, 'Dat is myn Paard. That is my horse.'

He then sat down and tried by agreeable and friendly conversation, to make them forget what had happened, which was no easy matter, as the officers were filled with shame at the discovery of their shabby trick on the previous day, feeling too that the story would everywhere be repeated, and that the laugh would now be turned against them.

During the reign of Charles II. Holland was at war with both England and France combined. The Dutch possessed then a fleet of no less than ninety-three large men-of-war, and many smaller vessels ready for service, manned by 19,000 men, of whom Ruyter was the commander. He was so uniformly successful that he became quite the idol of his countrymen. Honours of all kinds were thrust upon him. But their effect on him may be shown by the fact, that once when at Rotterdam, he thought himself quite alone, he was overheard to pray, 'Grant me, O Lord, a humble mind, that I do not become proud through my great elevation. Strengthen me in the fulfilment of the duties of my important post. Give me the heart of a hero, and let me not perish so wretchedly as my predecessors, but preserve me to the service and use of my fatherland. Amen.'

From the 10th to the 14th of June, 1666, the Dutch and English fleets were engaged in a fearful struggle between Dunkirk and the North Foreland. For three whole days the battle raged fierce and deadly, on the fourth day a dense fog put an end to the combat. There were fearful losses on both sides; the Dutch claimed the victory, but the battle was evidently a drawn one. On the 4th of August following, the English fleet again advanced from the Thames, and the conflict was renewed; Admiral Tromp, who was jealous of Ruyter's fame and promotion, refused to allow his squadron to take part in the battle till it was too late, the consequence

was that the Dutch were defeated with great losses. But Ruyter's masterly retreat was as creditable to him as a victory, and gained for him the thanks of his government.

Next year Ruyter was still more successful, he sailed up the Thames and Medway with his fleet, burned several towns and vessels, destroyed much valuable property, took possession of Sheerness, whose garrison had fled, and captured the admiral's splendid guard-ship. Great terror spread through England, and much discontent at the feeble government of Charles II. The Dutch were not allowed a second time to sail up the Thames or reach the Medway; they tried indeed next year, and also attempted to take Harwich, but were unsuccessful and repulsed with loss. Soon after this peace was concluded, and the brave Ruyter was able to retire for a short time into private life.

There was nothing in his modest mansion to distinguish it from that of the other citizens of Amsterdam; he might generally be found in the bosom of his family, reading to them out of the Bible, while the ladies were employed in household work; frequently too he sang psalms to them, as he possessed a very fine voice. On Sunday he never neglected to go to church, and if there was a service in the week-day he took care not to be absent.

His son, Engel de Ruyter, was made captain of a 90-gun frigate at a very early age. He was greatly honoured for his bravery and skill, and on conducting the Dutch ambassador to London was knighted by Charles II.

War with England and France broke out again in 1672,—a fortnight after its declaration Ruyter was ready to put to sea. A terrible drawn battle shortly after ensued, in which heroic deeds of valour were done on both sides.

A lieutenant who was taken prisoner, and had thus an opportunity of watching Ruyter on his own ship, expressed himself full of astonishment. 'That man is,' he said, 'an admiral, a captain, a pilot, a sailor and a soldier, in one person and at the same time.'

A sad time now came for Holland. Her territories were invaded by the victorious French and Germans, towns and fortresses fell into their hands. Ruyter had to yield up both his men and war material to the army, which so weakened his fleet that he could no longer keep the sea against the enemy, who was three times as strong as he was. Moreover, the State was divided against itself. Popular fury was excited against the brothers De Witt, who were the rulers of the Republic; one brother was barbarously murdered by the blood-thirsty mob; and as Ruyter was reported to be on their side in politics, the crowd turned towards his house, and, had it not been for a military guard assisted by stratagem, his house would have been plundered, and his wife and daughters probably murdered.

The Prince of Orange at last succeeded in restoring tranquillity, and at the close of 1672 better prospects seemed to dawn on the unhappy country. But it was a long time before peace was restored. Ruyter had several more drawn battles with the

English, and his grandest exploit at this time was the brave and skilful way in which he prevented them from landing on the coast of Zealand. Soon after, a lasting peace was concluded with England, and Ruyter was again able to enjoy that calm repose in his family which he so appreciated after those struggles on sea in which he was so constantly engaged. He suffered much from a painful disorder, but a murmur never escaped his lips.

In those days Sicily belonged to Spain. The town of Messina had revolted, and was supported by France, then at war with Spain. The Spanish king applied to the Dutch, imploring them to send their great Admiral De Ruyter to overcome the French admiral, and to help them to reconquer Messina.

The States-general acquainted Ruyter that they were preparing for this new campaign, for which they would provide him with eighteen vessels. Ruyter observed that this number was not sufficient, as the French were very strong in the Mediterranean, and that they could not count on much Spanish help. A spirit of false economy then directed the councils of the Government and they paid no heed to Ruyter's protestations. He was just then suffering great pain from his complaint, and his friends implored him to decline the command, and not to start in such a state of health and with so small a squadron.

'I am in my country's service,' he replied. 'If I was ordered to go to sea with a single ship I should not refuse, I shall always be ready to risk my life wherever the State risks her standard.'

The day for departure arrived. His best friend accompanied him to the ship. 'Farewell,' he said, pressing his hand, 'farewell for ever. I shall never return. I shall die in this expedition.' His wife and family shared these gloomy fears.

Ruyter quitted the shore of Holland Sept. 3, 1675, at the age of sixty-nine. He had orders to bring back his squadron that day six months.

He had scarcely reached the waters of Sicily before he met the celebrated French admiral Duquesne, with double the number of ships. Notwithstanding this inequality of strength, Ruyter trusted in God, and offered battle. The conflict lasted the whole day, the Dutch got little help from their Spanish allies. Next day, when Ruyter found that the French had received considerable reinforcements, he retired to Palermo. His mission was to protect the inhabitants of Messina, he occupied their harbour, but that was all. The six months had elapsed. Ruyter now told the governor of Sicily that he must return to Holland. He implored him to remain. 'Nothing has yet been done! You came to restore Messina to us, but the French are still masters of it.'

'Show me an order from my superiors, and I will remain and fight to the last drop of my blood.'

Of course no bribes, which were liberally offered, could make him swerve from his duty.

Ruyter accordingly put to sea. He had heard that a number of Hungarian Protestant pastors were condemned to work as galley-slaves at Naples in the greatest misery. He determined to have them set at liberty. The Spaniards made all sorts of excuses, but the Viceroy could scarcely refuse

Ruyter's entreaties as the Spanish monarch already owed him so much. The galley-slaves were set at liberty, and arrived on board the fleet in a state which moved the hearts of all present. They wished to embrace Ruyter's knees. 'It is to God,' he said, 'that you must return thanks; I have only done my duty.'

Ruyter had scarcely left Naples when an order from the Dutch Government reached him, intimating that he was not to return, but to continue the campaign for as long as Spain judged it was necessary. He immediately prepared for a battle which he perceived to be imminent. He met the French fleet before Catina on the 22nd of April, 1676.

The combat had already raged for three hours. Ruyter, on the quarter-deck of his vessel, was calmly, firmly, and clearly giving his orders, as usual, when a French ball struck him, carried off his left foot, and broke his right leg. As he was standing on the edge of the quarter-deck, he at once fell over into the lower deck. He was stunned at first, but his consciousness soon returned, and, stretching out his hands in the agony of pain, he said, 'Gracious God! I thank Thee with my whole heart, that Thou hast so often protected me in the dangers of my life, and now visitest me. Let this chastisement serve for the good of my soul.'

Many crowded round him to help him; the surgeons put on bandages, but the brave admiral did not think of himself. He prayed, 'Lord, protect the fleet, save our officers, our sailors, and our soldiers, who for such poor wages have suffered so much hardship and danger. Give them courage and strength to win the victory.' He persevered in encouraging his officers and sailors, continued, as well as his sufferings would permit, to give out his orders, and refused to be taken to the cabin. But at last he was obliged to yield to this.

To the chaplain and officers who stood round his couch he said, 'This miserable body is of little importance, if only my soul may be preserved! My pain is nothing to that which our innocent Saviour endured to redeem us all!' He gave strict orders that the wounded sailors should not be overlooked on his account, but at once attended to. Thinking of the fleet he said, 'Alas! that I should be obliged to lie here and be able to do no more for my country!' He felt that his last hour was near, and his pious soul turned to Him who was about to call him from his labour on earth. He repeated many passages of Holy Scripture, with which his daily study of the Bible made him so familiar.

The news of the victory which De Ruyter had won were despatched at once to Spain. The king ordered that Ruyter should have a pension of 6000 ducats and be made a Spanish duke. Thanks came from Holland too, but he for whom they were intended had already closed his eyes to the light of this world.

On the fourth day of his sufferings all hopes of saving the admiral's life were over. The signs of death had arrived, but, with the courage of the true Christian hero, he beheld the approach of his last hour. He passed his time in prayer. He repeated comforting verses of Scripture, till at last speech failed him. Then he asked his chaplain to

pray aloud that he might be speedily and easily released. That night (the 29th of April) with one long sigh, he breathed his last. He died surrounded by all his officers on board his ship *The Concord*, in the 70th year of his age, in the harbour of Syracuse.

Admiral de Ruyter was honoured with a funeral such as had never been seen in Holland before, its splendour and magnificence contrasting greatly with the modest simplicity of the hero's life. It was, however, the only way by which his country could testify their esteem and gratitude.

A magnificent marble monument was shortly after erected to his memory by the Dutch sculptor Verhulft, in the great Church of Amsterdam, with a long Latin inscription relating his many valorous deeds and the services which he had rendered to his country. Holland may, indeed, well be proud of a man who was as brave and bold a sailor as he was a true and God-fearing citizen.

THE SKETCH.



HENRY ROBERTS and Tom Pain had known each other ever since they were children. They were at school together, and played together. Henry was very quick at his sums, and often amused himself after he had finished his work by making sketches of his schoolfellows on his slate. Sometimes on wet days, he amused himself and his companions by making sketches for them. He was very good-natured, and his schoolfellows gave him plenty of employment. One would say, 'Here is a piece of paper, Harry; draw me a ship or a boat,' another wanted a church or a house; but Tom Pain always asked for a horse or a dog, or something that had to do with country life.

Knowing this, you will not wonder that Henry Roberts grew up to be an artist, and Tom Pain a farmer. Tom often used to say, 'Draw me on horseback after the hounds just clearing a hedge or ditch,' or 'Draw me with a gun just having a pop at a pheasant.' Neither Tom's parents nor Harry's were wealthy, but they did all they could for their children. Harry's parents gave him instruction under a good master, and Tom's parents sent him to learn farming, and in course of time put him into a farm at great expense to themselves.

Each young man tried his utmost to succeed, for both had good abilities, but Harry, who had the blessing of God-fearing parents, took this for his motto in life—'Pray and work.' Tom took a shorter motto—'Work.'

Poor Harry had a hard time of it for the first year or two. It was very uphill work for an artist, and scarcely could he get bread and cheese at his profession; but his habit of prayer always gave him good courage, and a happy confidence in the midst of difficulties and discouragements.

It was rather trying to his faith in God at times to see how Tom prospered whilst he himself was so



badly off. He sometimes dined with Tom, and could not help noticing what a good table his old schoolfellow kept, and how well off his friends seemed to be. But time passed on. Harry found it hard work to keep out of debt. One day he was travelling, weary and footsore, with an aching heart and an empty purse. Never in his life had he been in such straits. Walking along with his eyes upon the ground he was lifting up his heart to God,

praying, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when suddenly he saw a purse lying upon the ground. 'Here,' said he, 'is an answer to my prayer. God has sent me something to supply my need.'

He opened the purse and found six sovereigns, a ten-pound note, and some silver. 'Here is money enough,' said Harry; 'this is indeed a Godsend.'

'Is it?' said a voice that made him start. The voice was not loud, but it was clear, it was the still

small voice of Conscience. 'This money is not yours,' said the voice, and the artist did not stifle it, but pondering over other words in the Lord's Prayer, said, half aloud, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' The tempter was driven back, and Harry resolved to do what was right.

The purse had in it some cards with the owner's name—'Lord Monceux.' He immediately took the purse to the hotel and inquired if Lord Monceux were there. He was, and when his lordship appeared, Harry restored the property to its owner. Lord Monceux, after finding out Harry's profession, asked him to give some lessons to his son and daughter who were staying at the hotel with their father and mother. Harry was glad enough to do so. He first opened his portfolio, and Lord Monceux bought several sketches, for which our artist was paid at once. From this time he prospered. He settled in a town not far from Monceux Castle, and through the influence of his patron he found enough work to maintain himself comfortably, and not himself only, but an excellent wife and small family.

A year or two after the finding of the purse he thought he would visit his native place and take a few sketches of his old haunts. He set out upon a walking tour and was resting on a stile near the place where he used to bathe when he was a boy. He had been watching the bathers for a short time when he heard footsteps, and looking round saw a young man, apparently a farmer, coming towards him. The young man did not notice Harry, but kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. He looked the picture of despair, and was evidently lost in deep thought, a look of fierce resolve suddenly came over his countenance, and then he quickened his pace until he came to the stile.

'Tom!' said Harry, 'don't you know me?' But the young farmer attempted to get over the stile and pass his former friend. This Harry would not allow. He saw something was wrong and he made Tom tell him.

When Tom saw resistance was in vain, he said, 'The fact is, I am a ruined man, and if it had not been for you I should now have been out of my trouble.'

'What do you mean?' inquired Harry.

'Do you see those fellows jumping into the water yonder?' replied the farmer.

'I do,' replied the artist.

'Well, then, if you had let me go I should have jumped into the water, but I would not have jumped out. I am tired of life, and I mean to put an end to myself.'

'Nonsense,' said Harry, 'that is neither manly nor Christian.'

'I don't know much about that, but I can't stand life, it's too hard. If I cannot produce a hundred pounds to-morrow before twelve o'clock, I am to go to prison.'

'But surely your rich friends will help you.'

'Not they. As soon as they found things were going bad, fat turkeys scarce, and the grog run short, they left me. I asked one of them to lend me a ten-pound note, and he looked at me as if I were a

pickpocket. I tried all I could, and things would not come round. When I pulled off my coat and began to work myself, the bills came in thick and fast, and the tradesmen were as hard upon me as if I had been the meanest fellow under the sun. I have tried *everything* to get on again, but all goes wrong, and I mean to put an end to myself and to my misery.'

'One thing you have not tried, my friend,' said Harry, 'and that one thing is *prayer*. Try that, there's a good fellow, and then all such thoughts as you now have will go out of your mind.'

Harry then told Tom the story about the purse, and begged him most earnestly to try the same means to be delivered from temptation. He then drew the young farmer's arm in his own and led him back to the farm-house.

As they entered the house, a sad scene presented itself. A young woman, about twenty years of age, was lying upon the ground, her face was white and cold as marble, and she was apparently dead. On the ground was lying a piece of paper with these words written in pencil:—

'DEAREST WIFE,—By the time you see this, I shall be no more. Prison and starvation, misery and disgrace, stared us in the face, and I could stand it no longer.'

Now, indeed, the miserable Tom could see somewhat of the result of his cowardice. He dared not face life like a man and a Christian, and here was the result. But poor Mary was not dead, she had only fainted. Some cold water at last revived her. Her eyes met Harry's, she did not see her husband or know he was holding her up.

'Oh, Harry,' she said (for the artist was an old acquaintance), 'you have come to me in my misery. I am now a widow, and my child is an orphan, and my poor dear Tom has gone. I could bear it all, and more; but, alas! where is his soul?'

She had not time to say more before she recognised her husband. At first she gave a loud scream and seemed terrified. Harry beckoned to his friend to leave the room for a moment. He then went up to Mary and quieted her, and told her that Tom was yet alive, God had spared him to her. Tom returned and clasped his loving wife in his arms. He soon began to see that there was something to live for, and felt how unprepared he was for death. He bitterly reproached himself for his miserable cowardice and daring impiety.

Before he had time to think again over the horrors of prison, Harry begged him to tell him more of his circumstances. They were not so bad as they seemed, this hundred pounds was the only cause for immediate anxiety.

'Never mind, Tom,' said Harry, 'I am not a rich man, but I will lend you this money, and then, by God's blessing, you may yet be restored to the position you have lost. Promise me one thing, however, and that is, from this time forth you will never take a step of importance without first praying to God.'

Harry stayed in the village a few days. No one knew anything of the danger Tom had been in but his own wife and Harry, except the clergyman who

happened to call. They all thought it advisable to tell him, for he was ever a kind and sympathising friend. Harry knew Mr. Raymond would watch this lost sheep who returned to the fold, and be only too glad to advise and help Tom in his difficulties.

Before Harry left the village Tom said, 'I must beg one favour of you, my old friend, and that is, will you make a sketch of yourself and me at the stile, and in the distance those fellows bathing, this will serve to remind me of my folly and of my deliverance?'

So Harry made the required sketch, which you can see now.

'Some day,' said Harry, 'I will make another sketch when God has prospered you, and you shall hang them up together.'

Time passed on, no miracle happened to make Tom suddenly rich, but by industry, perseverance, and prayer, he prospered. When it was found that he was beginning to pay his debts little by little, his creditors were more patient. His young wife, almost broken down by trouble, soon recovered health and strength.

Harry, the artist, has in his study a sketch of a little son of Tom's, who is his godchild, and this drawing has been worth a great deal of money to him to say nothing of the pleasure of looking at it himself.

'Have you seen that lovely drawing of a baby at Mr. Roberts?' said a lady to her husband; 'we really must get him to take our baby,' and Harry gained such a celebrity in drawing the likenesses of children, that he was called 'the babies' artist.'

Tom wished very much to pay Harry the money he owed him by instalments of five or ten pounds at a time, but our artist said he must pay all his other debts first, and not think of paying him until he could conveniently bring it all. 'Then,' said Harry, 'I will make a sketch of Tom—"out of debt, out of danger." This happened sooner than either of them expected. Tom's clever business habits and steady conduct gained him great respect. When he called at Harry's house one day with the money to pay his debt, our artist scarcely knew him; he had improved so much in appearance. W. M.

LOUIS XI. AND THE ASTROLOGER.



LOUIS XI. of France, who delighted in the pleasures of the chase, was one day, in company with his cousin of Orleans and the nobles of his court, following the hounds through the forest in pursuit of the wild boar, when he observed a peasant trotting towards him on his donkey.

Upon seeing the King, the peasant urged on his steed till he had approached his royal master, when, raising his ragged cap, he

said,—

'If it please you, sire, I would advise your majesty to stop the hunt. A storm is fast approach-

ing which might be disagreeable to your majesty. But my cottage is at hand—the roof can be seen from here; and if, sire, you would condescend to enter, you would there find shelter until the weather should prove fine enough for your majesty to return to your Chateau.'

'Who has taught you to judge so wisely of the weather, you impudent rascal? Do you think Louis of France will heed the words of an ignorant fellow like you?'

'You must be a simpleton to believe that what you say is true,' added a man of great height, who rode beside the King.

He was an old man, splendidly dressed, and with a long beard which flowed down over his chest. Round his waist was clasped a leathern girdle, on which were represented the signs of the zodiac. This was no other than the celebrated astrologer Galeotti, upon whom Louis XI. used to lavish his favours, and always consulted before he engaged in any enterprise. On that very morning the King, before ordering the hounds, had asked his opinion as to the weather, and the sage had promised him that it would be all that was desirable for the sport.

'My royal brother,' continued Galeotti, turning to the King, 'you know that I am able to read with certainty every change in the heavenly bodies, however marvellous. Continue the sport, then, which amuses you so much, and do not trouble yourself about the words of this countryman.'

The King then put spurs to his horse and rode off with the astrologer. But they had not gone very far before black clouds gathered overhead, a violent wind arose, the trees shook, their branches cracked, huge drops of rain began to fall, everything bespoke a speedy storm. Another instant, and the rain fell in torrents, the wind rushed through the forest, the lightning flashed in the dark clouds, the thunder rolled overhead. Louis XI. and Galeotti looked at each other in consternation. Their horses were frightened and turned restive, and could hardly be restrained. The King and the astrologer, completely soaked, were obliged to seek the peasant's humble cabin, which they reached, after much difficulty and discomfort.

The peasant welcomed them gladly, and showed them into his one room, where a bright fire was burning cheerily on the hearth by which the King was enabled to dry his dripping garments.

While enjoying his rustic shelter, Louis asked his host,—

'Who is it that has taught you to be so wise, my good man?'

The peasant pointed to his donkey, which was lying in a shed close to the cottage.

'When it is going to rain, sire,' answered he, 'the donkey pricks up his long ears and brays with all his might. That is, your majesty, how I know that a storm is at hand, and that it is advisable for me to return home.'

'Indeed!' said the King, in a joking tone. Then, turning towards Galeotti, he added, with a sarcastic smile, 'If donkeys are such good astrologers, I can readily believe that all astrologers are donkeys!'



THE BLIND CHILD.

WHERE'S the blind child, so admirably fair,
 With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
 That waves in ev'ry breeze? He's often seen
 Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
 With others matched in spirit and in size,
 Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes,
 That full expanse of voice to childhood dear,
 Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here;
 And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;—
 He hears the ball and trundling hoop rush by,
 And runs the giddy course with all his might,
 A very child in everything but sight;
 With circumscribed, but not abated powers,
 Play the great object of his infant hours,
 In many a game he takes a noisy part,
 And shows the native gladness of his heart
 But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
 The new suggestion, and the quick accent;

The grove invites, delight fills every breast—
 To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest.
 Away they start, leave balls and hoops behind;
 And one companion leave—the boy is blind
 His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
 That childish fortitude awhile gives way;
 He feels his dreadful loss;—yet short the pain,
 Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again,
 Pondering how best his movements to employ,
 He sings his little songs of nameless joy;
 Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
 And plucks by chance the white and yellow flower:
 Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
 He binds a nosegay, which he never sees;
 Along the homeward path then feels his way,
 Lifting his brow against the shining day,
 And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
 Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

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Chatterbox.



THE COASTGUARD'S TALE.



T was a stormy night in the month of October, dark and threatening. A gale had sprung up from the sea and swept across the country. As the wind roared in the chimneys of many an inland home, often would a shadow pass over the group of happy faces gathered round a fireside at the anxious question,—‘What must this be at sea?’

Now, on that particular night, I happened to know something of what it was at sea, for I found myself alone on the top of Beachy Head, with the waves dashing furiously against the cliffs below me, a tempest of wind and rain in which I could scarcely stand, and, as far as I knew, no shelter within reach. I was a landsman, fresh from the great city, and had lost my way on those wide downs over which I had wandered from Eastbourne, and the darkness closing in around me seemed to render my case hopeless. I could not see a yard before me, and my great terror was that I might go too near the edge of the cliff and take one fearful step into the depth below. I knew not what to do, and was beginning to feel desperate, when, suddenly, to my intense relief, I saw a faint glimmering light before me in the distance. What could it be? Surely no one lived on the top of Beachy Head, and I was half inclined to think it a deceptive Will-o'-the-Wisp.

However, on the principle that a drowning man catches at a straw, I made towards it, and soon discovered that it was the coast-guard station which I had passed in the morning, but had since quite forgotten. Here, then, was a refuge for me, I thought, as with eager haste I knocked at the door.

‘Come in,’ said a gruff voice, and I quickly obeyed.

The speaker wore a sailor’s dark-blue dress. He was a sturdy, broad-shouldered man, of about fifty years of age, and was sitting beside a cosy bit of fire. I gladly accepted his hospitable invitation to take a chair opposite him and warm myself.

‘Roughish night!’ was his first remark, to which I cordially assented, and then, by degrees, we entered into conversation.

Now, I am not going to trouble you with what I said, for it was neither very new nor very interesting, but I dare say you will like to hear the coastguard’s story, told in his own rambling way, as nearly as I can remember it—a regular sailor’s yarn:—

‘It was just such a night as this (he began), some forty years ago, that I first knew what going to sea was like. Maybe, sir, you’ll be wondering how it came about that such a youngster as I was in those days was taken out in such rough weather, so I’ll just tell you all about it.

My father was a Hastings fisherman, a steady, industrious man, but when you hear that I was one of a family of seventeen children, you won’t suppose that he was burdened with much spare cash. Now, the time of the yearly herring voyage had arrived; some of the boats had set off for the east coast

already, and the *Pelican*, to which my father belonged, was getting ready to start in a day or two.

Well, we were sitting at tea, one afternoon,—I remember it all as plain as if it was only yesterday,—and all of a sudden, mother, she says,—

‘Why here’s a pretty business! You’ve got ne’er a greatcoat for the voyage, Obadiah!’ meaning father; his name was Obadiah Sraith, as I might have told you before, and proud enough he was of it too, being uncommon in those parts, and never would have it called short in any way.

‘True enough, old woman,’ says he. ‘And little chance of my getting one this winter with such a bad season for trawling, and mackerel so shy.’ So they talked on a bit, but couldn’t see their way clear to a greatcoat, neither of them. All the while I was listening and trying to make up my mind to something, and I did too, for I slipped out of the room, and went to fetch my money-box.

‘What’s our Jack got there?’ said mother.

‘Why, if it isn’t his pence-box, I declare! And he’s brought it for father, sure enough.’

So I had, and we soon broke it open, my brother Ned and me, and turned out all the money—a tidy heap of pence and half-pence—into mother’s apron. Altogether it came to over a pound, for I used to be a sharp lad, always ready to run errands and do anything that was wanted, and every penny I got went into that snug little hole, which took everything in and let nothing out. You may guess how proud and pleased I was when I gave the whole lot to father to buy himself a greatcoat with.

He wouldn’t take it at first I remember, and said what a shame it would be to take the child’s savings; but mother talked him over, for the herring voyage was a serious matter, and he must have warm clothes for it.

‘Well, Jack,’ said he, if I take your money, you shall have something in place of it. I give you a couple of my nets,* and you shall have all they earn.’

You may fancy how proud and pleased I was at this, but there was still something more that I wanted, and at last I took courage to speak it out.

‘Father,’ said I, ‘let me go along with you; I won’t be a trouble to you or anybody.’

It was a bold thing for a boy of my age, not ten years old, to ask, and you should have heard how they all laughed at it at first. But after a bit, when father saw how much I had set my heart on going, he began to think of it in earnest, and to see if it couldn’t be managed. Well, sir, the long and short of it was that go I did, though mother and all the rest of them said it was madness to take such a chit of a boy out on the herring voyage. Such a thing had never been heard of!

In all Hastings there wasn’t man, woman, or child, so proud and happy as I was on the night the *Pelican* set out on her voyage. It was rough weather, and the waves dashed over us as we pushed off from the beach; but what cared I for that? It was a new life to me, full of adventure and excitement, and

* In the Hastings fishing-boats, the profits are divided into so many shares. Each man has one share for his labour, and every fifteen nets are valued as another share.

made me feel like a man. I won't say there wasn't plenty of rough work, and times when for hours I've stood shivering with cold; and wet, and hunger—times when I've thought with longing of the comfortable supper and snug little bed at home. But I tell you honestly, sir, that never once did I regret going on that herring voyage, no, nor taking to the sea for good and all neither.

Maybe, now we've got so far, you'd like to know something about the herrings. It's a wonderful thing, but these fish always come alongside the shore every year about the same time in the autumn, sometimes a few weeks earlier, sometimes a few weeks later. And such shoals of them too. Ah! you should see them as I have; many's the day, on the beach at Hastings when there's been a good catch, and the boats come in one after another full as they can hold, and the shining, slippery fish are poured out in baskets full on the shore, till it's all of a glitter. A fine time that for the fishing folk, and every man, woman, and child about looks as happy and as *scaly* as can be, for they're an open-handed set, the fishermen, and when good luck comes they'd never say Nay to any poor body that asked for a fish.

Often I have been with father in the *Pelican* as far as Yarmouth to meet the herrings, for you see they come down that east coast first. But all this time, sir, I've never told you the way we catch them. Well, we have long nets, a few yards deep, with corks on one side and lead on the other, so that they stand upright, as one may say, in the water; and these nets we draw along after us, so that, when we get to a shoal of herrings, the fish swim against them, and, feeling something in the way, stupid-like they push the harder, and get caught tight in the meshes, and can't get out.

Now that kind of fishing is all very well, and it's a grand time when you draw in the nets, and they're so heavy you think every minute they must break; that's all very well I say, but it's nothing to the cod-fishing that I've had a hand in off the coast of Norway. Perhaps you may wait for hours and have ne'er a bite, till at last you feel a tug at the line, and, with a sight of care and patience, you pull up a big fellow weighing a matter of thirty pounds. That's something like fishing, I can tell you. There's a good-sized well in the bottom of our cod-fishing luggers, and we kept the fish alive with it, feeding them with whelks, for fresh cod fetches more in the London market than salt.

Ah! those were happy days, when I was a lad, and went out a-fishing; but I've seen a precious lot of rough work since then. You'll scarcely believe me, sir, when I tell you that the next thing I took to was smuggling; and yet here I am now, you see, in Her Majesty's coastguard service. This was how it came about. There was a brother of my father's, Matthew Snaith by name; a jolly, good-natured fellow as ever lived, but always in trouble of some kind,—no man's enemy but his own, as one might say. Well, at the time I'm speaking of, he was part-owner of a boat; a tidy little cutter she was, which somehow used always to be for going off on dark, rough nights, when the fishing-boats kept up

high and dry on the beach. Now this set me thinking that the cutter was after no good, more by token that father would always shake his head, and look grave when we talked of Uncle Matt's boat.

At last I made up my mind that I'd make out what my uncle did in his cutter before I was a day older. Now, as it happened, luck favoured me, for one of our neighbours had given me a job to do right down by the East Wall—tarring some nets I think it was; anyways, it kept me in full view of the cutter, when by certain signs I understood well enough that she was going off at high water.

Uncle Matt's house, I must tell you, was close under the East Cliff—a wretched hovel of a place you'd have called it; and all that day I watched him going backwards to his boat, plain enough getting ready to start, but all in a quiet, underhand sort of way. The men idling about on the beach seemed to see it all as well as I did, but they just gave him a knowing kind of laugh or nod. I may as well tell you that forty years ago smuggling wasn't looked upon as it is now; a man wasn't thought a bit the worse of for it, and if he was caught, why, folks only pitied the poor chap. It made French brandy cheap in Hastings, I can assure you, so half the town winked at the smuggling, and never thought it robbery,—leastways, so it always seemed to me.

(To be continued.)

THE APPLE;

OR LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE.



SOFTLY, Giovanni, softly! I said thou mightest have a taste of my beautiful apple, and thou hast well-nigh taken the half,' muttered a little Italian boy ruefully, as he gazed at a golden American apple very much reduced in size by his comrade's bite.

'Nay, but, Pietro, tell how thou camest by the apple,' asked Giovanni, or John (as the English name has it), 'none such grow in our Italy, surely.'

'Ah, there it is!' said Pietro, sagely wagging his head, 'was I not on the Naples road this morning, and did I not meet an English milor's travelling carriage? and the beautiful little lady inside threw me a silver piece and this golden apple for Jacko, but I gave it not to him, it was too good. Ah but England must be a land of rich people, one might be a milor oneself, they say, if one could only get there!'

'Thou thinkest as I do, Peter,' said John, eagerly; 'here one may slave from dawn to dark, and get no richer. I tell my mother I shall surely be off one of these fine days to try my luck beyond seas.'

'And what doth thy mother say?' asked Peter anxiously.

'Bah! she weeps, and says I shall die of cold and hunger, for that England is a land of mist and snow, and that is why the milors come to our country; but I know better. Did not Victor, of our village, leave us three years back? and his mother hath had



letters and money from him, and he writes word he is safe and happy in the land of fogs.'

'Ah, but then he went in the train of a milor, to be companion to his only son, that is different;' and Pietro shook his head.

The boys kept silence awhile, at last John spoke again: 'Peter, thou and I will go together, thy monkey and my tricksy dog will gain us many a coin when we reach the great London, and I am weary of this life,—fetching water for my mother, minding the screaming baby, running errands here and there. I would fain do something better, and if the mother did fret at first, why, when the purse of gold came, which I shall send her, she would be glad.'

Peter wavered: 'I would like it well enough, John, if it were not so far, and I hate the cold.'

'Tut, thou art as soft as a girl, pluck up heart, if I had been as free as thou, I would have gone on my travels years ago.'

So the boys talked on, while the hot rays of a late autumn sun beat down on their brown faces. Peter was an orphan, reared and cared for by the priest of the village, but John was the eldest of a large family; his father, a sailor, was away on a voyage, while his mother gained a livelihood by taking in washing from the two or three country-houses near. John carried all the water for her, such as she needed in the house, though as the custom is in Italy, most of her washing was done in the brook that ran through the village.

But this eldest-born was not the comfort of his mother he might have been; he was always fretting against his life, and, above all, indulging in loudly expressed wishes of making his way to that land of hope and gold—England. On returning home that evening he told his mother of his conversation with Peter, adding that his mind was made up, go he must, on his travels. His mother had often heard such words before from him, so she simply bade him be still for a foolish boy, and finding this did not quiet him, she angrily desired him to be gone, and he would surely rue it some day. She did not think he would act on her words, and great was her grief and despair next morning when no John was to be found anywhere, and a report gained ground in the village that Peter was also missing. The young adventurers had started on their travels before day-break, taking monkey and dog with them.

Every one has seen in the streets of London those ragged, dark-complexioned boys, who exhibit white mice and guinea-pigs (see picture, p. 249). Little Miss Lilla Courtney had seen them oftener perhaps than most children, inasmuch as she had met them in their native country plump and bright-eyed, not starved and shivering as they too often are in our colder climate. Since her return from Italy she never passed one by in the street without asking her mother or nurse for something to give the poor creature; and so it was, that meeting by chance one bleak December day our little Peter in one of the great squares of London, she stopped, and exclaimed with surprise and delight, 'Boy, I know you, on the road to Naples I saw you;' then translating it quickly into his

native tongue, as she noticed his vacant look, she added, 'and you recollect the silver I gave you, and the apple I gave you for your monkey!'

At the word 'apple;' Peter remembered all, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'Ah, my poor Jacko, never apple more wilt thou eat!'

The cold and exposure had been too much for the monkey, it had died shortly after reaching England, and Peter was now followed only by John's dog. But where was John the while? Listen to Peter's story told in short gasps as he had strength to bring it out, standing in the warm hall of Mr. Courtney's London house. 'John and I got on well at first, people were good to us, and let us sleep in lofts and stables, and gave us money to help us on, so that by saving we had enough to cross the sea to England, but in England came wet and cold, and snow and fog, and Jacko died, and people did not care so much to see the dog, and then John was sorry and wept for his mother, and I wept for my country, and one day John fell down in the street, and they took him to the Hospital, and I would go too, but they sent me away, and I, too, die of cold and hunger.'

The little exile's story was found to be too true, John lay dangerously ill of fever in the Hospital, and Peter was wasted to a skeleton. Mr. Courtney interested himself greatly in their behalf, and finding both boys bitterly regretted leaving their native country, he promised that on John's recovery he would arrange for them to be sent back to Italy. A home was provided for the present for little Peter, and on John's recovery he was to join him in it for a time to recruit his strength. John did recover after a hard battle with sickness, but then Peter fell ill, not of the fever, but of a slow wasting away. He wanted for nothing in his long, pining malady; strengthening food and pleasant fruits were brought him by the beautiful little lady, but a great sorrow was always over him,—he should never see his beautiful Italy again. And Lilla dare not promise him that he should, for her father had told her that it was not likely that little Peter would ever leave London except for a quiet grave outside its busy streets.

John helped to nurse his companion, and was always gentle and patient with him, but he, too, had a great grief, he had in a manner enticed his friend away from home to die.

'Peter,' he said, one day, very sorrowfully, 'that apple wrought us both misery. I would the little lady had not given it thee; it made me wish to come to this country, and then I persuaded thee to come too, it is like the forbidden fruit of which Miss Lilla reads to us, which grew in the fair garden of Eden and tempted Eve to sin.'

'Nay, John,' said poor Peter, 'thou wert ever restless before tasting the apple, and would leave thy native land.'

It was too true, and John remembered well how he had teased his mother to let him go on his travels months and years before the little lady passed through the village.

'I think,' said little Peter, with a feeble smile, 'that the apple Miss Lilla gave me hath done good more than evil, for without that she would not

have remembered my face and shown us all this kindness. See how warm I am now, and how often she brings me good things and reads and talks to me. Ah, John, if I only could see Italy again, I should be quite happy.'

Little Peter never did see Italy again, but before his death his kind English friends taught him the way to the better Land, and soothed him with stories of the rest and happiness awaiting him there.

Some months later, John reached his native village. Mr. Courtney and Miss Lilla were again on their travels, and specially made their way towards Naples for the purpose of restoring the wanderer to his home. If ever he felt inclined to repine again, the remembrance of little Peter served as a check. But he had little time for repinings now, for, after the first rejoicings at his return were over, his father took him to sea with him. Mr. Courtney and Miss Lilla did not lose sight of him, and more than once in after years has the English milor's carriage stopped at the cottage-door with gifts for the fisherman's children.

'My apple did the harm first,' said Miss Lilla, one day, 'so it is only fair I should make amends.'

'Nay, my beautiful lady,' John answered softly, 'the wish to roam was strong in me before I tasted the fruit; without that apple I should never have known you, and without you I should never have seen my father and mother, and my dear country again.'

H. A. F.

LITTLE FANNY.

WE often laugh'd at Fanny,
But we loved her while we laugh'd ;
She was so odd a mixture
Of simplicity and craft ;
Whate'er she thought she utter'd ;
And her words—she 'reckon'd nou't'
Of the fine flash talk of London :
Her's was Yorkshire out-and-out !
While her little schemes of cunning,
Which she thought so veil'd, were still
As obvious as the channel
Of the purest mountain rill.
Thus her heart being good and gentle,
And transparent all her craft,
We often laugh'd at Fanny,
But we loved her while we laugh'd !
A short life was my Fanny's,
And alight the warning given !
But her sins were those of childhood,
And her spirit is in heaven.
All through her words, when dying,
Ran a vein of solemn thought ;
And we felt how wise was Fanny,
We had laugh'd more than we ought.
Yet even in those moments
Came out a phrase, a word,
That reminded us of periods
When the same with mirth we heard.
And we oft recall her sayings,
Her playfulness and craft ;
But now—'tis odd—we weep the most
At what the most we laugh'd.



DIAMONDS.

THE value of diamonds varies according to their form, transparency, purity, and size. The transparency of a diamond ought to be like that of water; when people say, 'A diamond of finest water,' they mean a diamond of perfect clearness. The purer and larger they are, the greater is their worth; but to make them really valuable these two qualities must be combined. There are in the world five or six celebrated diamonds.

The largest diamond which exists is said to be that of the Emperor of Brazil. It weighs 1730 carats, and is of almost inestimable value; perhaps it would be worth a million if it had not some defects which mar its brilliancy and have made some ill-tempered and critical lapidaries say that it is only a white topaz.

Next to the Emperor of Brazil's diamond, comes that of the Great Mogul. It weighs 279 carats, now that the Queen of England, to whom it belongs, has had it cut. Before then it weighed a third more. It is called *Koh-i-noor*, that is, in Indian language, 'The Mountain of Light.' It was exhibited in the first Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851, and attracted crowds of wondering admirers.

The miner, who found this diamond, understood when he saw it roll down at his feet, that in it he might possess the fortune of a prince: but as, on leaving the mines, the workmen are like convicts most rigorously searched, he inflicted a wound with his axe on his thigh: in this he hid the diamond, and then bound his thigh up with his handkerchief. Thanks to the severe wound and to the blood with which he was covered, he left the mine without being examined.

The 'Mountain of Light' was first sold for about £4000. Then it passed from hand to hand, always increasing in value, till it fell into that of the Great Mogul, who paid more than £80,000 for it.

The next great diamond which almost equals the Koh-i-noor in size and brilliancy, was brought to Europe by a French soldier of the garrison at Pondicherry.

During his sojourn in this colony, he learned that a statue of the god Brahma, in a certain Hindoo temple, had eyes of diamonds. He resolved to get possession of these eyes. Consequently he deserted from the French army, embraced the religion of the Brahmans, and by a feigned devotion was admitted into the priesthood of this idol. This was the object he desired. The priests of Brahma by turns pass the night alone in his temple, watching and praying. The turn of the French soldier came at last. The night was all that he could desire, dark and stormy. In the midst of terrific thunder-claps which shook the temple, and a hurricane of wind which made it tremble to its base, the French soldier scrambled up the statue and set to work.

But, notwithstanding all his efforts, he was only able to tear out one of the idol's eyes. The other

was so firmly fixed that he was obliged to give up trying to dislodge it. When the day dawned he fled, leaving the idol with only one eye.

Not being able to return to France by reason of his desertion, he escaped to the English settlements, and forced by want, dying of hunger, though with the ransom of a king in his pocket, trembling every instant lest he should be killed and robbed, he sold his diamond for £2000.

The purchaser, who did not himself know the value of the stone which he had bought, came to England and sold it for £4500 to an Armenian named Lazarus of Lazareff. He presented it to the Empress Catherine of Russia, who, if she had given him what it was worth, would have paid him about a million and a half for it. He received however in exchange about £500,000, 12,000 serfs, a life-pension, and letters of nobility. This diamond is called the *Orloff*.

The *Regent*, thus named because it was bought by the Duke of Orleans during his regency, weighs 137 carats, and cost him about £100,000.

The next is the *Sancy*. The *Sancy* was one of the three precious stones which Charles the Bold wore upon his helmet at the battle of Nancy; the other two were a ruby and an emerald.

A blow from a sword dashed them all out of the helmet. The ruby and the emerald were lost. A Swiss soldier found the diamond and sold it to a priest for a florin.

From his hands it passed into those of Antonio, King of Portugal, who, flying from his states and wandering through Europe, sold it in a needy moment for £4000 to Harlay de Sancy the Treasurer-General of France. Hence the diamond took the name of the '*Sancy*.'

Harlay de Sancy was soon afterwards sent as ambassador to Switzerland. He was staying at Soleure when Henri III. wrote to him,—

'Send me your diamond by a trustworthy man, so that I may make some money out of it.'

The servant, who was indeed a very trustworthy man, said to his master, as he was starting, 'If I am attacked by robbers I shall swallow the diamond, then, if I am killed, you will demand my body and recover it.'

The servant started with the diamond; he was in fact attacked by the robbers, so he swallowed it, and was killed afterwards by a poignard.

Sancy recovered the body of his faithful servant, and the diamond found, as he had promised.

This precious stone, which weighs 106 carats, was sold by Henri III. to whom Sancy sent it, to German Jews, among whom it was lost sight of for a time. However, in 1668, we know that it belonged to James II. of England, who sold it to Louis XIV. of France. Louis XV. wore it at his coronation, then for a hundred years it again disappeared. Finally, it was sold to a Russian courtier, who paid about £80,000 for it. J. F. C.

MAINTAIN dignity, without the appearance of pride. Manners is something with everybody; it is everything with some.

OBEDIENCE.

A TRUE STORY.



PERHAPS but a few who read these pages will have heard of the village of Alvanly in Cheshire, or know that there, all through the long hot summer of 1868, lived two little boys named John Baxter and John Spruce. Besides having the same Christian name, these children were also of the same age—seven years old—attended the same school, and were friends and playfellows. On Thursday afternoon, the 26th of November, these children (possibly just set free from school) were wondering how they should best amuse themselves, when a farmer's cart drove slowly by bound for a sand-pit half-a-mile from the village. The driver was a good-natured fellow, and when our two little men trotted after the cart begging for a ride, he stopped and helped them in, as doubtless he had often done before to many a village lad. The chill November evening could not damp the spirits of the children, as the two stout horses made their way briskly with the empty cart. On reaching the pit, the three got out; the man to his work of filling his cart, the little boys to play about and possibly imagine themselves Robinson Crusoe in his cave, as they wandered about amongst the excavations. Presently they joined the carter, who was still hard at work when—how it all happened can hardly be told—a sudden fall of the loose earth took place—a stifled cry from the little ones, a shout of despair from their older friend, and all were buried beneath the downfall. Buried entirely as far as the two poor little Johns were concerned; but the man, though completely hemmed in and powerless, had his head free. Free and clear too, for after a moment of terrible anguish and fruitless struggle, he bethought himself of the only possible means of succour. The darkness of a winter evening was coming on, and the place was removed from ordinary traffic; his little companions were lost from sight, and he himself was perfectly helpless.

His cart, however, was untouched, and the horses uninjured, patiently standing waiting his orders. With a steady voice, though beating heart, he gave the accustomed order to the horses to go home. The well-trained creatures started at once, and the poor man, with as much patience as he could muster, though no doubt with terrible forebodings as to the fate of the children, waited the result. What thoughts filled his mind in that hour of waiting God only knows. At the end of that time a man named William Booth, having noticed the cart in the village proceeding leisurely along without a driver, and only half full, guessed something must be wrong, and proceeded at once to the pit. There without much difficulty he extricated the man, but the two poor children, completely buried beneath a mass of sand, were taken out quite dead. Their seven years' life was ended, their merry voices would



Italian Boy and Guinea Pigs.

P. 237.

never more ring out on the winter air. The obedient horses had done what they could, had exercised the amount of sense given them by God and developed by man, but they could not do more, one life had been saved by their means, and that was all they could accomplish. A sorrowful procession took its way the Sunday following to the

village churchyard—John Baxter and John Spruce carried by their little schoolfellows to their last quiet bed. My story is a sad one, but it is true; if any child reading it sees anything to admire in the quiet and ready obedience of two poor cart-horses—why he has found the moral of my tale.

H. A. F.

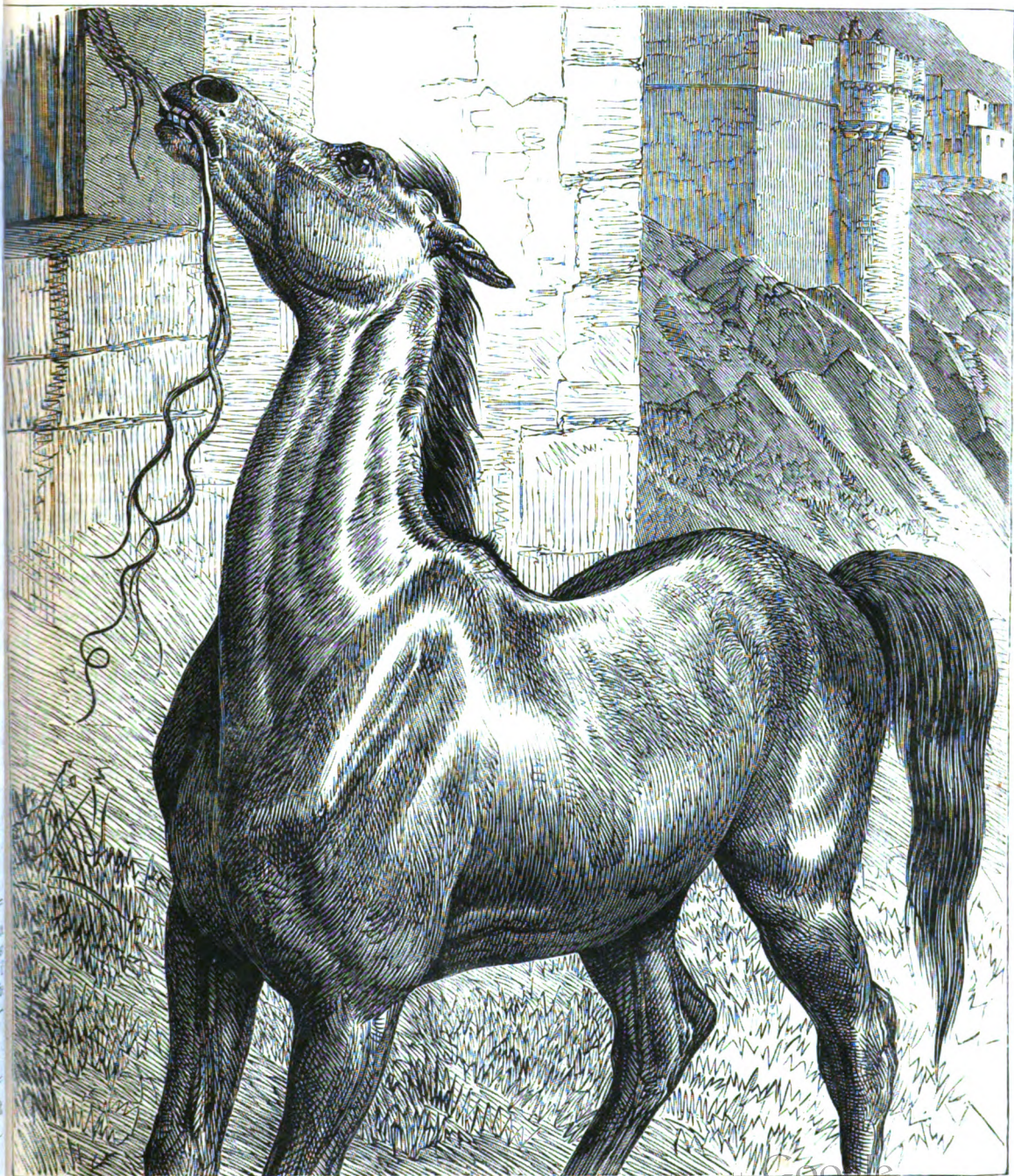
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A HORSE'S PETITION.

IN the days of John, King of Atri, an ancient city of Abruzzo,* a bell was put up to be rung by any one who had received an injury. At the sound of the bell the king used to assemble the wise men chosen for the purpose, in order that justice might be done. After the bell had been up a long time, the rope became worn out, and a piece of wild vine was used to lengthen it. A knight of the city having a noble charger which was now unserviceable from old age, had turned the horse loose upon a neighbouring common, to avoid the expense of feeding him. Finding his way to the place where hung the bell, the animal, driven by hunger, raised his mouth to the vine-branch to munch it, and thus he rang the bell. As the horse appeared to demand justice, the judges assembled and they decreed that the knight whom he had served in his youth should be bound to feed him in his old age, a sentence which the king confirmed under a heavy penalty.

THE COASTGUARD'S TALE.

(Continued from page 235.)



VELL, as I was saying, I watched Uncle Matt all day, and just as it was getting dark, and there was no one about, I crept aboard the *Lovely Sally*, with a crust of bread in my pocket, and hid myself in a snug corner, where nobody wasn't likely to find me till we were well out at sea. The longest day I live I shall never forget that night! It was pitch-dark, not a scrap of moon nor a star in the sky, and a pretty fresh gale rising from the south-west. Hour after hour I waited patiently, for I knew they couldn't get her off before high water, which wouldn't be till nigh twelve o'clock. There wasn't a sound to be heard, except the sea dashing up on the beach, each wave coming higher and higher. At last, just as I had expected, I heard footsteps coming, and soon recognised the voice of Uncle Matt. He and his mates had a hard matter to get the boat off, and it was as much as I could do, I remember, to keep quiet in my corner, and not jump out to lend them a hand.

Well, we were off at last, through the breakers; but not till we were well out at sea did I venture out of my hiding-place. He was very angry at first, was my uncle, at the trick I had played him, but he soon came round. It seemed that I had made a pretty shrewd guess as to what the neat little craft was after, for he told me we were bound for the coast of France, and were to bring back a cargo of brandy.

You may fancy the feelings of a boy of my age then, sir, at being in the thick of a smuggling adventure. Why! I was wild with delight, and I tell you honestly, I believe I should have been a smuggler at this day, instead of being in the Coast-guard service, if it hadn't been for what happened to us on that voyage. It's six-and-thirty years ago come Michaelmas, and yet it's all as clear and fresh in my memory as if it was only yesterday.

We'd taken the brandy on board, as many Casks as we could hold, from off the Frenchman, and the *Lovely Sally* was on the homeward tack, with a fair wind blowing us straight ahead, when all of a sudden I was roused from a sound sleep by a voice singing out,—

'I say, Matt! what's that yonder!'

I looked in the direction where he pointed, and could just make out a vessel in the distance through the twilight. All eyes were fixed upon it at once, and there was a few moments of silence, then Uncle Matt said, in a quick, sharp tone,—

'What is it, Joe, do ye ask? Why, sure enough, it's the revenue-cutter, or my name isn't Matthew Snaith.'

'You're right there! and, worse luck for us, it's on our track, too. Look alive, mates; she'll be up with us in less than a half-hour, if we don't make for the shore first.'

A desperate chase followed. There was just a chance of our getting safe to land with our smuggled cargo, for the *Lovely Sally* was no match for the Revenue-cutter, which gained upon us every minute. My comrades looked grave, as well they might, for ruin stared in the face of every one of them; and as for me, though I didn't half understand the risk we ran, yet I began to think my freak might cost me dear.

I've been in many a scene of danger since then, both in time of peace and war—for I've seen my share of active service—but I'll tell you what, nothing's ever come up to the horror which crept over me when Uncle Matt sang out in a steady voice,—

'It's all over with us, lads! but we'll die afore we yield!'

He took up an old matchlock and loaded it as he spoke, and I saw that the others, too, had each got a cutlass or something. Now I don't think I'm anything of a coward, leastways, my mates would tell you I wasn't, sir, but there was that which made my blood run cold in the thought of a fight out at sea, and we being on the *wrong side*; ay! that was the worst of it.

I shall never forget what followed. The coast-guard, fine fellows they were, boarded us in a twinkling, and then came the tug; a pretty sharp fight, you may guess. It didn't last long though, for they were two to our one; we were soon captured and brought ashore, and it wasn't till then that I knew what had happened. Uncle Matt was nowhere to be seen, and from the ominous whispers of his mates I soon learnt that he was missing indeed. It seems that in the thickest of the fight, of which he was the leader, the poor fellow must have fallen overboard. Yes, sir, that was the sad end of poor

* Abruzzo, the north-east corner of the kingdom of Naples, lying between the States of the Church and the Adriatic.

Uncle Matt : one of the best fellows that ever lived, if he'd only kept steady and clear of bad company.

As for Joe and the other two men, they got I don't know how many years of prison ; but I was such a mere lad that I was let go with a sharp warning not to be caught at it again. But there was no need of that, for such a sad night's work was a lesson to me for good and all ; and when, next day, I crept down on the beach to see the *Lovely Sally* destroyed, cut straight across from end to end, says I to myself, 'Look you, Jack, here's the beginning and here's the end of your smuggling !'

And so it was ; but, sir, ever since that fight I've always had a queer sort of feeling come over me when any poor fellows have been caught at it, for I've often thought if it hadn't been for the shock I got that night, there's no knowing if I mightn't have been as bad as them. Smuggling now-a-days, do you ask, sir ? Bless you, no ! there's little enough of that now the duties have been took off things so much ; besides, we keep such a sharp look out, and board every craft which comes ashore, down to the smallest fishing-boat. No, the chief part of our work is to protect any wrecked vessel or cargo which may drift on to the beach.

Talking of wrecks, reminds me of one which happened nigh upon thirty years ago ; and there's a bit of a story I can tell you about it, maybe you'll like to hear.

I hadn't long taken service in the navy, and was on board the *Ocean Queen*, man-of-war, bound for Gibraltar with ammunition, I remember. Well, as we were crossing the Bay of Biscay, there came on a storm, such as I've never seen the like of, before nor since. There was a very queer look about the sea ; no breakers or surf mind you, but huge waves, which went up like mountains, first on one side and then on the other ; so that at times nothing was to be seen all round us but a high wall of green water, and a dark, threatening sky just overhead. She was a splendid vessel was the *Ocean Queen*, and she weathered it stoutly, though she was tossed about as if she'd been but a cockle-shell.

All of a sudden, above the noise of the storm, we caught sound of a gun, then another, and felt pretty certain it must be some vessel in distress. When we were tossed up to the top of the next wave, all eyes were strained towards where the sound came from, and sure enough we could just make out a dismasted ship driven on to a sandbank. It's a very dangerous coast all along those parts, shallow and full of sandbanks, an ugly look-out, I can tell you, with a gale blowing full from the west.

What was to be done ? that was the next question. Now it wasn't in the nature of Englishmen to leave a set of poor creatures to drown, Frenchmen though they might be ; so we altered our course to make towards the wreck. And terrible work it was, I can tell you ; every moment the waves seemed to rise higher and higher, as we got more into the land-swell, till at last our captain declared that it was more than our lives were worth to venture any nearer, for we were close on the sandbanks.

A few of the pluckiest fellows on board then got leave to have out the ship's boat and to try to make

for the vessel, and I was one of them. But all this had taken time, and there had been no sounds of life from the wreck over which the waves were breaking, so we began to fear that after all we should be too late, and find no live soul on board. Never, the longest day I live, sir, shall I forget that time ! There were five of us in the boat, and every man among us felt that he carried his life in his hand, as one may say, for the first big wave might swamp us all. But the worst was yet to come. When we got close against the ship, there was no sign of life, and my mates were for turning back, but I thought we'd come so far and run such a risk, we might as well make sure of it, so I got them to fasten the end of a rope round me, and I made a dash to get on board her. How I managed it I never knew, but, sure enough, I got on the ship's deck somehow, half blinded with the water dashing over me. Not a living creature was to be seen anywhere on deck, and I groped my way down into the cabin. At first I could make out nothing, but I thought I heard a child crying, and so indeed it was, for in a little berth at the far end, I found a sweet little chubby-faced girl about two years old. Like enough, the poor little child had been forgotten in the sudden alarm, or her friends had been washed overboard while she was asleep ; for she seemed to have only just woke up and begun to cry, frightened at finding herself all alone.

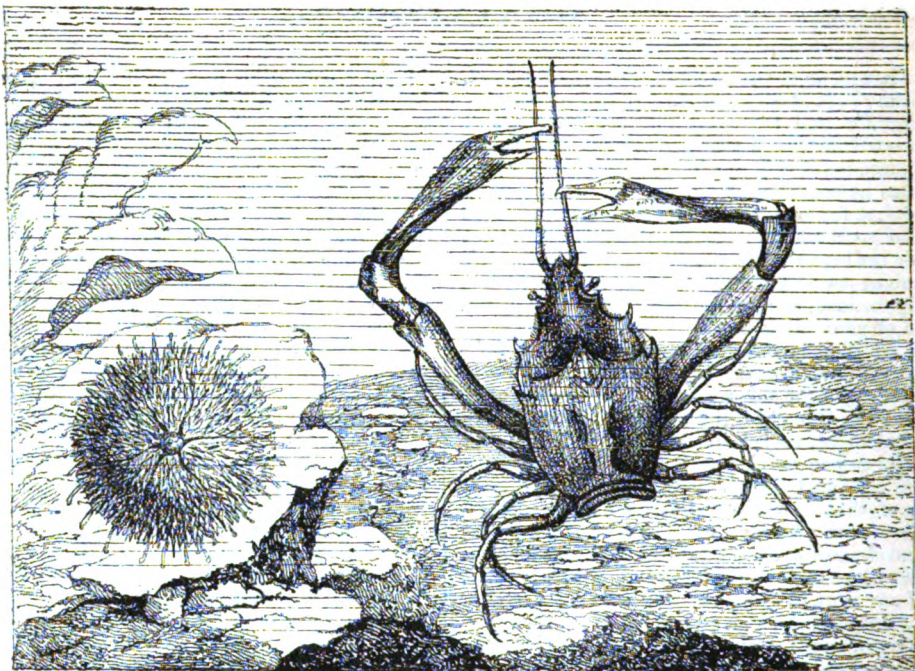
There wasn't a moment to lose, so I took up the child, who held out her arms to me as if she'd known me all her life, and I made her fast on to the rope round my waist, holding her tight in my arms all the while. Then I scrambled up on deck, and my mates in the boat gave a shout at the sight of me. Just then, there came another terrible wave, washing right across the wreck, and sweeping us off into the sea. I must have been stunned by the blow, and half drowned too, for like a flash of lightning there came over me a strange wonderful kind of dream. I seemed to be standing before the judgment-seat of God, and all my past life came up before me like so many pictures. All that I had said and done, when no human eye was upon me came out clear and plain in the bright light of Heaven ; nothing was hid, and I felt sinking down, down into hell for very shame. Then a shining One, brighter than the sun, so that I could not fix my eyes upon Him, for the dazzling light, seemed to look upon me, and said, 'Leave him yet awhile, that so he may repent and turn unto me.'

(Concluded in our next.)

TWO MORE CAPTIVES.

AS I promised some time ago, I will now give some more particulars about the marine curiosities I have had in my aquaria. And first I will mention the *Echinus*, or Sea-Urchin. At the present moment I have three of these creatures alive ; the one I have drawn is the largest of the trio ; it is prettily coloured, its spines being pale-green tipped with purple.

The dead shell may frequently be found on the beach, but a live Sea-Urchin is seldom washed up



Echinus and Helmet Crab.

by the waves. The sharp spines with which its shell is covered when alive, are semi-transparent; and upon close examination, a great many *wholly* transparent horns or feelers will be seen amongst them: they end in a white knob, and are continually being moved about, and made longer or shorter according to the will of their owner. The Sea-Urchin's mouth is in the middle of the lower part of the shell, and a terribly large mouth it is. A writer on this subject says that 'if a human being, say a man of six feet in height, were to be owner of a similar mouth, it would be about the size, and very much the shape of an ordinary wooden pail, the teeth being as long as the staves of the pail, only they must be very sharp at the top and but five in number. The teeth of the *Echinus* may be seen protruding from the mouth, and their extreme hardness may be tested by the finger without any danger.'

This I know to be quite true, as I have often felt the Sea-Urchin's teeth myself; and what with his enormous mouth, sharp teeth, and prickly shell, he must indeed be a terrible object in the eyes of some of the smaller inhabitants of the sea.

The *Echinus* moves very slowly in spite of its having several hundreds of sucker feet, and being, doubtless, helped along by some of its numerous spines: it seems to be of a modest and retiring nature, for its chief delight is to cover itself with pebbles which it picks up with its spines.

I thought at first that the little stones had got there by mistake; so wishing to do all in my power to make my captive happy, I removed them with a brush; but in a short space of time the Sea-Urchin had again covered himself with pebbles,

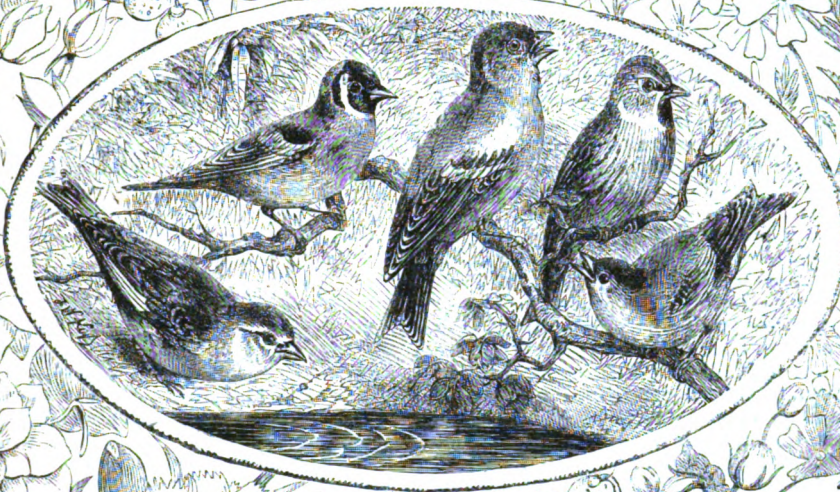
and so completely was he hidden beneath them, that if he had not crawled up the side of the aquarium with his load, I should have had some trouble to find out where he was.

Every now and then he ornaments himself with a piece of sea-weed, and the other day he was moving slowly about with half a mussel-shell on his back, and in the shell sat a tiny crab as comfortably as possible, tearing off bits of the mussel with his claws, and stowing them away in his mouth as calmly as if it were a usual thing for him to have a ride on the back of a Sea-Urchin at dinner-time!

The shell of the *Echinus*, instead of its being moulded in *one* piece, is composed of *several hundreds*, joined so neatly together that very careful scrutiny is necessary to observe them at all—each of these pieces has five sides: they are known by the name of 'pentagonal plates.'

The Crab in the picture, with the extraordinary long claws, is rather a rare species, and very seldom to be obtained without dredging at sea; it is called the Helmet Crab, because its body is a little like an old-fashioned helmet in shape. The upper part of its body and legs is fawn colour; the under side a dull white. A distorted likeness of a man's face may be traced on its back—in some specimens more distinctly than in others. Its arms are indeed enormously long, and when stretched out they look very awkward and out of proportion. Unlike most crabs the Helmet seems to have an amiable disposition, for it never attempts to fight or tease its companions: many children, and grown-up people too, might in this respect learn a useful lesson from my long-armed captive.

A. C. WHEELLEY.



CHAFFINCH, GOLDFINCH, SISKIN, AND LINNET.

By H. G. Adams.

THERE is a little pool, deep in the shady woods, where solemn silence broods, o'er waters clear and cool. The green boughs bend above it, the wild flowers seem to love it, and there the birds resort, for company and sport. They dip and dip their bills, and sip, then bursting into song, make music all among the dingies and the dells. Echo the strain repeats, till all the still re-

treats, of creatures wild and shy, are filled with melody. The hare sits up to listen, the magpie stays its chatter, the dormouse from its hole creeps out, and looks about, and wonders what's the matter. The rabbit cleans no more its furry face, and from its hiding-place even the snake comes gliding, winding, sliding, while every scale, from head to tail, is seen to shine and glisten. The squirrel springs no more from bough to bough, coos not the wood-dove now, barks not the fox, crow not the pheasant cocks, and the mysterious cuckoo stops its monotone. All things that snarl, or cry, or moan, or groan, are still as stocks, to hear the music sweet, of the birds that love to meet beside the woodland pool, their play-ground and their school, their concert-room, their bath, a place which ever hath some new delight and charm, so green, so cool, so calm, so free from each alarm. But, dear me, here's a potter of rhymes the brain to bother. Let us strike off into prose—here goes!

Three Finches and two Linnets make up the snug little party shown in our picture. To the left, close to the water, is the Chaffinch, and above him sits the well-known Goldfinch, one of the prettiest of cage birds and sweetest of songsters. Next again, straining his throat, and, no doubt, pouring out a very sweet strain, is another finch, and next to him is the Siskin, or black-headed Thistle-finch, or Aberdevine as it is sometimes termed; and then, close down on the right hand, is the common Linnet, a bird of a different family, although nearly related to the finches.

'I love to see the little goldfinch pluck
The groundsel's feathered seed, and twit, and twit,
And then in bower of apple-blossom perched,
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.'

says the poet Hurdis, and truly it is a pretty sight to see the sprightly goldfinch, whose brown suit is gaily decked with gold and crimson, as he flits here and there in the sunshine, and picks off the downy seeds from the groundsel or thistle heads, and very sweet it is to hear his warbled strain, breaking out every now and then, in the intervals of feasting.

All the finches are spruce, dapper birds, and the goldfinch is especially so, and all of them build very neat, cup-shaped nests; the chaffinch seems to be the best architect of them all:

'No tool hath he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all,
And yet how neatly finished.'

It is truly marvellous. Who teaches these little feathered builders how to make such beautiful nests? Why the great all-seeing God, who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed.

Now let us sing

A SONG OF FINCHES.

Sing a song of finches!
Merry birds are they;
Chanting in the woodlands
All the summer day;
Sometimes singing gaily, too,
When the trees are bare;
Sing a song of finches—
Elihu and free as air.

Sing a song of finches!
One that loves the haws;
Hiding in the coppice
And the hazel shaws;
Warbling out a soft, low song,
Only heard when near,
Largest of his family,
With us all the year.

Sing a song of finches!
One bedecked with gold,
Lover of the thistle-down,
Brisk as he is bold;
Sweetest singer of them all,
Pleasant are his strains;
Often in the gilded cage
Prisoner he remains.

Sing a song of finches!
Chaffy! where is he?
Trilling out his merry lay
In the apple-tree.
Shilla, Shelly, Twink, and Spink,
Such the names he bears;
And his sharp note, *chink, chink, chink!*
Oft the gardener hears.

Sing a song of finches!
Cherries red and ripe,
Loves our Billy Blackhead,
Often taught to pipe,
Tunes his native woodlands
Never heard, be sure;
Listen to his melody,
Soft, and sweet, and pure.

Sing a song of finches!
One that comes and goes,
Mountain Finch, or Brambling,
With the winter snows;
And the dapper Siskin,
Brisk as he is small;
Sing a song of finches,
Welcome to them all!

THE GREAT WIND AND WATER MACHINE.



ANCE when we were staying by the sea-side, with our large party of children, for a change, I took a walk by myself. When we all met at dinner, we of course made inquiries of each other, and all round the table, how the morning had been spent by the different groups.

'But what became of you, mother? You were all alone!'

'Yes, I went towards Teignmouth, and on the way I went to a

large manufactory, if I may call it so.'

'A manufactory!' 'Why didn't you take us?'

'Will you take us?' 'What manufactory was it?'
Such were the children's questions, and my answer was, 'You shall all go some day. It was the largest manufactory I ever saw, and a most interesting one.'

'Were there steam-engines?' cried the youngest, a boy whose trains are always going.

'No, it was not worked by steam, but by wind and water power.'

The thoughts of all of them turned to the great mill-wheel in the village. 'Oh, did you go to the mill?'

'No, I went some way on the Teignmouth road, and went down to the manufactory, and saw the working of the tremendously powerful engine.'

'But what did it do, mother, please?'

'Oh,' I said, 'it rolled and it beat, and it crushed, and it ground the materials; it sometimes mixed, and sometimes it sorted them, and it goes on in this way night and day? and a vast quantity of stuff is thus manufactured, especially as on some days a great increase of power is applied.'

'But what do they make, mother?'

'I should like to tell you, first, a little more about the working of the machinery, and of the wonder I felt to see what beautiful fabrics were ground up and destroyed to make the substance required at the manufactory.'

'Will you tell us what they were, and what the thing is used for when it is made?' they asked.

'It is used in house-building and household work, and polishing, and shot-making, and iron-founding, and such a number of things I cannot tell you half its uses. But I ought to say I can hardly call that a manufactory where no hands are employed except for carrying away the finished article. The substances used for making it are very many, and very various. I saw marbles of different colours; delicate Bohemian glass, and some fragments of something that looked more beautiful than the finest china lay about, which in a few moments the machine took, and added to those already being worked, and beat and pounded as before. The noise sometimes, they say, is deafening, but those who live near it become used to it. There was a sort of hoarse murmur, almost a roar, at some parts of the works when I was there, but there was not much doing to-day.'

Of course, there had been many attempts at questions during all this, from the younger ones especially; the elder ones of the party soon had amused looks on their faces, showing they had made a good guess at what I meant, and I felt I must soon conclude or let myself be 'found out' by young as well as old. So I added as gravely as I could, 'I wrote some verses on my way home, they are rather wild, and perhaps you will hardly know what they are about. I should like to put the title at the end instead of the beginning, but I suppose that would be out of order. However, read them before you ask any more about the manufactory,—if, indeed, you do ask any more. Here are my verses:—'

THE SAND-MAKER; WHAT IS IT?

Over and over the waves have rolled him,
Tossed him, jerked him, beat him, bowled him,
Clucked him out, and sucked him in,
Muddled his senses with tumult and din,

Mocked at his hopes, and enjoyed his fears,
Made him almost a subject for pitying tears!
Tossed him ashore, and drew him back,
Down came upon him with angry smack;
Mauled him and mangled him till, alack!
There was not a line on his painted face,
Of the limner's hand that retained a trace.
They told him they wanted him not, and then
With affection embraced him back again;
Curling about him with passionate love,
Pushing him out with unkindly shove.
Now for a moment they bury him deep,
But they won't let him lie and enjoy his sleep;
Up again in a mass of shingle,
Obliged with alien stones to mingle;
Cut at, and ground at, and hurt by all,
Till he hasn't a feature his own to call.
On and on he must grind and groan,
Never again will they let him alone;
Smaller and smaller his size will grow,
Less and less shapely, till no one would know
He had really been born as a *pitcher* fine,
Fit to be set on your table or mine.
Smaller and smaller, by little and little,
Though every day by the merest tittle,
Till nothing at last will be left of him
But grains of sand, round the ocean's rim.

J. E. C. F.

WHATEVER YOU LIKE.

ROBERT Brown was the son of a poor man, who could only send him to school a few months in the year. Robert often said, 'It is no use for me to try to be anybody; I have no chance. I shall always be poor and ignorant.'

Now Robert was mistaken. He had some very great advantages. He had a well-shaped, handsome head, and a fine full chest and strong limbs. He was a bright, healthy boy, and I think he had a fair chance to become whatever he liked. He used to beg his father to give him a piece of land for his own, where he could raise vegetables for market. His father was too poor to give him a part of the garden, but gave him a bit of sandy land in the corner of the field. Robert stuck his spade into it, and turned up the soil. 'It is of no use planting anything here,' said he; 'only see how sandy it is; nothing will grow.'

But there was some strength in his loose soil, just as there was strength in Robert's healthy brain and stout arms and legs. And the wind sowed some seeds there, and they came up and grew; and one hot day in July, when our little farmer was tired with raking hay, he went to look at his despised corner; and there, just where the ground was broken by his spade, was a strawberry plant with three or four strawberries ripe and red peeping from under the leaves. While he was eating them, he felt something prick his bare foot, and looking down, there was a large thistle, just going to seed.



Now both the thistle and the strawberry grew from seeds which the wind had sown ; but the land was Robert's, and he had a right to say which should grow. 'Begone, you hateful thistle,' said he. 'You are a thief, come to steal your living and pay me in prickles.'

Then he dug up the thistle by the roots, and then he went with his wheelbarrow, and brought black soil from a hollow in the woods full of old leaves and rotten wood ; and he mixed it all thoroughly in with the sandy soil that bore the berries, and then filled it all with the best plants he could find,

and the next year he had a great deal of fruit. Moreover, he sowed turnip seed between the rows, and the turnips grew large, and round, and sweet, and he sold them in November for a broad piece of silver. Robert was delighted. 'I find,' said he, 'that I can raise on my land whatever I like.'

And then the thought came into his mind that he could make of himself whatever he liked, if he would only set about it in earnest. And I believe he will, for where a boy has conquered one difficulty, he is generally ready to try another.—*The Family Treasury*.

Chatterbox.





A WORD ON BATHING.

NOT a summer some poor boy goes into the water to bathe, and gets drowned; and sometimes it is by going where father or mother has forbidden him to go; and often it is from carelessness, or from not knowing how to swim.

Every person ought to bathe or wash with soft *warm* water two or three times a week; but then they must use wisdom about it, or they will do themselves injury. Observe these rules: 1. Never bathe when weary. 2. Never bathe when chilly. 3. Never bathe within two hours after eating. 4. Never bathe without *first* wetting the head. 5. Never stay in the water till chilled and shivering;—ten minutes is usually quite long enough. 6. Never bathe when or where older persons have forbidden you to do it. I once saw a little drowned boy, whose mother was trying to bring him to life; I never want to see another.

All boys and girls should learn to swim. They may thus save their own lives, or the lives of those around them. It is an easy thing to learn to swim, if persons will take the right way. Remember then these directions: 1. Take no planks, corks, or life-preservers. 2. Keep out of swift currents. 3. Beware of treacherous, slippery, and uneven bottoms. 4. Never go where the water is over your head until you know how to swim. 5. Do not beat the water, or strike out *swiftly*,—swimming requires *slow*, not hasty motions. 6. Always keep your hands and arms under water, if you do not want to sink.

To learn to swim: 1. Choose a safe place where the water is still, and becomes deep gradually. 2. Wade out into the water till it is up to your neck. 3. Turn your face *towards* the shore. 4. Shut your eyes and mouth, hold your breath, and plunge forward towards the shore, letting your head sink under the water if it will. 5. Swim slowly, and with just the same kind of motion made by frogs, when they swim, as long as you can hold your breath; you will find that you cannot sink if you try. 6. When you have thus learned to swim *under* water, then try to keep your head out of the water, by throwing it *back*; *not* by raising the shoulders; and in a little while you will find yourself able to swim quite well. 7. If you ever do get beyond your depth, do not splash about, but turn towards the shore, and swim till you can touch the bottom. I know one man who once saved his life in a current, by remembering what I told him about swimming under water. H.

THE 'PALINDROME.'

THE 'palindrome' is a line that reads alike backward and forward. For instance, this—'Madam, I'm Adam!'

Another is given in the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied:—'Able was I ere I saw Elba.' The latter is the best palindrome, probably, in the language.

THE COASTGUARD'S TALE.

(Concluded from p. 243.)



HEN a deep sleep came over me, and I knew nothing more till I woke up to find myself safe in my own berth, and the ship's doctor and the captain beside me. But I never forgot that dream, sir, and it's my firm belief that it's been the saving of me, for when I'm tempted to go wrong, the thought of it seems to stop me. Ah, well! I'm only a plain, rough sailor, and I can't talk rightly of things like this, but to me that heavenly vision was like that which I've read of since—the light that blinded Saint Paul on his journey to Damascus, and was the beginning of a new life to him.

But it's getting late, sir, and you will think I am never going to end my story.

Well, the first word I said when I opened my eyes was:—

'Where's the child?'

'All right, my man!' says the captain, with a kind smile. 'She'd got her arms tight round your neck when we brought you aboard, and we soon got her right; but you've been such a precious long time coming round, that the doctor here nearly gave you up. Hallo! fetch Jack's little maid!' he called out.

Yes, sir; that was the name they gave the child, and a dear little pet she was; always toddling after me and seeming to think she belonged to me. She was too young to give any account of herself, though she did talk a little French gibberish; but she soon forgot that, and began to pick up the words we taught her, as quick as possible. Well, to cut a long yarn short, when we came home from our voyage, I got a day's leave to run down to Hastings, and gave the little one in charge of my mother, who took to her, kind soul, just as if she'd been one of her own. After that, I used to send home regular part of my pay for little Sophy; that's what we made out her name to be, though every one called her 'Jack's little maid.'

'What became of her, did you ask, sir?'

Ah, that's the saddest part of the story. Only once more did I see her alive. That was three years later, and she'd grown such a sweet little lass had my Sophy. I brought her home a parrot, for we had been a time in the West Indies, and the child was mightily pleased with it, and nothing would serve her but it was to be called Jack after me. And when I had to leave again, she came sobbing to the door to wish me good-bye, and was only comforted at the thought that some day when she was bigger, I'd stay at home, for good and all.

'For I'm your little maid, you know, and I'll be quick and grow big!' Those were the last words I heard her speak.

It was not quite a twelvemonth before I managed to get leave of absence again, and made for Hastings like a shot, thinking what a surprise it would be to mother and Sophy, and how glad they would be to see me so soon. When I came to the passage

where they lived, a queer kind of feeling came over me that I couldn't account for no-how. I hurried on to the house, there all was still and quiet; not a sound to be heard except the parrot in the window, who whistled and cried out, 'Good morning, Jack.' On I went into the back room through the open door, and there was a sight which comes up before me night and day ever since.

Yes, sir; it's many a long year ago, but I can't forget it. There, laid out in the little coffin, white and still, was my Sophy, the child that I risked my life for, and loved more than all else in the world.

I never saw anything half so beautiful as she looked, with her long dark curls falling round the pale face; she seemed only to be in a peaceful sleep. I don't know how long I had stood there when mother came in gently, and she took me by the hand and says:—

'Don't fret, Jack. I took care of your little maid the best I could, but God, He sent for her, and she will be happier in heaven with Him than ever she could be down here with us. It was the fever, lad, that took her, poor little dear!'

There is not much more to tell you, sir; for I can't bear to talk of that time. You don't know how I loved the child!

When I followed her to the grave, in the old churchyard by the sea,—maybe you know it, on the slope of the last hill,—it seemed to me as if all the sunshine had got buried with her. It's many a long year since then, but my thoughts often go to little Sophy,—you see she never grew up and changed for the worse, but has always kept a little child, as one may say. And I'm looking forward to the time when we shall meet again,—yes, meet again never to part.

The Coastguard paused in his story, overcome by the thoughts of the past, and turned away his head as though ashamed of his emotion. Looking at that bronzed, weather-beaten man, one would never have thought he had such a soft corner in his heart, where the memory of the little child he had saved from the sinking ship had been so long enshrined.

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and a gruff voice exclaimed, 'Bain't thee a-coming, Jack? It's gone twelve!'

My friend started up, roused from his dreams to every-day life once more. 'It's time for me to go on watch, sir,' he said, turning to me. 'The storm has well-nigh worn itself out while we've been talking, and our beat lies along the shore Eastbourne way, so maybe you'd like to come with us.'

I gladly availed myself of the offer, for I was anxious to get home, and it was certainly pleasanter to have companions in my walk along the desolate sea-coast at midnight.

Thus ended my first visit to the Coastguard Station, and to the best of my memory, I have told the story which was there told to me, though I am well aware that I have failed to give the force of the good old Saxon speech in which it was spoken.

Many a visit have I since paid to my friend the Coastguard, and perhaps at some future time I may have another story to tell you.



THE FALLING HOUSE.

ERTHA HOWARD was the daughter of a clergyman who lived in a very pretty village on the south coast of England. She was the only daughter, and grew up to be quite the village pet. Her simple and artless ways won the affections of rich and poor alike. In the hall and in the cottage she was equally loved. When six or seven years old she often went alone to take a dinner in her little basket to some poor person—I should hardly say alone, because Leo, a large Newfoundland dog, always went with her, and often carried her basket for her. When she was eight, she could play nicely upon the pianoforte, and had a very sweet voice. Above all things she loved church-music, and her sweet little voice blended harmoniously with the well-trained choir. She had no governess, because her parents were not rich, but her mother was very clever, and, having no other children, devoted much time to her daughter's education. Her father also helped to store her mind with much useful knowledge, and both parents taught Bertha, by precept and example, the love of God. When she was eighteen years old she wished to be a governess. She found a situation in a nobleman's family where she was soon as much loved as she had been in her native village. Lord and Lady Barton had three children,—Mary, a girl about nine years old, Egbert, a boy about eight, and Frances, a little girl just turned five. You may see them all in the picture. It is a wet afternoon, and the children are all at play in the nursery. Bertha is with them at work, and stops every now and then to see the progress of the house they are building. Egbert has tried five times to build the cards four stories high, but they always fall just as the last card, or last but one, goes on.

On wet afternoons Bertha often tells her little pupils a story, and I think instead of saying, 'Rain, rain, go away, come again another day,' the children are often pleased to hear the rattle on the window-pane, because then they are almost certain of hearing one of Miss Howard's stories. To-day she has promised to tell them a story as soon as Egbert builds his house four stories high.

'Is it about a house in your village, Miss Howard?' said Mary.

'Oh, do tell us about a house in Millingdale, Miss Howard,' said Egbert. 'I love the stories about your village so much.'

'And a little house, a tiny little house, won't it be?' said Frances.

'Yes,' said Bertha, 'it shall be a tiny house.'

'Now mind, don't shake,' said Mary.

'Fingers off the table, Dot,' said Egbert, for Frances was called 'Dot.'

But the sixth time down came the cards. However, the seventh trial was a success. 'Dot' was allowed to blow the four-storied house down with her little mouth. She then came and sat on Miss Howard's knee, and Bertha began.



The Governess and the Children.

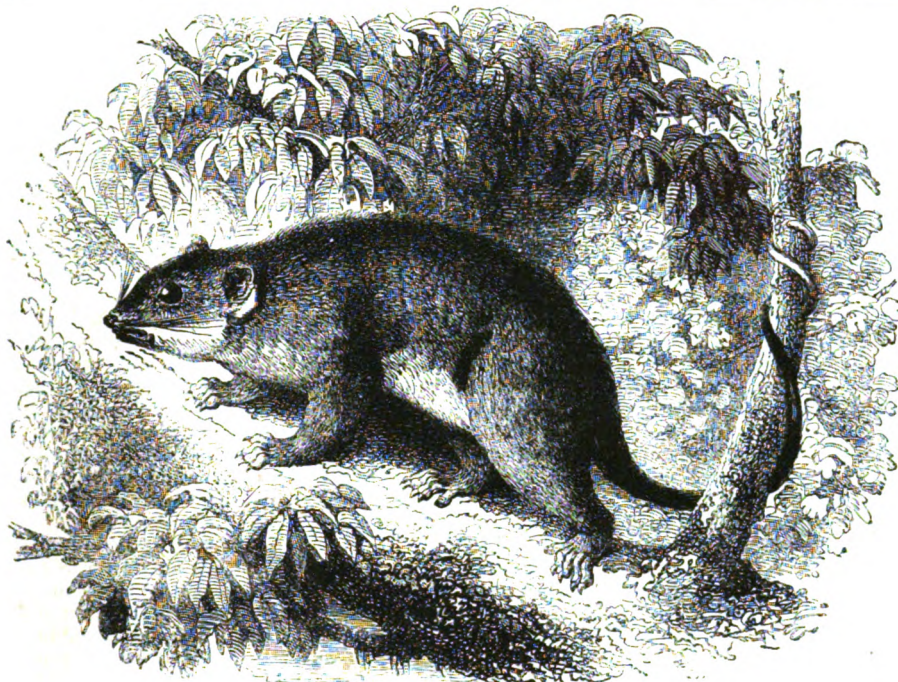
'It was a cold windy day in March when a little girl went out with a large black dog.'

'That was you and Leo,' said 'Dot.'

'You must not interrupt me, darling,' said Bertha.

'The little girl was wrapped up in a warm cloak, and she carried in a basket some jelly and a little broth for a poor sick child. The wind blew so hard that she could scarcely get along, but she wanted to go alone. She was ten years old and considered herself quite a woman. When she got to the cottage she knocked at the door, and a little voice said

"Come in." The voice came from a little girl about the same age as the girl with the basket. "I am so glad you have come to see me, Miss," said the sick child, "I am so lonely to-day; father is out at work and mother has gone to the town to see Aunt Sarah, who is ill, and she will not be back until tea-time." "I am coming to stay with you just one hour by the clock," said our little friend, "and then I am going home to dinner. First, I shall warm this broth for you, it is better for you than cold pudding, and then I will leave this jelly on the



The Opossum.

P. 254.

table for you to take in the afternoon. After you have had some broth I will read you a story out of 'Line upon Line,' then I shall tuck you up comfortably in bed and shut the door, and you can go to sleep." The sick girl, who was called Betsy, was very pleased after the other little girl had given her the warm broth.

'Call the other little girl Bertha,' said Egbert, silyly.

'I will call her what you like,' said Miss Howard, smiling.

'After Bertha had given Betsy the broth she began to read, but the wind made such a noise that she could scarcely make Betsy hear. Suddenly the dog gave a low growl which made both children start, he then made a spring and jumped straight out of the window. A loud crashing and cracking noise was heard, and then the room was in a state of the utmost confusion. Chairs were broken, and the table smashed to pieces, the bed on which the poor girl lay was thrown down, the floor gave way, and the children . . .'

'Were killed,' said Mary, almost gasping for breath.

'It was not you then,' said Dot, 'cos you isn't killed, is you?'

'Do you see that mark on my forehead?' said Miss Howard, pushing back her hair.

There was the mark of a deep scar, and Dot stared with her mouth open and said, clinging to her governess, 'Oh, no, you is not killed, you must not be killed, don't say you be killed, I am so frightened.'

'Well, I was not killed, darling, or else I should not be here, and poor little Bessie had her leg broken.'

'Did the house fall then?' said Egbert.

'Yes, the wind was so strong that it blew a tree upon the cottage, it broke through the roof, the ceiling gave way, and we fell. But we had not been on the ground long, before my father and some men came and got us out. Good Leo ran home and took hold of my father's coat and pulled him, so that he knew something was the matter, and instantly came and found the cottage fallen down like your house of cards. How we escaped with our lives, no one knows. All we children thought was, that God took care of us.'

'Is Bessie alive now?' said Mary.

'Yes, she is, and who do you think she is?'

A knock was at that moment heard at the door, and a nursemaid entered to say the children's tea was ready. She was a sweet-tempered and good girl, and a great favourite with the children.

Miss Howard said, 'Bessie, do you remember a house falling down and two children saved from death who were found under a bed?'

Bessie smiled, and as the children went down to tea they overwhelmed her with questions such as these:—'Were you the little sick girl, Bessie?' 'Is that why you walk lame, Bessie?' 'Don't you love dear Miss Howard very much indeed, Bessie?' to all which questions the little *chatterboxes* heard the answer 'Yes.'

W. M.

'POSSUM UP A GUM TREE.'

By H. G. Adams.



N Maryland and Virginia, and other of the United States of America, 'Possum-hunting' is a favourite pastime with the planters, and one of the Negro songs, in allusion to this sport, begins with the above line.

It is among the thick branches of the chestnuts, hickory, and other tall forest trees, that the opossum generally conceals itself by day, coming down at night to search for food, which consists of birds, insects, gum, and fruit, and sometimes committing great havoc among the young poultry at the farms, although it does not often venture very far from the woods, as its short legs and somewhat bulky body are not suited for flight, should it be pursued. Up trees, however, it scrambles with great agility, not leaping, like the squirrel, but swinging itself from branch to branch, by means of its long tail, which it can curl several times round the branch which supports it. Thus the criminal when 'treed,' as it is called, by the hunter, is seldom secured unless by a shot from his gun.

But what is the opossum like? Well, it is about the size of a common cat, which in shape it somewhat resembles; the head, however, is more like that of the fox, having a pointed snout. The whole body is covered with a fine woolly down, white at the base, with brownish tips, with larger hairs passing through it of a pure white. There is a brownish circle round each eye, and the legs are of a deep chestnut brown. The long whiskers are white, with a reddish tinge, and the nose flesh-colour, yellowish towards the tip. This is one of the *marsupial*, or pouched animals, like the kangaroo of Tasmania, carrying about its young in a sort of pocket, underneath the breast. Funny little things these young ones are, so tiny when first born, that the whole twelve of the family would not exceed the bulk of a full-grown mouse, which is the size each of them attains before it leaves the maternal pocket, and takes its pasture amid the long waving grasses of the woods, or the green stalks, tinged with gold, of the maize or Indian corn of which the mother, when she has a chance, takes a hearty meal, very much to the disgust of the planter.

These young 'possums' are the oddest little things imaginable; they gamble about, whisking their long tails, shaking their large ears, and poking their pointed noses into all sorts of holes and crevices, scampering hither and thither as merry as kittens. But at the slightest alarm, away they go, helter skelter, into that snug shelter, and up the tree scrambles the parent, with a pocket full of heads and legs, pinky noses, and twinkling eyes, and whisking tails, the queerest jumble of flesh and blood that any one ever saw. Then, if the mother is brought to bay on the tree trunk or branch, and cannot well escape, she will fight desperately; she has sharp claws, teeth like those of a keen-edged saw: so look out, Mr. Hunter!

'For a possum at bay is a dangerous ting,
Specially when young in her pouch she am got,
If you go near de beast, she'll soon make yer sing,
So stand off for safety, and give her a shot!
She nibble de pumpkins, and nibble de maize,
And eat de young chicken; ah, possum! dat you?
To stop such proceedings we'll find out some ways,
We'll shoot you, and make of your body a stew,
For possum soup is berry good! berry good!
Sambo like it much: yes, he do! yes he do!
Sambo like it much; yes, he do! don't you!'

'Don't make such a noise about it, you tarnel nigger, or there won't be much chance of our getting 'possums to make soup of,' exclaimed a young planter, interrupting the black songster, who with his companions, Hannibal and Scipio, had been set to watch beneath the trees and prevent the opossums, which were out feeding, from making their escape up the trunks and amid the thick branches, when surprised by the dogs and hunters.

This was in Virginia—'ole Virginny' as the Negroes call it—that state which suffered perhaps more severely than any other in the dreadful struggle between North and South in America.

Virginia was so named in honour of the virgin queen, Elizabeth, by its discoverer, Sir Walter Raleigh, who founded a colony there in 1684. It is one of the largest and most important of the United States, has an extensive sea-board, low swampy lands, favourable to the cultivation of rice; and higher flats, and hilly districts, in which the tobacco-plant flourishes, and Indian corn, with other kinds of grain, is produced in great abundance; it has broad bays and mighty rivers, such as the Potomac, the Shenandoah, the Rappahannock, York and James Rivers, and others of equal magnitude; it is rich in mineral wealth, and produces some of the finest and most valuable timber in the world; a land of lofty mountains, crowned and girt about with magnificent trees, and verdant slopes, and 'valleys standing thick with corn.' Its chief towns are Richmond, Charlottesville, Fredericksburg, James Town, Lexington, Lynchburg, Norfolk, Petersburg, Williamsburg, and others, the names of nearly all being associated with sad memories of sanguinary struggles, which took place in and around them, for Virginia was the great battle-ground of that terrible contest, which was virtually ended when Richmond, the key to the South, was taken by the Federals. Almost every foot of her soil has been drenched with blood, and truly may it be said that her 'rivers have run red with the same.' havoc and destruction have stalked throughout her borders; her plantations have been laid waste, her towns and villages destroyed, all her industrial pursuits for awhile suspended, and it will be long ere she recovers from the desolation left by the war. In 1840, above one-third of her population of about 1,300,000 were slaves; now all her inhabitants are free, invested with the rights and privileges of citizenship. So great a social and political change cannot have been suddenly wrought without disturbing the very foundations of society, unsettling all the relations which existed between the different classes of people, and there must be yet much schooling, and much suffering, before the Negroes

can be brought to understand the true value of the freedom they have gained, and to exercise its privileges wisely and well: and before their late masters can look upon and acknowledge them as brothers, children of one common Father, 'who hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the face of the earth.'

But Sambo, and his fellow-watchers beneath the mighty trees, that threw such deep and broad shadows around them, knew nought of the great tribulation that was then at hand. Probably if they could have known at what a price their redemption from slavery was to be bought, they would have preferred to abide as they were. They were well housed and fed, and kindly treated; a little overworked at times when the crops had to be quickly gathered in, but not so as a rule: 'Massa, him berry good man,' they would most likely have said; 'he give us plenty to eat and drink, and make de ole women take care ob de piccaninnies, while we and our wives go workee, workee, in de paddy grounds, or up on de slopes, among de corn-fields, and tobakher plantations. Git along wid ye, what do we want wid freedom?'

And the planter and his friends who were out in that moonlight night 'Possum-hunting,' as little did they know of the storm that was about to burst upon them. They were some of 'the chivalry of the south,' proud, and yet gentle men, upright and honest in their dealings with each other; kind to their dependants commonly; yet imperious and tyrannical if their purposes were crossed, or their haughty wills opposed.

But let us go on with our story. Sambo and his companions had now become quite silent and watchful, crouching down in the shadow, of which their black forms seemed to constitute a part, they remained awhile, looking out into the open, where the bright moonshine made every object distinctly visible. The hunting party had taken a wide range, the better to secure any stray game that might be abroad; the dogs were heard barking in the distance, and now and then a shout was raised by one or other of them as a bird flew up, or a beast scudded off, alarmed by the approaching foes. A shot, too, at times awoke the echoes of the woods around, and the shrill cries of the wild creatures hidden therein. Meantime, several cunning old opossums had been taking their walks abroad to see what they could pick up for supper. They walk slowly, with a sort of ambling gait, moving both legs on one side at once; their rounded ears are directed forward to catch every sound, and their pointed snouts go sniffing the ground to detect the scent of any creatures which may have crossed their way. Slowly and cautiously they proceed, eager for prey, yet suspicious of danger. See, one has come upon a fresh track of hare or grouse; he pauses a moment, raises his nose, and sniffs the air, and then starts off again; but this time he does not waver and turn about as before, but goes right on at a quicker pace as to a certain mark. Presently there is a squeak and a scuffle.

(Concluded in our next.)



ALICE WINHAM'S DREAM.

It was a very hot and sultry day in the month of July when Alice Winham went out into the wood, which was close to the house in which she lived. Her father had been reading the history of Adam and Eve with her, and she, pondering over the wonderful story, took her Bible into a shady place to read. She had not read long before she began to nod over her book; presently the Bible fell from her hands, her head rested upon the moss, and she was fast asleep.

In her dream she found herself in a beautiful garden, where everything was lovely. No weeds grew there, no thorns and no thistles. Roses might be plucked without fear of pricking her fingers. Delicious grapes hung down in ripe clusters. There were peaches, nectarines, apricots, oranges, figs, nuts, and almonds in abundance. This seemed delightful, but more wonderful scenes opened to her view. A sweet little pet-lamb, with a fleece as white as snow, came walking towards her, and lifted up its tiny face as if it knew her. Behind this lamb came a huge shaggy-coated lion, walking as quietly as possible. When the lamb saw the lion he showed no signs of fear, but went skipping up to the huge beast and began to play with his long tawny mane. A little further on a large eagle was standing upon the ground, and a beautiful white dove came and pecked up some seeds close under the eagle's feet. In the distance Alice saw a noble-looking man lying under the shade of a vine, with a large tiger resting its head at his feet.

Alice was not frightened, but went boldly up to the man, who arose to meet her. She said,—
'Noble sir, I am lost in this strange place; tell me who you are and where am I?'

'Noble woman,' replied the man, 'know you not that I am the firstborn of the human race and am called Adam, and you, the fairest creature that ever breathed, art the help meet given me. Thou art Eve!'

Alice then thought within herself—'Ah, I will not bring ruin upon the human race! I will not take the forbidden fruit!'

Presently she saw a most beautiful animal gliding towards her, and as he approached he bowed low upon the ground.

'Fairest of the fair,' said he, 'I am sent to guide thee through Paradise and remain thy humble servant to do thy bidding.'

'Tell me, then,' said she, 'why all the creatures do me homage?'

'It is,' said the creature, 'on account of thy surpassing beauty—thy loveliness exceeds all things on earth besides.'

'I should like to see myself,' said Alice.

'Thou canst not,' said the creature, 'because the owner of the garden has caused the water to ripple whenever thou lookest at thyself; but only take this little box which has come from a far country, and open the lid, and there thou wilt behold thyself.'



'Does the Lord of the garden know of the box?' said Alice.

'Nay, he would not have thee see thyself, therefore he causeth the water to be rippled; but if thou, fairest one, art afraid to see thine own beauty I will depart.'

The creature then made signs of going away.

'Stay,' said Alice, who was flattered by the homage of the creature, and longed to see her own beauty; 'Stay one glance only and I have done.'

She opened the box, a mirror appeared, and she saw only the likeness of a skeleton, and written

underneath were the words, 'Thou shalt surely die!'

She now shuddered with terror, a slimy snake crawled at her feet, the eagle began to tear the white dove to pieces, the lamb was torn limb from limb by the lion, the tiger was just about to spring upon her, and with a loud scream she awoke.

Never again did Alice think, as she had thought before, that Eve was more wicked than any other woman, but she felt that she herself if she had been in Eve's place, would have fallen into the same sin.

W. M.

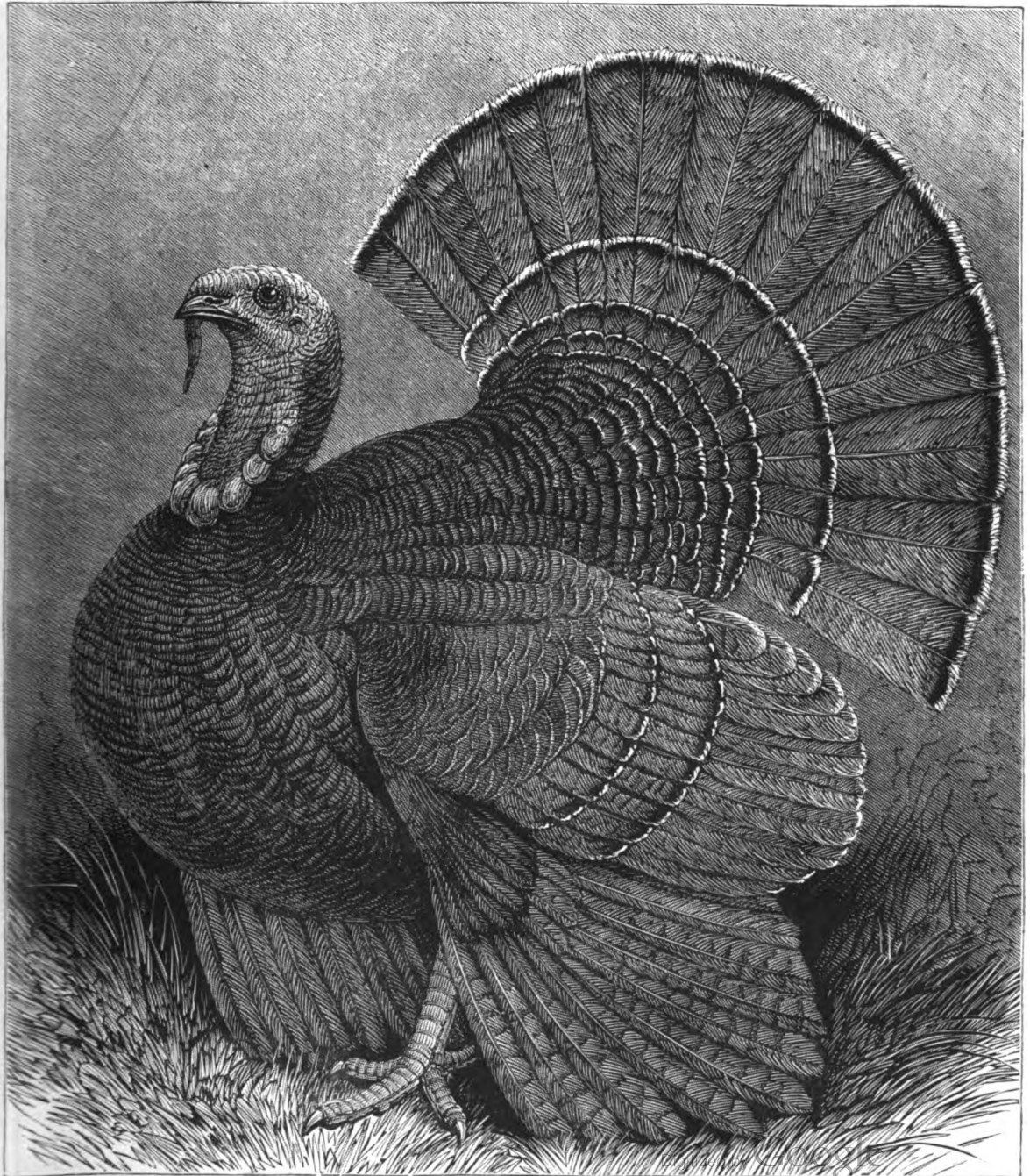
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Turkey from Life by E. W. KENT



TURKEY.

HAT can I tell you about the Turkey? I have never loved them (except cooked!), never petted them, and know nothing about them. It is a silly, spluttering, fussing bird; I think the Guinea-fowl is the only fowl that seems sillier.

Turkeys are handsome, and the eggs are very delicate. The fussiness of a barn-door fowl, if at all perplexed, has often vexed me. To sit quietly sketching a sleeping lamb or calf, with nervous dread of its changing from a lovely attitude and suddenly to find a hen coming and making a cackling which wakes and starts it, because she never saw me before, and cannot make out what I am, who I am, or what good I am in *her* farm-yard, is very provoking. But her objectionable cackle is nothing to the gobbling of an astonished turkey or the ungreased cartwheels in the throat of a guinea-fowl. However, the meat of these rather stupid birds is excellent, and adds much to our Christmas tables, so we must not abuse them. The turkey-hen is a gentle, patient mother, and if she has no turkey poults to take care of, will nurse chickens, pheasants, ducks, goslings, nay, kittens, puppies, and even a sucking pig, as one did to my knowledge.

'POSSUM UP A GUM-TREE.

(Concluded from p. 255.)



HE opossum has seized upon a leveret, and is eagerly drinking the warm blood that issues from a wound in its neck, but it does not stay to feast on the flesh, for the scent of approaching foes causes it to scuttle off as fast as its short legs will carry it; not fast enough however, for the panting breath of a dog comes closer and closer, and now comes the death grapple

between poor 'possum and the terrier, which is sure to terminate in favour of the latter.

'Hear dat, Sip!' said Sambo, 'sounded like a bear.'

'Bah, what you call a bear, my chile? It was only a 'coon snoring, or, perhaps, de ghost of your grandmoder come out to see if you hab eat up all dat sweet-stuff yet, what you stole from her afore she died—yah! yah!'

'Don't talk like dat, Sip; don't!'

'Here him comes. Get out ob de way!'

And sure enough a form was seen advancing just within the shadow of the trees, shambling along with a heavy swinging gait, as is the manner of bears. The frightened Negroes did not await its approach, but dashed off with loud cries, into the open fields, heedless of the opossums which, driven by the hunters and their dogs, were making their way to

the trees for safety. Meeting their masters, they told, with many exclamations and looks of terror, the story of 'de big bear,' which had nearly eaten them all up, and got laughed at for fools, afraid of their own shadows. No bears had been seen in the neighbourhood for a very long time, and the planters could not believe that one was lurking near them. So they went boldly on, pursuing the flying opossums, many of which made their escape up the trees, while others fell before the guns.

There lies one of these cunning animals, apparently dead or dying from a blow given with the butt-end of a gun; its jaws are open, its tongue extended, its eyes dimmed; it is quite motionless, and might, one would think, be safely left until it could be conveniently carried away. But, see now, as soon as its enemy's back is turned, how the limbs are gathered up, the head cautiously lifted to see if the way is clear to a tree, and then, with a sudden spring, it is up the trunk, and among the branches safe from pursuit. Two of these animals which thus 'shammed' death on board a boat on the Mississippi let themselves be thrown overboard without showing any signs of life, and even when in the water were quite motionless for a few moments before they began to strike out and swim. They then made for the projecting rudder, to which they clung, and were afterwards taken up and let loose in their native woods. In America it is common to say of anything shamming death, that it is only 'possuming.'

'Yah, yah!' laughed Sambo, who had now somewhat recovered from the fright the bear had given him, 'dead 'possum berry nimble, 'spose him didn't like to be cooked. Him up de gum-tree now, sure enough.'

But his master checked his cheerfulness by insisting that he should climb the tree after the escaped animal, and remain there till it was caught. Prayers and pleadings were useless, so poor Sambo had to go aloft much against his will. Pushed up by his companions, he managed to seize the lowest of the projecting branches, and, climbed from thence, to a position of safety, where he would have remained perfectly content, had not his master pointed a gun at him, and threatened to fire if he did not search for the missing opossum, which by this time had swung itself from one tree to another, and was not at all likely to be caught. The darkness of the wood into which they had penetrated was now illuminated by some pine-torches lighted by those below, and black Sambo climbing amid the branches looked like a monkey.

'Possum up a gum-tree,

Mark him dere! don't you see?

Fire, massa, fire! and bring the cretter doon,

Black Sambo gone to bed,

Mind you hit him on de head,

Mind you give him pepper on his ole woolly crown.

Brown bear come at night,

Put poor Sambo in a fright,

Brown bear like honey best, Sambo is not sweet;

'Pose him in de hollow tree,

What a joke dat would be,

Coming out to try if de nigger good to eat!'

So sang the mischievous Negroes, who thought it a good joke to see Sambo treed like a 'coon or a 'possum, and their masters enjoyed the joke as well as themselves. Swinging their torches around their heads, they set the shadows quivering and dancing, while their shouts and laughter sounded wild and unearthly amid the stillness of the night.

Poor Sambo's entreaties to be allowed to descend from his elevated position were disregarded. His master told him to catch the opossum, and bring it home, and then, gathering up the spoils of the chase, the party left the spot merrily bidding the Negro 'Good night,' and hoping that his slumber might not be disturbed by the bear.

All the while their voices could be heard, Sambo did not so much feel the loneliness of his situation, but when they had died away in the distance, and all was stillness around, broken only by an occasional hoot of an owl or shrill cry of some other night bird, the whispers of the wind among the boughs, or the stealthy tread and snuffle of a prowling animal, his heart sank within him, and he became almost paralysed by fear, especially when he heard that heavy breathing and tread, and looking down into the gloom below, could distinguish a large, dark form which he knew to be that of the bear, and to his yet greater horror he could make out that the creature was preparing to climb the very tree on which he was, perhaps for the purpose of making a supper on himself.

Slowly the burly form began to ascend. What was Sambo to do? Rousing himself to make an effort for his life, he shifted his position among the boughs, and came upon the head of the trunk, which he found to be hollow. Here was a way of escape; doubtless there was an opening below. 'I'll try,' thought Sambo. He slipped down into the great cavity, clinging to the rugged sides, until he reached the bottom; but here he found no means of egress, he felt all around, but there was no opening. However he thought it would be a nice, snug, and safe place to sleep in, and he was just preparing to lay down and curl himself up, when he heard above a moving of the branches, and a sound between a snort and a grunt, as though a stout gentleman who had been out to supper was coming home to bed. It was the bear descending the hollow tree in which he had for some time past taken up his abode, and so escaped the notice of the planters around.

What was to be done? Nearer and nearer came the heavy breathing, and in a second or two the great black body would be down upon the affrighted Negro. There was no room to get out of the creature's way, for the hollow was only just big enough to receive it in a crouching attitude, so that it could rest squatted upon its hams, as bears in such situations often do.

'If he reaches me, I'm a gone 'coon,' said Sambo to himself, meaning racoon, an animal as common and perhaps more destructive than the opossum, being more daring and nimble.

A bright thought struck him. He had a sharp, long-bladed knife at his girdle, and, as soon as the bear came within reach of his arm, he drove it

with all his force into the animal, which was coming down backwards, at the same time shouting as loudly as he could, to frighten his would-be fellow-lodger, who, with a savage growl of rage and pain, forthwith began to ascend again, dragging Sambo after him, for the Negro had made a spring and clutched fast hold of the thick fur of the bear's haunches. The animal's terror was greatly increased by this weight hanging to him, the more especially as Sambo kept yelling and making the most unearthly noises he could, and it is truly astonishing what a Negro can do in this way if he sets his mind to it.

As soon as the bear was fairly out of the hollow, he turned as quickly as he could to see what was pressing on his rear; but Sambo was too nimble for him. Springing out upon a branch, he was able to catch hold of one that intersected it from another tree, down the trunk of which he descended to the ground, and was soon out of the wood, and making for his master's plantation with all the speed that fear can give. He reached home very much exhausted with fright and fatigue, and told the story of his wonderful adventure. This time he was believed, and early the next morning there was a grand muster of the planter's neighbours for a bear-hunt.

Sambo never heard the song 'Possum up a gum-tree,' sung by his fellow-negroes without thinking of that night and its terrors, and often he would start up in his sleep and exclaim that 'De big bear is coming;' at which Scipio, only half awake, would say, 'Well, let him come, and eat up dis black Nigger, what cries like a chile when he ought to be snoring,

'Good night, 'possum, go to sleep dere,
Down in the hollow tree wid de black bear,
Sambo berry fond of de big black bear.'

THE ESCAPE OF STEPHANOS.



ONCE during a war in which the Greeks fought against the Turks, an officer in the Greek army had been sent to examine the position of the enemy. Stephanos was a bold man, and his hatred against the Turks, was more bitter than a Christian ought ever to feel in his breast. It is written, 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,' but many sunsets had witnessed the anger of Stephanos, and wrath rather than judgment guided his actions.

In order to get a clear view of the fortified town he approached too near, and was taken prisoner. He fought hard, but the Turkish guard at last seized him and pulled him off his horse.

One of the Turks took a fancy to the horse from which the prisoner had been dragged, and mounted him, but to his dismay the sagacious steed galloped off with the unfortunate Turk into the camp of the Greeks. Hassan was, of course, taken prisoner,



The Escape of Stephanos.

and the Greeks by persuasion and threatening gained from him much information about their foe.

Stephanos had a comrade who loved him dearly, and he was an eager listener to all that the Turk said. He made minute inquiries about the probable fate of his friend.

Hassan said that Stephanos was well known to be a bitter enemy of the Turks, and felt sure that not more than two days would elapse before he was executed. Elpis resolved at all hazards to rescue his friend. He told his plan to the commanding officer and obtained his approval, and the Turkish captive was taken to the young Greek's tent.

There Elpis made Hassan change clothes with him, and being about the same height as the Turk, he appeared so like him that some of his own friends did not know him. He found out the exact hour and place, when and where the prisoners were usually executed, and set off with the Turk.

Elpis mounted his friend's horse, Hassan was compelled to mount the horse that Elpis usually rode, his horse being fastened by a thong to the other. Hassan had his hands tied, so that he should not escape, and as the Greek and his prisoner went to the Turkish fort they looked to all eyes like a Turk bringing a captive Greek instead of a Greek with a captive Turk. They arrived at the fort without any misadventure, and the supposed Hassan was cheered on his fortunate return with another captive Greek. Elpis had gagged Hassan before they entered the town in case he should betray him. The unfortunate Hassan, a prisoner in his own town, was not able to utter a sound of warning to discover the cunning plot to his friends. Fortune favoured Elpis in his brave venture, for, as he rode into the town, Stephanos was just being brought out for execution, and the soldiers were so surprised to see Hassan that they did not notice the features of Elpis, and let him dismount close to his friend.

Stephanos was at first extremely puzzled at the sight, but seeing his own horse submitting to be ridden so quietly, and his friend's horse close behind, suspected the trick. He would have risked his life for Elpis, and knew Elpis would do the same for him. He glanced down at the cords that bound him, and Elpis cut through them in a moment. Hassan had already dismounted, but having the gag in his mouth and his hands tied he could neither speak nor make a sign.

'Mount for your life, Stephanos,' said the disguised Greek. In a moment the doomed man was in the saddle, and Elpis was mounted upon his own horse. The astonished Turks were for a moment bewildered, but in that moment the friends escaped.

Poor Hassan came in for worse treatment than he deserved, for the Turks, still supposing him to be a Greek, in their fury killed him on the spot, and therefore never learned the story of the deception.

The two friends were hotly pursued, but one man coming within pistol-range of Elpis was shot, and fell from his horse, and the horse of the next Turk stumbled over him, and both man and rider fell over a precipice.

This gave the Greeks time, and the rest of the

Turks finding that they were getting too near the Greek camp, turned back. In the picture you see Stephanos on his escape shaking his fist and vowing vengeance against the Turks. The two Greeks escaped and got to their own camp in safety. The next day, profiting by the information they had gained, the Greeks marched against the fort, being led by Stephanos and Elpis. But neither of the friends entered the city, for Stephanos was the first man shot, and Elpis fell before the gates of the city.

W. M.

MUSQUITOES.

By Rev. John Horden, Missionary at Moose Fort, North West America.



HAVE you mosquitoes out in your country? I thought you told us it was so cold that there was danger of your getting frozen to death, and that your winter was so long that your river was frozen for nearly seven months; so, surely, you can have no flies. Such was the reasoning of a little Chatterbox.

But if the cold of winter is great so is the heat in summer, and we are sometimes so much oppressed by it that we scarcely know what to do with ourselves; and as to flies, we have them of all sorts, the house fly, the blue fly, the green fly, the black fly, the sand fly, the bull-dog, the musquito — the last four are very troublesome; three of them are not content with extracting our blood, they likewise inject poison into the wound, while the bull-dog with his very formidable set of lancets literally cuts out a piece before beginning to suck one's blood. But the musquito is the plague, he never rests, night and day his horrid buzz is heard as he seeks a favourable moment for attack. It is a delicate, harmless-looking insect; one would think that its slender legs, slender body, small head, and very slender proboscis, had no mischief in them, and yet we must have gauze blinds to our windows and net canopies for our beds, for without them comfort vanishes.

I sometimes have allowed a musquito to settle on my hand, having selected his spot he darts in his exquisitely finished hollow proboscis, inflicting a sharp but momentary pain, and then commences his meal. His body is transparent, the interior becomes tinged with blood, gradually it becomes distended, it becomes full ready to burst.

Greedy little wretch! it has filled itself to such an extent that its power of digestion is gone, and it flies off only to die.

Some time ago I was visited by a very dear friend who was my superior in the church, and on his return home I determined to travel a hundred miles with him, taking my wife and little ones with me. As we were to travel along the sea-coast we went in a boat. The first day we travelled only eight miles as the wind was contrary, we then landed in King Musquito's territory; he sent out his armies to oppose

our landing, who attacked us without mercy. As soon as possible we lit a fire and made a great smoke, standing in which we obtained a respite from our trouble. In the evening my friend said to me, 'You have your family with you, my tent is at your disposal, for I intend to sleep in the boat.'

'Thank you,' I replied, 'my own tent is large enough for us, and I think you would be more comfortable in your tent than in the boat.'

'No, no,' said he, 'if the wind is fair in the morning I shall be ready for a start.'

He then took to the boat. By-and-bye I went into my tent, where my wife and little ones were already lying down. I carefully closed the door, killed every mosquito within, and then lay down just as I was, in high boots and slouched hat, determined that if the enemy did effect an entrance he should find my defensive armour mosquito-proof. No mosquito disturbed me, and I slept well.

I arose early and hastened to know how my friend had fared. Standing on the bank, I hailed him, and said, 'How have you passed the night?'

'Oh,' he replied, 'horribly, most horribly! I have been engaged in mortal combat with the mosquitoes the whole night.'

'Then,' said I, 'do not remain there any longer; come ashore, and I will see that you are not molested for a while at any rate.'

I then went to his tent, which had been occupied by the boatmen, turned them out, and put up a gauze canopy. Soon afterwards he came ashore, and the effects of the combat were plainly visible. His face was swollen to almost twice its natural size, was covered all over with little eminences, and was almost as red as a boiled lobster. The irritation must have been intolerable; but, happily, fatigue prepares us for rest, so getting under the canopy, kind sleep threw its comforting arms around him, and in his dreams he doubtless slew his thousands and tens of thousands, at any rate a few hours' rest refreshed him, and although he was not quite himself on awaking, he was sufficiently so to allow of his going aboard, and then with a fair breeze filling our sails, we joyfully went on our way.

'I SHALL DINE TO-MORROW.'

THERE is in the Rue de Vaugirard at Paris, an eating-house where one can get a dinner for sixpence. Every day an old priest who had eighteen pence to spare for his dinner was in the habit of coming here with two poor men whom he treated. For sixpence a-head they had some soup, some bread, and a plate of meat. One evening they were ready to dine, when a third guest, invited by the priest, but whom he had forgotten about till then, entered the room. The good old man gave up his place to him at once.

'But you, father?' inquired his guest.

'Oh, as for me, *I shall dine to-morrow*,' replied the priest, 'I can wait, I dined yesterday.'

J. F. C.

POOR LITTLE POLLY.



HERE! now I know all about it! 'Do you, sir? Ah! well, in course you do; it's because you are so young, you see.'

'What do you mean?' asked Arthur Lester, somewhat impatiently of the old weather-beaten sailor who, seated on the bench, had been giving him directions how to trim a little boat.

'I don't mean no offence, sir,' answered the old man, with a sly twinkle in his eye, 'I've noticed that very young gentlemen often *do* know better than older folk; they mostly know "all about" anything they're learning of, before one has taught 'em the half of it.'

A hearty laugh from Arthur's companion greeted this speech, a laugh that made the colour come into the boy's face, and for a moment brought an angry look into his blue eyes, but only for a moment, for whatever may have been his faults, he was a good-tempered lad enough.

'You hit the right nail on the head that time, Martin,' said the bright-eyed little fellow, a year younger than his brother, who had been patiently waiting his turn to be attended to, 'that's Arthur all over! But do tell me what's the matter with my ship; it leans all on one side!'

It was a winter afternoon, fine certainly, but bitterly cold; no one but a boy would have thought of sailing a boat at all when the thermometer was so near freezing-point and the snow lying white upon the fields and roads, although muddy and dirty in the streets of the straggling little town, and no one but a sailor would have sat there on the beach, trimming and rigging the little ships, while the boy's fingers grew stiff and numb with the cold.

At last, however, the little boat floated straight and steady on the still water, and, after watching it for a while, the party broke up.

Arthur and Harry set off at a run which promised to warm them in no time, and old Martin French, slowly raising himself from the beach, set off also. Through the town he went, stopping at one or two shops on the way, and at last reaching the open country beyond where the snow had drifted into great heaps on one side the road, and where it lay smooth and untrodden on the meadows. Presently he drew near a school-house, and sat down in the deep porch and waited until he heard the tramp of many little feet and the clamour of many little tongues, and then a smile stole over his weather-beaten features, and, as the door burst open and the liberated children bounded into the play-ground, he stood up to make way for them. Not that he was *in* the way, or by any means an unwelcome sight in the children's eyes. Quite the contrary; not a child in the school but was glad to see him, and eager for the honour of walking home 'along of Master French and Polly,' and many a

little voice claimed that honour on the present occasion.

'Polly,' a sedate little woman of six years old, with serious eyes and a rosebud of a mouth, slipped her tiny hand into her grandfather's, and escorted by a noisy party of boys and girls, the two started for the little cottage on the cliff, which was Old Martin's home. Their way took them back towards the town, and by the time that the streets were once more left behind, as they turned towards the cliff path, the old man and the child walked alone. One by one the other children had parted company with them, calling out merry 'good nights' from the doors of their respective houses, but Polly's tiny feet had a little way longer to tramp before she too was at home, and busy, notable little maid that she was, in preparing her grandfather's tea. To be sure Martin did most of the work, but it was Polly who laid the cloth—all crooked, and slyly pulled straight when she was not looking; and Polly who lifted the big loaf on to the table, and carried the pitcher of milk steadily from the pantry without spilling a drop!

Martin French and his grandchild lived alone; but a neighbour's wife would often look in and 'see to things,' and the making and mending of the little household never wanted for kind hands to undertake it; nor did Polly miss a mother's care; every fisherman's wife in the village was a mother to the little orphan, every door, and every heart too, was open to her, but no one lived in the cottage but the old man and the child.

Nearly ten years before the date of our story, at the Holy Christmas time, when the snow lay white on the earth and the church-bells were ringing, seeming to speak plainly the sweet words 'peace on earth,' sad sounds of angry voices were heard in the cottage on the cliff. Martin was away on one of his many voyages, and his only son, a wild lad who had got into trouble with the custom-house officers more than once before, had been caught smuggling again. He was sent to prison, and on Christmas-eve, having been discharged from gaol the day before, he came home to his mother. She received him with violent reproaches, she gave him 'a piece of her mind,' as she called it. His good old father was not there to make peace, and words were spoken which could not be recalled, and at last, angry and miserable, the young man turned from his mother's door swearing that he would never again cross its threshold.

Nor did he; the time came when he would have given all he had in the world for the power to break that rash and sinful vow, but it was too late then.

Years went by, Martin had been his last voyage, he had taken shares in a fishing-boat, and looked to that to keep him above want for the rest of his days; the poor mother, who had bitterly repented her harshness to her only child, had been laid in the churchyard on the hill—the place where the fishermen's wives liked to think that their bodies would lie after death, within sight of the sea they had so often watched with anxious hearts—and still nothing was heard of the lad.

Then came another Christmas-eve, and Old Martin, who, since he was left alone, had got into the habit of obeying the call to prayer, whenever the church bell summoned him, was toiling up the cliff path after afternoon service, when he saw the carrier's cart standing at the foot of the hill, and heard the carrier himself shouting to him.

When he reached the cart he was not a little surprised to have a large bundle handed down to him: he expected nothing; was this a Christmas gift?

'You be wanted over at Little Norden, at the Union, Master French,' said the carrier. 'I was to give you that there little girl, and tell you as how you was wanted at Little Norden, as soon as may be.' So saying he cracked his whip, and the heavy-laden cart rumbled off in the fast increasing darkness.

A 'little girl!' What little girl, and where was she? Old Martin stood bewildered with the bundle in his arms; but the bundle moved! nay, more, the bundle spoke, and this was what it said,—

'Set me down, please. Is you g'andad? Father said I was to go to g'andad.' And the cloaks and wraps were pushed aside, revealing the innocent face of little Polly, while the small voice repeated tearfully the question, 'Is you g'andad?'

Martin French hardly knew how he got home that evening, he remembered nothing clearly till once more in the cottage, the door locked, and the flicker of the fire the only light, he proceeded to examine his strange Christmas gifts. They consisted of an old red prayer-book, much worn and stained with salt water, a purse containing a few shillings, and—Polly herself. The following day he went to Little Norden, being somewhat prepared by the child's broken narrative, still more by her fits of crying at any mention of her father, for the tidings that awaited him there. But it is not with Polly's father that this story has to do; suffice it to say, that after attending his poor son's funeral, and hearing all that the chaplain of the Union could tell of his last messages, Martin once more returned home, and felt as if 'peace' had indeed come near to him that Christmas-tide. Much as there had been to grieve him in his son's career, he could think of him now as at rest and forgiven, and was there not the little maid at home, come to be a comfort to him and cheer his old age? From that time the two were seldom apart. All the visitors to N—, grew familiar with the old man and the pretty little girl; Martin had always been a favourite, and everyone tried to secure his boat when one was wanted for a trip on the water. Many a cake or penny did Polly get from her grandfather's 'fares' as she came trotting down the beach to receive him on landing. The Lester boys had made great friends with the old boatman and his grandchild, and Mrs. Lester was seldom so content about them as when she knew them to be with Martin. They were London-bred lads too, and while the family were detained in N—, by the serious illness of Mr. Lester, the boys not only learnt for the first time sea-side pleasures, but many country amusements as well. The somewhat



'Martin sat on the beach trimming the little ships.'

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timid Harry grew more manly every day as he learned to handle an oar under the old sailors guidance, or to endure bravely the cold and other discomforts which formerly he had been afraid of,

and Martin seldom failed to give a sly hit when opportunity offered, at Arthur's spirit of self-confidence and dislike to instruction.

(To be continued.)

☛ All the back Numbers of 'CHATTERBOX' have been reprinted, and may be had, price One Halfpenny each.

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Chatterbox.



FEMALE HEROISM.



LONGSTONE lighthouse is built upon one of the Farne Islands on the coast of Northumberland, and it was in this dreary place that the gentle and modest Grace Darling lived with her father apart from the busy scenes of life. Yet even from that lonely spot came news of a heroism and courage that made the whole country ring with the praises of the simple-minded occupants of the storm-beaten lighthouse.

It was on the morning of the 7th of September 1838, at daybreak, that John Darling, the light-keeper of the Longstone lighthouse, descried about a mile distant the *Forfarshire* steamer being dashed to pieces on the rocks by the fury of the waves.

Several of the crew of the ill-fated ship were clinging to the wreck, expecting that every wave would sweep them into the boiling sea. What was to be done? Could any help be given and the poor sailors saved from a watery grave?

Although the tempest was raging fearfully, Grace Darling and her father resolved at the risk of their own lives to try to rescue their fellow-creatures. And for this purpose they launched their small boat through the tempestuous sea and pulled for the wrecked ship. Now on the crest of the wave, then in the deep valley of the sea, the father and daughter strained to the utmost in their mission of mercy. At last they reached the wreck, and succeeded in getting the nine poor sufferers into their boat. So furious was the storm, that for three days it was impossible to take the shipwrecked sailors to the main land. They were compelled to remain in the lighthouse on the rocky island. Grace Darling was just twenty-three years old when she assisted her father to row the boat to the wreck, and in two years after she died of consumption. Her name was spoken of in all classes of society, and her fame reached throughout Europe. It is said that many good offers of marriage were made to her, but she preferred to remain the companion and assistant of her father.

This little sketch suggests to us that, no matter in what situation we are placed, whether in the busy scenes of life, or in the remote and unfrequented place, we have it in our power to show Christian love, charity, and courage to those who need our help.

NEWS.

BETWEEN the years 1695 and 1730, it was the practice to put over the newspapers the initial letters of the compass, thus:—

N
E + W
S

This sign meant that the papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. From this practice is derived the word 'newspaper.'

THE THREE CHERRY-STONES.



MORE than fifty years ago—when I was a schoolboy—I remember to have read a story which may have been a fiction, but which made a deep impression upon me then. I will endeavour to draw it forth from the locker of my memory, and relate it as nearly as I can recollect.

Three young gent'lemen, who had finished the substantial part of their dinner, were lingering over

their fruit and wine, at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age and middle stature entered the public room where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table and calling the waiter, he ordered a simple mutton-chop and a glass of ale. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was beginning to be thin and grey; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch, perhaps, of melancholy; and he wore a grey surtout with a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving-man.

He continued to munch his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon his right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and he gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional. The stranger stooped and picked up the cherry-stone, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features as he carefully wrapped it in a piece of paper and placed it in his pocket. This singular procedure, somewhat excited as the young gentlemen were by the wine they had taken, upset their gravity entirely, and they burst into a loud fit of laughter. Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another cherry-stone, from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the increased amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

Amidst shouts of laughter a third cherry-stone was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also he deliberately took from the floor, and deposited with the other two. As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this; they did not detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment on the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure; and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. He walked to the table at which they were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return.

While the stranger unclosed his surtout to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry at the bar was enough for the rest.

He was a captain, whom ill-health and long service had entitled to half-pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several duels, and was said to be 'a dead shot.' The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge, in form and one of the cherry-stones. The truth then flashed before the challenged party: it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry—three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic. The challenge was accepted; and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small sword: but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that weapon.

They met, and fired alternately, by lot. The young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire. He did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain levelled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bone; and as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the cherry-stone had fallen.

Here ended the first lesson. A month had passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain; when another note—a challenge, of course—and another of those ominous cherry-stones arrived, with the captain's apology, on the score of ill-health, for not sending it before. Again they met—fired simultaneously, and the captain who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist—the very point upon which he had been struck with the cherry-stone. And here ended the second lesson.

There was something terribly impressive in the captain's manner, and his exquisite skill. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast. A month had passed—another—and another—of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodgings by illness.

At length the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity, also, in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope.

'And what, sir, am I to understand by this?' inquired the aggressor.

'You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead!'



THE POACHERS.

HAT, out of work again, Jack Larin said Tom Brook; 'what's up now?'

'Master and I could not quite agree about wages. I said I must have a shilling more a week, and he said I was not worth it.'

'Well,' said Tom, 'I am out of work too; so let's go into the "Hare and Hounds," and

drink to better times.'

'I was just going up to Farmer Roberts, I heard he wanted a lad; they told me he'd be at home till two o'clock.'

'Oh, come in—just have half-a-pint; it is only a quarter-past one, and you will be in plenty of time.'

So Jack went into the 'Hare and Hounds' public-house, and sat down to his pint of beer. He must needs have a smoke too, and then another pint, until the clock struck two.

'Hullo, it's gone two,' said Jack; 'there's no use my going now.'

Tom Brook was not sorry, for he wanted Jack for another job. So pint after pint of beer went, and pipe after pipe was smoked; and Jack became quite stupid, and foolishly listened to Tom Brook's persuasions to join a party of poachers, which included himself, Shaver, Rusty Bob, and Old Smiler.

Now, Jack Larin was really a steady lad before this; he had not frequented public-houses, and as for poaching, the idea had never entered his head; but he had quarrelled with his master in a fit of temper, and then struck for increase of pay.

When he met Tom he was in a bad humour with himself and everybody else; and so was easily enticed to drink, and then to make promises which he would not have made when he was sober.

When the three ill-favoured worthies—Shaver, Rusty Bob, and Old Smiler—were ready, Jack began to understand what he was about. He felt very sorry that he had been thus entrapped, but he made up his mind it was too late to get off his bargain; nor did he seem to think that a vow to do wrong is far better broken than kept. He did not consider that his baptismal vow was more binding than a promise made in a fit of drunken folly, but he had a low sense of honour which proved only an excuse for sin.

It was a bright moonlight night. Squire Harris's keeper had been watched out of the wood, and had gone towards the nearest town, the under-keeper was at the 'Blue Lion,' and the poachers started in high glee. But others were as wide awake as they, as we shall see.

The snares had been set carefully, and in the first a fine hare was struggling. Smiler soon knocked him on the head, and put him into the bag. A little further on was a rabbit; that was also secured.

'Now then, Jack, you watch there,' said Tom, 'and if you see any fellow coming, just give a low



whistle, and then, when any of us answer you, make a run for it and carry the bag with you.'

'Bang!' and down comes a fine cock pheasant. A low whistle from Jack, and the men looked round, but saw nothing. They whistled again, but no answer.

'Jack!' called Tom.

'All right!' said Jack, in a very undecided tone. And the men believing Jack to be still half drunk, and thinking it was only the gun that frightened him, went on. When Tom looked round, he saw Jack standing upright against a tree; and not being able to get any signal whatever from him he crept

quietly back, after having given a whistle of precaution to his companions. When Tom had got near enough, he saw, to his astonishment, that Jack was pinioned and fastened to the tree; and before he had time to move, he found himself on his back, and his gun was being snatched from him. He made a desperate struggle, and when he found he could not save himself, pulled the trigger, hoping to shoot one of his captors; but the shot entered poor Jack's leg.

The other three, seeing that Tom was taken, made the best of their way off, but only one escaped. Rusty Bob made a fierce resistance, but there were two to



one against him. Old Smiler gave up when he saw it was no use resisting, and Shaver got away, but was known, and taken afterwards.

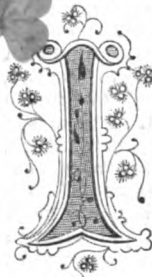
Now, the secret of the matter was this: Squire Harris had been greatly annoyed by the poachers, and was determined to catch them. He, therefore, resorted to a stratagem. He found out that the poachers were to go out that night; the part of the preserves where they were most likely to be: he, therefore, sent his keeper towards the next town, and let the under-keeper remain at the 'Blue Lion' until the poachers had started. He went in good time, and hid himself behind a sand-bank, and covered two or three trusty servants with gorse and brake, and waited to watch just in position to see the men take up the snares. After the first gun was fired, Jack, still half drunk, was caught and pinioned, and made to say 'All right,' in answer to his companions.

Jack was much hurt by the shot from his companion's gun. The others were tried and sent to prison; but Jack was too severely injured to stand his trial. Mr. Harris thought he was punished enough, and did not prosecute him when he recovered. And I only have to add that this was the first and last time Jack went poaching. Mr. Harris was a kind and humane man; he paid all the expenses of Jack's illness, and when he recovered, he took him into his own service, where he was a steady and faithful servant.

W. M.

HOW I BECAME A PRINTER.

By Rev. John Horden, Missionary at Moosce Fort, North West America.



WONDER what you little chatter-boxes can want of me again? What! a tale? Another tale? Not tired of hearing tales yet? Well, I hope by-and-bye, when you are grown up, other little chatterboxes will come round you and demand similar little favours.

And now for my tale in which I intend to tell you how I became a printer.

I had been some time among the North American Indians, and had acquired their difficult language, and had likewise taught many of them to read and write it. They had no books of any kind; these I had to make for them. My first book was merely a sheet of paper with the Indian alphabet, and I am sure that a more curious lot of letters you have never seen; then I made another a little larger, containing the Lord's Prayer, a hymn, and a few texts of Scripture, and every copy I was obliged to write out with my own hand; and as the number of readers increased, the labour of writing became a really heavy task, and occupied much more of my time than I could well spare.

By-and-bye, I had translated a good deal of the Prayer-book, forming a tolerable sized volume. Now this was too much to copy; so I sent it home to

my friends in England with the request that they would get a thousand copies printed for me, and send them out to me by the ship which comes to us once a year. This ship is looked for very anxiously, for the voyage is a fearfully dangerous one, and if it does not arrive by the beginning of September we fear that some sad accident has happened. But the year in which my books were expected we had an early ship time, and among my packages were two large boxes, quite large enough for my books. Here they are ashore; no more writing of books; I shall be able to give one to every Indian at the place.

Come, my little ones, bring chisel and hammer; take care of your fingers. Hurrah! the cover is off. Now for it. Why, what is this? a case of types actually; and this? bales of paper; and this? a tin of printer's ink; and this? a composing-stick; and this? a printer's roller. What can my friends have been thinking about? But perhaps we shall fare better with the next box. Off with the cover. Worse and worse! worse and worse! But out with it. Here are crooked things and straight things; round things and flat things: smooth things and rough things; brass things and iron things. Well, my little chatterboxes, what is it all? A sharp, little fellow, after attentively looking at the pieces strewn about, says, pointing at one large piece of iron, 'I think I saw something like that when papa took me to see a printing-office last year; it must be a printing-press in pieces.' And so it was.

After waiting so long, I did not receive a single book; for my friends, instead of sending me what I had requested, sent everything necessary to set up a first-class printing establishment, but had entirely forgotten to send out the printer, and I knew no more about printing than one of you little chatterboxes. What was I to do? I could not think of sending it all back to England, saying, 'I could do nothing with it.' I determined to try and teach myself printing. I took to myself a stout, young chatterbox, and said to him, 'Come, my little fellow, you must help me, and we will see what we can do with our English presents.' We first turned our hands to carpentering, and made the stand to support the type, and put them in place; then we turned to the press; it was a puzzle, and no mistake. Where can this heavy piece go? and this crooked piece, and this spring? We tried this, and tried that, then we stopped awhile to think; and so on and on, until every piece had found its proper place, and a beautiful printing-press stood before us, and I am sure that none of you ever rejiced so much over the completion of a puzzle as I did over the printing-press puzzle.

I now took composing-stick in hand, and stood before the types, taking up one letter after the other until my composing-stick was full. I then carefully took them out as one piece and placed them in a wooden tray, continuing the process until I had completed a page, this I tied up and put aside, and commenced another; I had no less than sixteen of those to set up before I could see success. It was slow, weary work. All this time the Indians were watching me narrowly. They had seen that when

formerly they required a book I could write one for them in a short time, but now, here I was, working day after day, looking weary and anxious, and nothing coming of it. By-and-bye their thoughts found words, not very complimentary to me certainly: 'The minister has bothered himself so much about his books that he is gone mad.'

'Never mind, my friends,' I thought, 'I will do my best to make you change your opinion.'

The sixteen pages are finished, eight of them are on the bed of the press, and after much difficulty looked up in the appointed iron frame, the roller is covered with ink, the paper has been wetted, all seems right, and now for it; the roller runs over the types, the paper comes down and kisses them, a handle turns and all run under the centre of the press, I draw a handle sharply towards me, down comes the whole power of the levers, the handle is released, the pressure removed, the plate rolled back, the tympan raised, the white side of the paper is visible. Am I mad or not? It was sometime before I could summon sufficient resolution to turn the paper over so as to solve the problem. It is done. I look at it in surprise and joy, every letter is as clear and bright as those on the pages of *Chatterbox* itself.

I must no longer remain under the imputation of being mad, so rushing out of the room, sheet in hand, I called to a body of Indians encamped near my house, 'Päche kunawapatumök öma! Päche kunawapatumök öma!'—'Come and look at this! Come and look at this!' They came, they looked, they stared. I was a madman no longer, but the greatest conjuror they had ever seen. I had succeeded, and that right well. And now sheet succeeded sheet, until in due time the last issued from the press.

But something more has to be done yet,—the sheets must be put together, we must turn book-binders now; that too is accomplished, and within a very few months of the arrival of the press at Moose Factory, every Indian who could read had a Prayer-book in his hand, joining heartily in our Church service.

'Thank you, thank you,' cried out my attentive little audience.

'Wait one moment more,' said I. 'You have just started in life, and how long that life will be God only knows; in it you will meet with, perhaps, many and great difficulties; when you meet with them do not lie down and say, "I can't overcome them," but go at them boldly; be determined to succeed, and with God's help you will do so. If inclined to despair think of the missionary and his printing-press.'

A HEAVY SNOW-STORM.

IN 1614 occurred the longest snow-storm ever known in Great Britain. It is recorded in the register of the parish of Wotton Gilbert, that it began on the 5th of January, and continued to snow at intervals of every day till the 12th of March. An immense number of human beings and cattle lost their lives.—*Our Home Islands.*



POOR LITTLE POLLY.

(Continued from p. 264.)

WHEN the boys reached home that cold afternoon described in the outset of our story, they found their mother waiting for them, before she sent off an answer to a letter just received, containing an invitation for Arthur to join a large Christmas party at a friend's house on the other side of London.

There was no chance of Arthur wishing her to refuse the invitation, but the doubt was whether the trains would suit so as to allow of his reaching his journey's end before all the fun was over, for there had been delay in receiving the letter owing to its having been sent first to Mr. Lester's London address. Mrs. Lester declared that she could not understand 'Bradshaw' herself, that his father was too ill to be troubled with any arrangement that day, and that Arthur must run to the library or the station, if need be, and find out from some one who *did* understand, all about it. But, of course, Arthur knew 'all about it' for himself! Of course, *he* understood Bradshaw perfectly; what *did* his mother mean? here it was, as plain as A B C: Train leaves N—, at 10.35; reaches London, 12.10; leaves London, 11.50; reaches— but here a laugh from Harry, and an impatient 'Foolish boy!' from his mother, made him aware that he had left town twenty minutes before *reaching* it, and he began again; and he ended by saying that it was 'quite clear,' that if his mother would only give him the money for a return ticket, he would be in plenty of time for the fun the following evening, and back again to tell her all about it on the day after. She did as he wished, wrote her note of acceptance, and gave him the money; but as she put it into his hand she said seriously, 'Remember, Arthur, I have warned you; you had better *ask* some one for the information you require; but if you lose this pleasure it will be your own loss, not mine. I shall say no more.' And after leaving the boys to return to her watch by her husband's sick-bed she thought somewhat anxiously about Arthur; if he lost his pleasure this time, it would be only a *pleasure*, but she knew well the risk her boy ran of losing *happiness* too, of falling into serious faults for want of a more teachable spirit.

Of course it all happened as she expected. At the very first start he went wrong: two trains, one an express, which he ought to have taken, the other a slow train, started within a short time of each other; for want of asking he took the wrong one, had the pleasure of being 'shunted' in a siding, while the express dashed past him and so he reached town half-an-hour too late for the down train which he had hoped to catch! He had a long, weary wait for another, and the short winter's day was rapidly closing in before he was seated at last in another carriage, his cape wrapped round him, and a railway rug over his knees. Still he did not despair;

at latest he would reach his friend's house by nine o'clock, plenty of time to enjoy himself; why, they would not have supper before twelve at least, and as for the Christmas-tree, if that *was* all over, he was getting too old to care for such things; indeed he had promised all his prizes to little Polly French; still he was certainly sorry that she should be disappointed; yes, he *did* wish (not that he had taken advice and been willing to be told, but) that *those stupid people would not run their trains so close together!*

There was only an old lady in the carriage beside himself; she looked at him from time to time, and just as an uncontrollable drowsiness was stealing over him, she ventured to give him a piece of advice.

'If you have far to go, young gentleman, I hope the guard knows at what station you wish to stop; if you fall asleep you might miss it this cold evening.'

Arthur roused up completely in his indignation. Did she take him for a little boy who could not take care of himself? Him, indeed! Why, he was past thirteen! A likely matter that he should put himself in the charge of a guard! He declined to tell the old lady the name of his station, but answered stiffly, that he was not in the least sleepy, and shortly after, she left the train, and he was quite alone. What followed may easily be imagined. More and more drowsy did the boy become, and at last fell fast asleep. For some time each stoppage of the train partially aroused him; at each name shouted out by the porters as they hurried along the platform, he was at least aware that the name was not that for which he was, or ought to have been, listening, but before long, even the stoppages and the shouting failed to awaken him, and he slept profoundly. Let us hope that his dreams were of the Christmas party, for certain it is that, except in his dreams, he was fated not to enjoy it. He never reached his friend's house at all!

It was not long past ten o'clock, the snow falling heavily, and the night pitchy dark, when Arthur was awake by an impatient voice shouting in his ear, 'Ticket, sir! Tickets!' Why, Morley was a wayside station, his ticket ought not to be asked for, but given up to the porter there! He shook himself, sat upright, and produced the little bit of cardboard. Alas! Morley had long been passed! Arthur's 'pleasant evening' must take the shape of a night of uncomfortable slumber at a small inn near the terminus, where he now found himself, and his adventure ended in a crest-fallen return home next day at a much earlier hour than that at which he was expected.

It was rather hard to bear Harry's laughter good-humouredly, and the comical account he gave of his brother's trip, for the benefit of old Martin and little Polly, when the latter demanded her promised prizes; it was harder still to meet his mother's grave look and reproachful shake of the head, and for a short time Arthur certainly was a shade less self-confident, but it needed a more severe lesson to cure him altogether.

One fine day the boys were seized with a desire



to learn to drive; town-bred as they were, they had never done such a thing in their lives, and a certain neat basket-work carriage with a brown pony, which stood on the stand with other vehicles for hire, tempted them to make the experiment. Leave was soon obtained on the sole condition that they took the driver, a respectable lad about sixteen, with them.

The first attempt was highly successful, boys and

pony carriage returned unhurt, and Joe had pronounced not only that the young gentlemen would soon learn, but that Arthur would make 'a first-rate whip.' Not a little proud of the prophecy, Arthur chattered all the evening about the afternoon's expedition, and when admitted to his father's room, amused him with all 'Shag's' private history which he had contrived to glean from Joe.

(To be continued.)

☛ 'CHATTERBOX' Volumes for 1867 and 1868, price 3s. and 5s. each.

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Chatterbox.



LILY.

LILY, white lily, let the bee dip
Into thy soft and delicate lip,
For thou hast honey for him to sip.

Lily, white lily, honey-bee comes ;
Round and around he buzzes and hums,
Laden already with juices and gums.

Lily, white lily, spotlessly fair,
Emblem of innocence sweet and rare—
Thee for a wand shall Purity bear.

Lily, white lily, yonder I see
Namesake of thine and sister to thee,
Laden with sweets for all and me.

Lily, fair lily, who ever doth rove
Hither and thither on missions of love,
Ministering child of the Lord above.

Lily, white lily, thou'st bloomed thy best :
Lest that thou wither in dust with the rest,
I'll pin thee at once on thy sister's breast.

H.

POOR LITTLE POLLY.

(Concluded from page 272.)



HE best pony in the world, father,' he said, 'and so fast; and they bought him to pay the rent and put Joe to school. I mean the money they get for hiring him out has paid for the mother's cottage and for his schooling; and may we go every day, father?'

Consent was given, and the next morning the boys were at the stand before twelve o'clock.

Yes, Shag was there safe enough, shaking his head and stamping every now and then with one of his fore-feet, or scraping away with it till he contrived to make quite a respectable hole, which scraping was his favourite amusement during the time he spent waiting for a fare. Arthur had been terribly afraid that the carriage would be engaged. Now that he wanted to drive, he began to fancy that all the people in N—— would want to do so also, and would be sure to wish that basket-work 'trap,' as Joe called it?

However, there was the trap, and there was Shag, but where was Joe himself? There appeared to be no one at all with the pony, and it was not until they got close to it that they perceived a small boy, who hardly reached up to Shag's nose. It proved to be Joe's brother; he said that he had led the pony to the stand and was to keep near him till he was hired, and lead him home at night.

'Could he drive?' asked Arthur.

'No, he could not drive him, but no one ever wanted to have a driver with Shag—"leastwise, no one only ladies."'

That unlucky remark did the mischief perhaps, or was it only his self-sufficient temper again? Arthur insisted upon driving by himself.

In vain poor Harry pleaded. 'Father said we were not to go alone till we had learnt how to drive properly,' he said.

'But we have learnt; we learnt yesterday.'

'No one could learn in one day,' said Harry.

'You couldn't, perhaps; you're such a little chap; but I could; come, jump in, unless you're afraid, I'll drive, I know all about it.'

Harry was a 'little chap,' and did as too many little chaps do, followed his elder brother's bad example, besides he was anxious to show himself no coward, so he scrambled in as well as he could, for the pony began to fidget as soon as he felt Arthur's hand on the rein. Little Donald was ordered to be in waiting against they came back, and the boys set off.

To be sure they set off rather queerly, nearly carrying away the old lamp-post with one wheel, and in the effort to avoid it, finding themselves almost on the footpath on the opposite side of the road, to the terror of a very small nurse wheeling a very large baby in a perambulator. People shouted angrily to them to look out or they would run over some one, and a butcher's cart coming fast down the narrow street, nearly upset them, seeing that Arthur was on the wrong side of the road. Indeed the butcher's boy used language hardly civil, and Shag's driver went on through the town very red in the face and very hot and angry. Once out in the open road, however, they did better, Shag was well used to a two-mile trot on that road, and he knew the right side if Arthur did not; he went straight on, and so quietly and steadily that Harry, who had hitherto felt far from happy, began to enjoy himself. But as ill-luck would have it, the school-house door opened just as they drew near to it, and in a moment the white snowy road was dotted all over with little jumping, shouting figures, and Shag began to fret and pull as Arthur drew up at the sight of little Polly.

'Hollo, Polly!' he called out, 'come in and have a drive.'

The child drew near smiling, but hesitated to come close, as Shag plainly did not like to wait for her.

'Come on!' cried Arthur, tugging at the reins, whereupon Shag reared up.

'Oh! wait!' exclaimed Harry, at the same moment, 'take care, Polly; take care of his heels!' And he scrambled out of the carriage. But he was on the opposite side, and before he could run round to the little girl, there was a plunge followed by a kick, then another plunge, a loud scream of pain, and off darted Shag, clattering down the road, Arthur pulling at the reins, not knowing what had happened, for the pony gave him no time to see, but fearing the worst. On he went, splashing through the dirty, half-melted snow in the middle of the road, half blinded by the rush of the keen wind in his face, pulling with all his might at the reins, and with the one thought in his heart that he had killed little Polly! How could he ever look old

Martin in the face again? And as the picture of the old man's desolate home without the 'little maid' rose up before him, poor Arthur, still holding hard by the reins, gave a great sob in his distress. Soon Shag, whose pace had in the last few moments visibly slackened, though his inexperienced driver had failed to perceive it, stopped suddenly short, then, taking fright at something or other, the pony turned sharp round,—*too* sharply, for the next thing was, that Shag, Arthur, and trap, were all floundering in a snow-drift together.

Meantime little Polly's screams were a great comfort to the schoolmistress, who had seen the accident from the window and hastened to the child. Harry ran as fast as his legs could carry him to do her bidding and fetch the little girl's grandfather, though when he reached the shore and saw the old man at work upon his nets, he was tempted to hesitate, for how could he tell him the sad news? The best comfort he could give was to repeat over and over again, that the schoolmistress thought 'it was only her leg that was broken, anyway she screamed so loud that she could not be killed outright.'

'Only her leg broke! my little maid!' was all the old man said as he hurried off, and Harry turned very reluctantly to his own home. No one was anxious about Arthur, except his mother; *when* the smash came, for a smash there was certain to be, it would most likely take place in a snow-drift, they thought, and that would be soft falling.

'Softer nor he deserved,' as Joe remarked, when he was summoned in alarm by little Donald to go after the pony.

He met Arthur plodding on foot through the snow, leading Shag, who seemed none the worse for the adventure, and indeed drew the carriage with its broken shafts after him in a scornful fashion, as if rather proud of himself than otherwise. Joe could tell nothing of the child,—'killed, as like as not; a kick's a terrible bad thing for a little 'un,' he said, somewhat cruelly; and Arthur, of course, had to go home before he could hurry off to the Cliff cottage to inquire. Harry's account relieved him of his most terrible fear, but it was bad enough as it was,—very bad, poor Arthur thought, when Martin came to the door to speak to him and would not let him see the child.

'My little maid's leg be broke,' he said. 'You can do no good here, sir; I beg pardon if I speak wrong, perhaps I shall bear the sight of you better when Polly mends a bit. She might ha' been took up dead, sir, my little maid.'

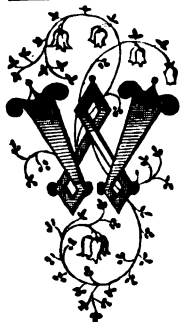
Arthur walked sadly home, and when his mother met him and asked his report, his eyes were full of tears as he answered her—tears which, past thirteen though he was, he did not try to hide from her. She did not reproach him, she saw that the fault he had so often been warned against and which had now led him into actual disobedience, had at last brought its own punishment, and it was her part just then to comfort her boy. It was Arthur himself who said,—

'You were right, mother, I have had a lesson now; I hope I shall never be such a self-sufficient donkey again.'

And little Polly *did* mend. Kind old Martin,

whose heart reproached him for the harsh feeling he had had towards the boy, was soon friends with him again, and during the child's long confinement to the cottage no one took so much pain to amuse her as Arthur Lester.

As time went on, if ever he was tempted to think himself wiser than his elders and too self-confident, three words from his mother would at once recall a more teachable spirit, and those words spoken low in his ear in his mother's gentle voice, were 'Poor little Polly!'



STEPHEN'S WORK.

ELL then, Marian, I suppose it's settled; and you'll get the lad ready against this day week. You won't forget next Thursday, will you, my boy?' 'No, uncle, I won't,' answered a firm young voice; and Stephen Lee looked up at his uncle with a bright determined face, though his eyes were half filled with tears;—and no wonder, for had he not just agreed to leave his dearly-loved mother, and the brothers and sisters he had played with since babyhood, to go with a stranger-uncle whom he had scarcely seen, for a long journey to the Northern Seas? Mrs. Lee had been left a widow, with six children to bring up. Stephen—or Steenie, as he was more often called—was the second boy, and about eleven years old. His elder brother, Henry, had got a place as errand-boy at a neighbouring shop, where he earned something towards the expenses of the family. Steenie, too, was most anxious to help his mother, but he was too small to get work like his brother; and when his uncle Philip Hall offered to take him for a voyage as ship-boy, with promise of good wages if he behaved well, Steenie eagerly accepted his terms. 'Well,' he had said, 'talk it over with your mother, and if she consents you shall come.'

Mrs. Lee had been out at the time of her brother's visit, but when she came home in the evening Steenie told her all about it. At first she was against the plan, but she was very poor, and could hardly find bread to give to her little children; so at last she consented, for it was a great thing to have one of her boys provided for. Philip Hall's ship was bound on a long voyage to the island of Newfoundland, lying near the North American coast; close by is the Great Newfoundland bank, a famous place for fish—especially for the cod—and Philip Hall expected to be away many months at these fisheries. The next week was a busy one; Mrs. Lee spent all her spare time in getting ready some clothes for Steenie. His uncle had given him half-a-sovereign, and with this his mother had bought some stuff for new shirts, which she and her eldest daughter Rosa were busy finishing.

'How hard you work, mother,' said Steenie, as he

came in one evening and found Mrs. Lee bending over her sewing as usual. 'I wish I were a rich man; perhaps I shall be one day, and then you shall sit still like a lady, and do nothing all day long.'

Mrs. Lee smiled as she answered, 'I don't think ladies spend all their time in sitting still and doing nothing; they would be very unhappy if that were the case.'

'Why, mother, I always thought that ladies and gentlemen had nothing to do. Sometimes I've wished that I were a gentleman, and had no need to work hard.'

'That isn't a wise wish of yours, Steenie; God means us all to work in some way or another—ladies, gentlemen, and all: and I sometimes think that those are best off who have their work laid straight and plain before them, so that they can make no mistake about it. God gives work to all of us, and I think it one of the best of the many good things we have from Him. Should your work seem hard or dreary, think that it is God who sends it to you, and ask Him to help you to do it according to His will. Perhaps He may have some great work in store for you one day; and you can only fit yourself for that by faithfully trying to do those little duties which now fall to your lot.'

These words of his mother's were often to come into Stephen's mind again; whether to good purpose or no the rest of my story will tell you. The last week passed quickly away, and Thursday soon came round again. Uncle Philip arrived as he had promised, and asked whether Stephen was ready to come.

'We must get down to the docks in an hour's time,' said he, 'so you mustn't be long over your leave-taking. Has the young one got anything to put his clothes in?'

Mrs. Lee pointed to the little trunk,—a present that Henry had saved up his money to buy, as a parting gift to his brother. The mother could not trust herself to speak; she would not discourage Steenie by her tearful voice.

Now that the hour for parting had come, poor Stephen was very sad; he almost wished he had never said he would go. But then his mother's words came to his mind. She had said he must try and do the work God sent him; 'and was not this a time to make a beginning?' With a great effort he sent back his tears, said 'good-bye' to his brothers and sisters, and, giving his mother one long kiss, followed Philip Hall down the narrow stairs, then through the streets to the dock where lay the ship that was to be his future home.

He followed his uncle as if in a dream, all seemed so unreal to him. Could it be that he had left his mother, and the little home where, in spite of poverty and privation, he had been so happy! When was he again to have a game of play with Henry, or a pleasant talk with Rosa? Who would amuse the little twins now he was gone? And how long would it be before he nursed the baby again? Why, by the time he came home she would be a baby no longer. At last he was aroused by his uncle's exclaiming, 'Come Steenie, lad! wake up,

and look about you a little. Why the boy looks dazed: any one would think he had been asleep all this time, and didn't know where he had got to. Look out there: there's our ship—as nice a little craft as you could wish to see.'

'Which is it?' asked Steenie, as his eyes glanced over the multitude of vessels with which the harbour was crowded; ships that looked as like one another to him as a flock of sheep. But a good shepherd is able to distinguish between those faces that seem so exactly similar to our eyes, and in the same manner Philip Hall could tell his own ship from among a thousand. And no wonder, for he had served in her for years, and looked upon her more in the light of a home than any place upon earth. In a few minutes Steenie and his uncle were on board. The boy looked round at the place where so much of his future life was to be spent. I dare say many of you have been on board ship and know what it is like. Perhaps you have been on the Thames in one of those steam-boats that are constantly running up and down the river, or in some holiday at the sea-side you may have gone upon the water in one of the little rowing boats that are to be hired at every watering-place. But the ship Steenie was to sail in was like neither of these. Have you ever stood upon the sea-shore and looking over the wide blue water, seen a little white speck in the distance? If you had then asked any one what that white speck was, he would have answered that it was a sailing ship. And if that ship had come nearer into shore and you had still gone on watching, the white speck would have grown larger and larger, the shape would have become clearer, and at last you would have seen a ship in full sail before you. It would have had no steam-engine puffing out smoke, no oars to send it along in the water, but tall, slender masts clothed with white sails, and perhaps a brightly coloured flag flying merrily at the top, looking like a lady in a gala dress.

It was a ship like this that was to be Steenie's future home, and which he was now inspecting with no very happy feelings. Beautiful as the ship may have looked in the distance, when the sun shone on the outstretched sails and made them shine as if of silver, all looked very different now. The sails were furled up, and when you came close, and looked at them without the strong sunlight, you could see that they were patched and stained—not at all like the beautiful shining wings they had resembled before. Then there was a strong smell of tar that was by no means pleasant, and, though the ship was not actually moving, it was a windy day and the rocking up and down soon made Steenie feel very sick. But his uncle only laughed when he told him how ill he felt, and said he would soon get over that, and be as well as possible in a day or two.

This Steenie found to be the case; by the next morning he felt pretty well again and much refreshed by a good night's rest which Philip Hall had contrived to obtain for him.

(To be continued.)



BULLFINCH, HAWFINCH, AND GREENFINCH.

By H. G. Adams.

IN this picture we have three of the Finches enjoying a feast. They are stout birds, with strong beaks, that can crack the kernels of the berries on which they mainly feed. The Hawfinch is the biggest of the three, and he is very fond of those red clusters which adorn the hedge-rows in autumn, and are the fruit of that favourite English tree the Hawthorn. Properly this bird belongs to the grosbeak family, and, although nearly related to the

finches, he is not a true finch. He has no song worth speaking of, and in this respect differs widely from Bully the piper, who stands opposite to him in the picture.

Many of our young readers have seen Landseer's picture called 'A Piper and a Pair of Nutcrackers,' the piper being a Bullfinch, and the nutcrackers two bright-eyed squirrels, who, like many other feasters of ancient and modern times, wishing to have music at their banquet, have summoned Bully from his home in the thicket to sing to them while they eat: and a sweet song it is that Bully does sing, soft and mellow, not loud and shrill like the lark's, not rich and varied like the Nightingale's, but very soft and pleasing, especially when heard, as it often is, in the quiet woodland depths.

The manners of the Bullfinch, too, suit his natural song; he is not quick and restless like some birds which are always in motion and extremely busy doing nothing. His motions are rather slow, and he gives one the impression that he is a sober, steady kind of bird, who knows his duties and means to do them. He has his weaknesses, no doubt; one of them is a fondness for cherries and other soft fruits, which draws down on him the wrath of the gardener. That he sometimes feeds on buds cannot be denied, but then it seems likely that there is generally a grub at the heart of those which he eats, so that they would produce no fruit; therefore Master Pick-a-bud, as the gardeners call him, does no great harm.

The nest of the Bullfinch is difficult to find, being closely hidden amid the thickest branches of some closely-growing tree in the wood or a retired garden, it is not so neat a nest as that built by the Chaffinch or Goldfinch; the eggs of the Hawfinch are greenish white, mottled with grey and brown, which are the prevailing colours of the bird itself, while those of the Bullfinch are glossy black, rich brown, and red, and are very handsome.

But the Greenfinch, seen at the bottom of the picture, intent on feasting like the others—what of him? A shy bird, too, with a low, sweet warble, he is classed by some naturalists with the linnets, and is sometimes called the Green Linnet—

'A cradle for the greenbird's bed,
And bowery covert o'er her head,
A forked pine supplies.'

says the poet, and it is often amid the forked branches of the pine-tree that the nest of this bird may be found; sometimes, however, it is placed on a lower bush or shrub, or in the ivy on the garden wall. Cowper has quite a long poem to the Green linnet; he has also sung the praises of the Bullfinch; let us close with a single stanza about the shy Hawfinch, who is too little known, although he is no summer visitant merely, but remains throughout the year in this country:—

Oh, gentle Finch, that lovest in retired spots to dwell,
And singest with an inward voice thy sweet songs
morn and eve,
Thou'rt like a hermit in his cave, or monk within his cell,
That never for the busy world his solitude would leave;

Whose life is quiet as a stream that gently glides along
And murmurs to the leafy boughs that shield it from
the sun,
And to the lovely flowers that bloom its verdant banks
among,
Of peace, and praise, and thankfulness, until its race
be run.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF RICH RUSSIAN PEASANTS.



T Dassaux's restaurant, in the great Morskoi Street, at St. Petersburg, six officers were sitting, in brilliant uniforms, drinking champagne. They belonged to the regiment of Horseguards, which, in their white uniform on black horses, and with golden trappings and helmets, make such a magnificent display on a grand parade. Not far from these military gentlemen sat a mean-looking little man, in a long, plain caftan, and with a large unkempt beard, with a liqueur glass before him.

For some time he had been the butt of the jokes of the officers. As each cork flew with a pop against the roof, a cheer was given for the sparkling wine, and for the riches which enabled them to drink it like water; while the thread-bare caftan before the liqueur-glass was ridiculed and mocked at.

As the officers made the arrows of their wit sharper and sharper, a smile of contempt passed over the lips of the little man. In a hoarse voice he called to the waiter.

'Bring me six bottles of the best champagne.'

The waiter hesitated.

'Did you not hear what I said?' asked the man in the caftan, with a cutting voice.

The waiter brought the bottles he had demanded and six glasses as well.

'Take the glasses away, and bring in the largest washing-basin that you can find!' said the mean-looking, little fellow.

The waiter again hesitated, but complied on the demand being repeated sharply.

'A piece of soap!' was the next order.

It was brought.

'A towel!'

This too was given him.

'Uncork the bottles!'

It was done.

The little man now had the washing-basin filled up to the brim with the champagne, he turned up the sleeves of his caftan, washed his face and hands in the costly wine; then he dried his hands, put a hundred rouble note down on the table, cast a look of contempt on the glittering officers of the Life Guards, and left the restaurant.

Whether the officers tasted the champagne afterwards we do not know. This little man had raised himself from the condition of a peasant to be the possessor of millions.

Here is another story of the same kind. The merchant Woronin of St. Petersburg, who had also raised himself from being a Mujik peasant into a millionaire, once accidentally broke a little wine-glass at the bar of some public gardens. The waiter, who did not know the rich Woronin, whose appearance did not at all betray his wealth, said, loud enough for all the finely-dressed ladies and gentlemen to hear him, that the glass cost forty copecks, and must be paid for.

'Rascal! don't you know me?' said Woronin, angrily, and bit his lip.

Thereupon he seized a very valuable crystal decanter, and dashed it upon the ground.

'What does that cost?' he inquired, with a malicious smile.

The decanter was followed by a costly porcelain dinner-service.

'What does that cost?' asked Woronin.

Painted, beautifully-decorated coffee, tea, and desert services were dashed down and shivered to atoms upon the floor. Magnificent Bohemian and French glass bottles, plates, and dishes, were smashed by Woronin's hand. The expensive Chinese ornaments, with French candied fruits, carafes with liqueurs and costly spirits, the Perigord pies in pots, peaches, preserved fruits, in elegant boxes,—all went in the same way, dashed by Woronin's hand to the ground, while he repeated at every fresh smash,—

'What does that cost?'

The proprietor of the gardens came at last, brought by the terrible noise of the breaking of all the treasures of his bar, he hastened, breathless, into the room, recognised Woronin, and made him a profound salute.

'Your waiter does not know me. What does all this cost?' inquired Woronin.

It was all added up together.

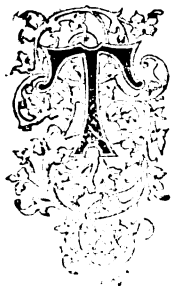
'Eight hundred roubles (about 120*l.*),' was the reply.

Woronin took out his purse with a thousand roubles in it, chucked it at the waiter's head, and left the bar.

What a pity these silly men, to whom God had given riches, were not brave enough to bear the reproach of being supposed to be poor!

J. F. C.

THE CHAMOIS-HUNTER.



HE chamois is a beautiful and elegant animal, with a face very intelligent; its body is covered with long hair, hanging over its sides, dark brown in winter, light and fawn-coloured in summer. Its strength and agility are marvellous. It ascends and descends with the greatest ease rocks which seem almost perpendicular. It does not descend at a single bound, nor in a straight line, but it springs forwards obliquely striking the face of the rock three or four times

with its feet, for the purpose of renewing its force, or to direct its course more steadily to the point at which it aims. In this manner a chamois will descend a rock almost perpendicular, of twenty or thirty feet in height, which has not the smallest projection on which it can rest its feet. With the same extraordinary agility it will spring across chasms. Near Monte Rosa a rift in the rocks was lately measured, over which a chamois had been seen to jump, and it was found to be twenty-four feet in width.

The sense both of sight and smell in the chamois is remarkably acute; it scents a man at a very great distance, and leaps upon the highest rocks that are near, in order to command a more extensive prospect, uttering a low hissing sound, and being all the time in a state of the greatest agitation; but no sooner does the man appear in sight, than it darts off with the utmost speed, and if not intercepted by stratagem, it soon leaves its pursuer behind. The chamois will spring down into the dark abyss and be dashed to pieces, rather than fall into the huntsman's power. If a solitary sportsman on a narrow ledge is the only obstacle to the chamois' retreat, it will turn upon him, and dash against him with such force that his only chance is to lie flat down; and then it will pass him quietly by. Even in what seems a fatal spring downwards, the chamois does not lose its presence of mind; for if in the midst of its descent it sees a projecting rock, it can direct its body and feet towards it, and it very seldom fails to reach it.

Notwithstanding the swiftness, agility, and cunning of the chamois, the hardy hunters of the Alps are generally successful in securing their booty. Now and then, however, their rashness costs them their lives. Thus, not long ago, two of the most celebrated chamois-hunters, David Zricki and Caspar Blumer, after they had slain hundreds of chamois, fell a sacrifice to their daring in the chase. The first was missed for thirty-six weeks, and no one knew whether the strong man of fifty-seven was still alive. At last his remains, almost entirely devoured by eagles and foxes, were discovered in a steep declivity of the Assern Alp. He must have suffered fearfully, for his leg had been broken in his fall, yet he had evidently dragged himself along some distance, and after in vain firing shots of distress, he had perished of cold and hunger. Blumer fell over a precipice, where his shattered remains were found the following summer.

Sometimes the hunters fall into the caverns of glaciers, and after remaining there for hours, are extricated with great difficulty by means of ropes and ladders. Other dangers also threaten the bold hunter. One of his worst enemies is the mist which often suddenly falls upon him when he is in a desert of glaciers, and with such thickness that he can scarcely see a step before him; and it then requires all the cool presence of mind of a nature accustomed from infancy to the mountains to escape death, when one false step would plunge him into eternity. In such a case the hunter will sometimes seek a safe spot, and fasten himself by his rope to a rocky peak, so as not to fall off in his sleep into the



abyss below, and there, in the haunts of the vulture and eagle, he passes the night. Our picture represents the night quarters of a Bernese chamois-hun-

ter, as he himself described it, slumbering on the brink of a precipice, and protected from the moonbeams by overhanging rocks.

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Chatterbox.



The Rat and its Burden, by F. W. KEYL.



THE RAT AND ITS BURDEN.

NCE, in a vessel sailing from New York to Lisbon for wine, the rats were found to increase very fast, and to be very mischievous. They ate so much, and destroyed so much, that the sailors grew quite angry with them, and resolved on the first chance to get rid of them. Accordingly, when the vessel was safe in Lisbon Harbour, the captain ordered sulphur to be kindled in the hold. The rats unable to endure the fumes, left their holes, and, in trying to escape, were killed in great numbers by the sailors. At length, one appeared on the deck, bearing on his back another rat which was quite grey with age, and also blind. The men supposing the old rat to be the father of the young one, were touched by the sight. They could not think of killing an animal which showed such tenderness; it was allowed to pass in safety, and to carry its aged parent to some other home.—*Chambers's Moral Class Book.*



STEPHEN'S WORK.

(Continued from p. 276.)

SE isn't over strong,' he had remarked to the captain on his objecting to Steenie's small size, 'but he's got more pluck in him than many a lad that's twice as big. He's quite knocked up just now, poor little fellow, but let him have a good sleep and forget his troubles a bit, and he'll be as fresh as a lark to-morrow morning.'

If Stephen did not feel as fresh as a lark next day, he certainly felt much rested when his all too short night came to an end, and he was summoned to get up. It was not long before he made his way on deck, and, though the rocking of the ship still made him feel rather unsteady when he tried to walk, yet the morning air was pure and fresh such as it had never been in the close little street where hitherto he had spent his life. The ship had already started some little way on her voyage, and the coast began to fade away in the distance. All around him was the great sea, and on three sides it stretched out as far as his eye could reach. How tiny seemed the little ship; how frail its strength compared with that of the mighty waves over which it rode so lightly—only a few slender planks between Steenie and the great ocean—between Steenie and death. Something of these thoughts passed through his mind when he was suddenly aroused by a loud voice exclaiming,—'Hallo, you boy there! what's your name, I say?'

'Stephen Lee,' he answered, gravely, a little surprised at this unceremonious greeting.

'Then, Stephen Lee, come here!'

'What do you want me for?' said Steenie, without offering to move, as he by no means approved of the imperious tone adopted by the new-comer.

'Don't stand asking questions, but come here at once; don't you know you'll be under me and have to obey all I tell you to do?'

'No, I didn't know it,' answered Steenie, 'or I should have come before.'

'How old are you?' demanded the boy.

'I'm eleven. How old are you?'

'Oh, I'm a long way the eldest, and a precious good thing it is for me that I am. My name is Tom Harris, and I was fourteen last birthday, and you are the new boy and much younger than I am, so you'll have to mind what I tell you. Last voyage I went I was the youngest in the ship, and didn't I have a life of it? However, if you're a good little chap I won't be too hard upon you.' With this assurance, Steenie was obliged to be content, till he found his uncle had time to listen to him, and then he asked whether what Tom Harris had said was true.

'I think you'll find it pretty true in the main,' Philip Lee had replied. 'If you don't do what he wants at first, he's older and stronger than you are, and will make you do it in the end. I'll try my best, as I told your mother, and see you aren't put upon more than I can help; but there's quite a different set of men to what there was last voyage, and they don't look a very good lot to my eyes. However, you must do your best and be as active and willing as you can. We've got a good captain at any rate, and that's one comfort.' The captain of the ship, Captain Marston, was a clever sailor, and still more, a good sober man; but he was silent, reserved, and rather stern. Steenie did not come much in contact with him. He was chiefly occupied in helping and waiting upon the other men. By them he was kept in full employ; but I can't say that he received many thanks for his services: more often a blow or an oath for not being quick enough, although he tried to do as well as he could. The men in the ship were for the most part a bad, violent set; given to drinking and swearing, and when they thought themselves unobserved they grumbled against their captain, whose views were too strict to suit their notions.

One thing the men especially disliked was Captain Marston's habit of reading prayers every Sunday morning, to which he always added the form of prayer to be used at sea. You will find it in your Prayer-Book if you choose to look. Steenie had a Prayer-Book and Bible bound together, that had been given him as a reward for punctuality and good conduct at the Sunday-school. It now seemed to him, as though there was much about ships and sailors and the sea in the Bible that he had never noticed before. It was with a new interest that he read in St. Matthew about the first four Apostles whom our Lord called, and who were all fishermen, as he was going to be. When, on a very stormy night the waves washed over the ship, and he knew that at any moment they might be dashed against some rocks hard by, which would cause

them all to sink and be drowned, it came into his mind how when the disciples were once sore afraid because of a storm, their Master, Jesus, had walked beside them upon the water and said, 'It is I; be not afraid.'

'Weren't you frightened last night? I guess you were never out in such a storm before,' remarked Tom Harris to Steenie the next morning.

'No, I never was. Certainly, it kept me awake for a while, but I got off to sleep after a bit, and forgot all about it.'

'Did you really go to sleep?' asked Tom. 'I wonder you were not too much afraid.'

'Were you afraid, then?' returned Steenie.

'I afraid! well, that is a good one! What do you mean by supposing I should be afraid?—like your impudence, that it is! I've been out in too many storms to think much of a bit of a breeze as we had last night.'

'Then we were not in any danger, remarked Steenie.

'Danger! yes, there was danger enough, but what's the good of troubling oneself about that? If one must be drowned, one must; and there's an end of the matter, and that's my opinion. And now just please to tell me if you were frightened last night; and if not, why not?' Steenie coloured up and looked uncomfortable; he felt as if he could hardly explain to Tom the way in which he had been soothed and comforted. Tom, mistaking his silence and hesitation, exclaimed, 'Oh, you were afraid after all, you little coward!'

'No, I wasn't,' replied Steenie.

'Then why weren't you?' demanded Tom.

'I can't quite tell you; I think it must have been because I remembered how Jesus walked upon the water and took care of the Apostles. You know they were fishermen like us.' Steenie gave his explanation with some difficulty, for he wasn't much accustomed to talk about what he felt. Tom looked at him in surprise, not quite sure whether he wanted to laugh or not; but Steenie's remark had made him feel rather curious, and he exclaimed, 'Walking upon the water! what nonsense you're talking; wherever did you pick up those ideas?'

'Why, don't you know?' said Steenie; 'you must have heard Captain Marston read about it on Sunday.'

'Not I; you don't suppose I listen to what the Captain reads, do you? I mostly go to sleep: I did last Sunday, I remember. If I'd known he was going to read about any one walking on the water, maybe I'd have kept awake.'

'I've got all about it in my Bible,' said Steenie. 'I'll lend it you to read, if you like.'

'I'm none so fond of reading, I leave that to stupid people like you,' remarked Tom.

Like many other people, he pretended to despise everything that he was unable to do himself. Tom had not been brought up well, like Steenie; he had never been sent to school, and could neither read nor write. He did not even know his prayers, and knew God's name chiefly from hearing it in the oaths of the sailors. You see he was very ignorant, and in many ways he was wicked, too; yet, still,

poor Tom had some good points about him. He was not wilfully cruel, though he might sometimes give great pain to others by carelessness and thoughtlessness. Sometimes—he himself could scarcely tell why—he shrank rather from the more open wickedness of the other sailors, and, though he would not have owned it, he took a good deal of pleasure in talking to Steenie. He began to tease him much less; and sometimes, even, he would stand up for him when he had offended one of the sailors, for Tom was rather a favourite with the men, on account of his boldness and cleverness, and many a blow did he thus contrive to ward off from poor Steenie. A few days after the stormy night I told you about, Tom, having a spare half-hour and nothing particular to do, was turning over in his mind some plan to amuse himself, when suddenly he recollected what Steenie had told him about Christ walking on the sea. 'I'll make him come and read to me a bit,' thought Tom. So Steenie came and read to him the piece he wanted, and then tried to show his companion the fact he had recently found out himself how much there was in the Bible about sailors and the sea.

'I never knew before that Captain Marston read anything about such matters,' remarked Tom. 'I'll stop awake next Sunday; you see if I don't, if only to find out whether what you say is true.' After this he often told Steenie to come and read to him, 'Only it must be something to amuse me, you know,' he would add. Secretly he felt a good deal of admiration at Steenie's reading, and would have asked to be taught himself, only he was too proud to learn from a younger boy. No such feeling held back Steenie from getting Tom to teach him how to swim, at which he soon became rather skilful.

(To be continued.)

THE GAMBLER.



OB,' said Frank Freeman to his schoolfellow, one half-holiday, 'I want a knife. Sam Forest wants to sell his for half-a-crown. I have got only fifteenpence; lend me fifteenpence more, there's a good fellow. I will pay you in a few days.'

'I won't lend,' said Bob Jones; 'but I will tell you what I will do; I will toss you for fifteenpence. If you win you will get the knife half-price, and if you lose, you will do without the knife as well as you do now. There's a chance for you, if you're not a regular muff.'

Frank did not speak. He had been earnestly warned by his father against many of the dangers at a public school, and amongst other things against all gambling. But he disliked being thought 'a muff,' and he had wanted this knife for a long time. Whilst he was standing wondering what he should do, his conscience and his will struggling hard for the mastery, Bob walked away, slowly at first, and then faster. Frank watched him, and perhaps would have let him go, but just at that



The Gambler.

moment Sam Forest appeared. Without taking time to consider, Frank called out,—

‘Stop, Bob! I will do it.’

‘One toss shall settle it,’ said Bob; ‘now then, heads or tails?’

‘Tails,’ cried Frank.

‘So it is,’ said Sam, who had just come up.

‘I will buy your knife now,’ said Frank; and Sam pulled it out of his pocket, and handed it over.

The knife was quite as good as Frank expected, so he quieted his conscience about what he chose to call his luck, and thought he had done rather a clever thing. But Bob was not going to let his companion off quite so easily, for on the next half-

holiday, when the pocket-money became due, he made Frank go with him to a 'tuck-shop'—having previously agreed that the one who lost the toss should pay for all the tarts the two could eat. Again Frank was 'lucky,' and Bob had to pay for the tarts.

It would have been fortunate if Frank had lost rather than won, for his success gave him such a turn for gambling, that could not be rooted out of him.

His whole character from this time was changed. He lost energy both for work and play. He lost place after place at class, he cared but little for foot-ball or cricket after a time; but was discovered more than once with his friend Bob and one or two others playing cards under a hedge or a hay-stack.

When he went home for the holidays he had no prize to show as before, and both his father and mother saw there was something different in his character. If he had only been brave enough to have confessed his fault to his father or mother, they would have gently and kindly reproved him and directed him in the right way; but he was so ashamed of himself that he dared not tell. After he left school he spent a year with a private tutor.

Whilst at his tutor's he had few opportunities of gambling, but when he went up to the University, he fell again into his evil habit. He had not been long in College before his former companion, Bob Jones, called upon him. Frank did not receive him cordially, for in his heart he knew and feared that he would lead him astray. Oh, if he had only then sent up a silent prayer to God to deliver him, he would have been delivered. The school acquaintance would have been dropped, and good companions would have filled the place! But no! Although he was sorry to see Jones, he had not courage to tell him he wished to drop his acquaintance. He accepted an invitation to a wine party and a 'quiet rubber of whist,' began gambling again, and from that moment glided more and more deeply into sin of every kind; and when, about three years after, he left College, he was a confirmed gambler, a lover of strong drink, and a very unworthy son of his excellent parents.

Some time after leaving college he went to London. Many of his college companions were in London at the same time, and their days and nights were spent in gambling and drinking. A terrible accident befell Jones, which sobered Frank for a time. These two and several other young men were returning, one day, from the races, when Bob, who had been drinking very freely, was playing pranks on the top of a coach they had hired, and fell to the ground. He was picked up and carried to a public-house on the road-side, and there he died in an hour. But the love of gambling was too strong, and Frank returned to his old course. A short time after this Frank's mother died; upon her death-bed she implored her son to give up his evil ways, for his propensity had been known some time to his parents, and they had grieved bitterly over it. Again Frank was sobered for a time, but he trusted to his good resolutions rather than to the strength he might have obtained from above, and the tempter overcame him again. He

went on so badly that his father at last told him that he would pay his debts no more, and that if he got into trouble he must take the consequences.

But threatening and warning were alike useless, and at last, one night after he had lost heavily, without even writing a farewell to his good old father, he took poison, and died. Thus was lost to society a man who, but for the sin of gambling begun when a boy at school, would have been an ornament to his generation. Alas! What did he lose himself?
W. M.

PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.

By Cowper.

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the rest,

Had once his integrity put to the test:

His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was very much shocked, and answered, 'Oh,
no!

What, rob our poor neighbour! I pray you don't go;
Besides the man's poor—his orchard's his bread;
'Then think of his children, for they must be fed.'

'You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, we'll give you a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'

They spoke, and Tom pondered,—'I see they will
go;

Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the
tree;

But since they will take them, I think I'll go too;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.'

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Conscience slumbered awhile, but soon woke in his
breast,

And in language severe the delinquent addressed:

'With such empty and selfish pretences away!
By your actions you're judged, be your speech what
it may.'

PROMISES TO GOD.

THERE is a tradition of Ovid the poet, that when his father was about to punish him for writing poetry, he promised his father never to make a verse, and made a verse in his very promise. When I do solemnly promise my heavenly Father to sin no more, I sin in my promise. I say my prayers as the Jew eats the passover, in haste. And although in bodily actions motion is the cause of warmth, the more speed I make in my prayers, the colder I am in my devotion.
THOMAS FULLER.



THE EAGLES' NEST.

ANNA KNITTEL, of Untergiblen, in the valley of the Lech, relates the following story of her descent into the eagles' nest.

I had been absent a whole year from my native mountains, having been sent into the town for education in drawing and painting. How glad I was to get home again to my dear parents, brothers, and sisters: to the roaring stream, the valley, the forest, and, above it, the white peaks of the mountains. It was there, far up among them, that, seven years ago, I had been let down

by a rope, hanging only, as it seemed, by a thin thread between life and death. I was obliged to keep a sharp look-out, so as rightly to measure the distance, and, by swinging, to reach the eagle's nest, which was hidden in a cleft beneath the overhanging wall of rock. It was not youthful rashness which prompted this adventure, but bitter necessity which forced me to it.

An eagle pair had made their eyrie in that spot, and to provide food for their young they robbed the flocks round about. It was my father's duty to free the neighbourhood from beasts or birds of prey; moreover, he had quite a passion for hunting eagles. He had no rest so long as he knew that the royal prey was in the neighbourhood, but yet not a lad in the village could make up his mind to the bold enterprise of taking the young eagles from the nest. There was no choice, then. I must do it, and I succeeded.

Since that time no eagles have been seen hereabouts, but this summer good folk again complained of stolen lambs and kids; and they had now caught the robber in the act. One evening, as my father came back from the Grottesalp with his trusty friend and comrade, Hannus Keiler, he said to me—'Anna, there are eagles again up in the old nest on the Saxengwandl; they've got a young one, too. When Hannus and I were high up on the Alp, looking round for chamois, we saw one in the distance, and an eagle flying after him towards the Saxengwandl, swift as an arrow, with a chamois-kid in his claws; he is a perfect giant of his kind.'

'Let us go up and examine,' I proposed at once.

No sooner said than done. We reached the Gwandl, whence, with a telescope, we could discern the nest; there lay the kid, and there, sure enough, was a young eagle on the dry twigs. We saw nothing of the old one; perhaps he had seen us coming and had flown away. The young bird was very weak and hungry. We saw how he tried to peck at the kid with his beak; he could not succeed, and rolled backwards on to the cold, wet rock. We remained some time in ambush. We thought the old bird would soon come back, and then we would pay him for the chamois with a bullet. An hour passed, no eagle came. Then I thought better of it. 'The young one is too little,' I said to Hannus;

if we shoot the old one it must perish; let us wait a fortnight, and let it grow during that time; then we can shoot the old bird and take the young one out of the nest.' On the way back we made our plans, fixed the day, and debated who should be let down into the nest.

My father looked inquiringly at me as if he would say:—'Yes; seven years ago we let you down; but then you were a bold child of the Alps, full of rash courage. Now you have grown into a young woman; you have been educated in the town; and have changed the alpenstock for the pen and the drawing-pencil. You will have nothing more to do with taking young eagles?'

I do not know what urged me to it, but I replied:—'Father, let me take the young bird; what I did before I can do now; I am stronger, too, than I was then.'

'Very well,' he said; 'if you like, I have no objection; but I thought that in the town you would have forgotten mountaineering, and would not for a moment think of descending the Saxengwandl suspended by a rope.'

The 11th June was the day fixed. All who were to take part in the enterprise were invited. Two days before my father, with four comrades, well supplied with provisions, went up in the direction of the eyrie to pass the night in the chalet on the Saxen, and, in the morning, to lie in wait for the old birds and shoot them both if possible. From my heart I wished them success. If the old eagles were dead, I escaped the greatest part of the danger which threatened me in my undertaking. Then, too, I rejoiced at the prospect of having these splendid eagle's feathers to deck my straw hat; they are finer even than ostrich-feathers. At last the morning of June 11th came. At early dawn the men and lads who were to be of our party arrived at our house. The chief person was old Gunther, the forester, a brave, fearless man; he was accompanied by Dr. Fulterio, the parish doctor. Then there was my cousin, a strong, courageous fellow. Also an old friend of mine, Albert, the son of a schoolmaster, and a teacher himself. Besides these there were many strong lads from all parts of the neighbourhood.

My brother Hans carried the important rope, and played merry tunes and marches by the way on his flute. Albert held the bundle which contained my dress for the descent, my brother's thick trousers and heavy mountain shoes. In good spirits, after three hours' hard climbing, we reached the edge of the precipice. My companions raised a loud *Juch he!** which resounded through the mountains, and which was replied to by the hunters in ambush. From their voices I did not think they had had good sport.

When they came out, my first question was naturally about the old birds. 'Have you seen them? have you shot both, or only one?'

'No,' was Hannus' answer, 'we have not seen a feather of them. Since dawn yesterday we have lain concealed in different positions round about the

* The cry in the Swiss mountains.

nest, so well hidden that not even an eagle could have discovered us ; yet we have not seen a trace of the birds.'

'I have been full ten hours waiting with my rifle ready,' said my father. 'They are cruel parents, these old birds. The poor young one in the nest has only the piece of a carcase lying near : it tries to eat it but cannot, and is moaning and crying piteously, enough to move a heart of stone.'

All eyes were now turned upon me. The Alpine air, and the friends of my youth around me, gave me courage. I had done the same thing before, and succeeded, even in dragging up the old dead bird as well as the young live one. I had certainly grown taller and heavier, but the imposing array of young, strong fellows, who were now uncoiling the rope, did not look as if they would let me find a grave below.

'Now then to work,' was my answer to the silent questioning of their eyes. I took Albert's burden from him and retired behind a large pine tree, which place was to serve as my dressing-room. In a few minutes I reappeared dressed half as a lad, half as a maiden, a masquerade which called forth much merriment, but which was very necessary if my undertaking was to succeed.

I was tied to the rope.

The old forester, who had fastened me before, would not let any one else do it this time. Slowly and carefully, as his manner was, he made the rope into the sling on which I was to sit. With the help of other cords he bound me firmly to it, cautiously proving each knot. Then, with affectionate care, he arranged that nothing should chafe or confine me. When all was ready I seized my thick, strong pole, with sharp iron hooks at the point, such as the wood-cutters use. This was to protect myself from striking against the rough rocks, and was also to serve me as a weapon against the attacks of the old eagles, in case either of them should come at this inconvenient time to protect their little one. Now I was ready.

My father had taken up his position some way back in the forest, whence he could see the nest, hear me call, and tell the lads who held the rope above if I wanted anything ; for when I was let down from the precipice they could see nothing of me, much less hear my voice. Old Gunther, my father's bosom friend, who was of no use at the rope, also chose a place whence, sideways, he could keep me constantly in view. Afterwards he confessed to me that he often prayed for me then.

It was a critical moment for me, and I murmured a short, heartfelt prayer. I called out to the lads to hold tight, and their loud reply gave me fresh confidence. And now I began to go down, first slowly between two huge pines, pushing aside the brush-wood growing on both sides of the precipice. The wind blew terribly cold up from the abyss. My eyes glanced downwards ; there yawned the seemingly bottomless chasm, broken by only one projecting rock upon which the water unceasingly splashed.

I shivered. As by instinct I felt whether I was properly fastened ; everything was in good order. And ever deeper and deeper I descended, my pole

protecting me from being dashed against the rocks. Down ! down ! I am hanging far out in the open space ; the rope turns and turns again. Now the nest is visible to my eyes. I am just opposite to it, and call out 'Stop !' to my father ; then I endeavour, by a swinging motion, to bring myself nearer to the nest, and, with my hook, to gain a hold, and then a footing in it. Several times I try in vain. At last the hook is in the nest and my foot on the branches of which it is formed. Then, suddenly, I fly back again. The rope was too short. Impatiently I call out to my father to let me down further. Once more I swing forwards with my hook ; and this time I succeed and get safely into the eyrie. I find the young bird, and near him a half-eaten kid. I seize the bird ; he resists with all his might ; I kneel down, caress him ; carefully take the sack from my back, put the kid in it, and then some twigs, in order to prepare a soft bed for my nursing, and lastly the bird itself ; then the sack is firmly fastened to my back again. Now I can rest and take a survey around. What a magnificent view ! To the left all the glorious mountain-range in whose shadow my home rests. To the right, beyond the valley, the noble mountain peaks stretch up into the cloudless firmament. Below me yawns the abyss, with its shattered tree-trunks and rugged blocks of stone ; and in my ear sounded the distant pleasant murmur of the blue stream of the valley, as it forced its way through the rocky ravine.

I heard my father's voice impatiently calling me to prepare for the ascent. I did so at once. With the hook I pushed myself off into the air ; and being suspended as before, going round and round in a circle, I felt uncomfortable, and called up with a loud voice to pull quicker, but the lads did not hear, and some time passed before my father could make them understand. Meanwhile I came again to the projecting rock, and the rapid pulling up, which before I had so desired, now nearly caused me great injury for the youths dragged me up so fast that it required all my presence of mind to guard myself from a painful, perhaps fatal, collision with the rocks. I called aloud 'Slowly, slowly,' and, with my hands and feet, defended myself from the rocks ; in doing so I loosened a great stone, which, with a crash, dashed down on the wet rock, whence it rolled into the valley.

I was soon at the top, when, for joy at the success of my enterprise, I fell upon the neck of the old forester. I scolded the lads well for their awkwardness, but they only laughed and tried to untie me. But I would not let any one do this except the old forester. My father soon came up rejoicing, and praised me much. Then I retired to take off my queer costume and resume my ordinary dress.

Meanwhile my father had taken the young eagle under his protection ; he cut up the remains of the kid into small pieces, which the bird devoured with a good appetite, and then he made it a comfortable bed. Then my brother Hans took the prize upon his shoulders, and we proceeded homewards down the steep path.

Dark clouds had now gathered round the mountain-tops ; and we were caught in a storm of rain, ac-



accompanied by thunder and lightning. However, after several hours' uncomfortable walking, we reached our home.

The young bird grew and became in time a stately eagle. One day a lover and fancier of such birds came and bought him of me to show about in the

world. Perhaps, reader, you may some day see him, and if his guardian tells you he was taken by a young girl in the Saxengwandl, far away in the valley of the Lech, then remember the writer, who has now given you a true account of her adventure in his capture.

J. F. C.

Chatterbox.



OUR LITTLE PATTIE.

PRETTY, petted, sister Pattie,
Precious to us beyond measure,
Proud are we, and fond and careful,
Of our prattling, pattering treasure.

Prattling, prattling baby wonders,
Baby-love and baby-lore;
Pattering, pattering—tiny traveller!
Jaunts and journeys on the floor.

Large and lustrous eyes of hazel,
Twinkling like the stars of night,
Restless stars that flicker, flicker,
Little liquid gems of light.

Little lips like shining cherries,
Cheeks a flower of ruddy roses,
Arms and legs all plump and rounded,
Hands most sweet to carry posies.

Clustering hair, bewaved and golden,
Quite a little curly wig,
How it dances as she prances
Up and down, in romp and jig.

Yesterday our sister Pattie
To the meadow hill we took,
Through the green, dyke-sided alley,
And across the wimpling brook.

Pattie placed we on a hillock,
And with flow'rets sweet and gay
Wreathed a coronet of blossom,
Crowned her princess, Pattie May!

Long may thou be with us, sweetie,
In thy gladness; yet if riven
Were the tie that binds thee to us,
Thou wouldst wear a crown in heaven.

H.

STEPHEN'S WORK.

(Continued from p. 283.)

PHILIP HALL was kind to his nephew, but the other sailors did not much like him, and sometimes teased him when neither his uncle nor the captain were at hand. They would not have dared to do this in Captain Marston's presence, so Steenie began to look upon him as a protector, although he rarely spoke to him, and the captain seemed hardly aware of the little boy's existence. The warm weather was gradually passing away, and Steenie looked forward to the time when the ship should return to England, and he should once again see his home and his mother.

They had lately been fishing at the northern part of the island, but they had not been so successful as usual; and one day the captain announced his intention of stopping away two months longer, in hopes of meeting with better

fortune. At this news the sailors were very angry, they wanted to return to England, and disliked the prospect of stopping another two months; for it was a very cold place, and they feared the approach of winter. So there was a great deal of grumbling and discontent among the men. Steenie didn't listen to more of it than he could help, for he knew it was not right; besides, the men were silent when Captain Marston was at hand, and also if Philip Hall were near, for they knew that he would do his duty by the captain, and expect them to do theirs. Neither did they talk over their plans before Steenie, as they were afraid he might tell them to his uncle. One evening three or four men were earnestly talking together, and did not notice that Steenie was lying within earshot. The boy had been tired with working all day, and had fallen asleep. Presently, however, the men's voices awoke him, but still he was not sufficiently aroused to notice what the sailors were saying, till he heard one of them exclaim, 'Why there's that boy may have heard every word we've said!' Steenie was about to jump up and assure them he had heard nothing, when another voice remarked, 'If he's awake throw him overboard, it will only hasten matters a bit.' Then Steenie thought it would be better to pretend to be asleep; the men would never believe him, though he might assure them he had heard none of their plans; and he knew enough of their reckless cruelty to believe them quite capable of carrying out their threat of throwing him overboard. Presently he felt one of the sailors bending over him, and holding a light before his eyes. He made a great effort to keep his face still and not to blink, and he succeeded, for the man got up and said to his comrades, 'He's asleep fast enough, you needn't be afraid of him.'

Poor Steenie felt very thankful at his escape, still he did not dare to move. If the men saw him get up they would probably kill him, so he determined to lie quiet where he was, till the sailors should move off. Thinking that Steenie was safe, the men went on talking; and the little boy heard them discuss their wicked plans. They intended to murder both the captain and Philip Hall, take possession of the ship, make as fast as possible for the United States, where they hoped to be able to sell the vessel, and divide the gains amongst them. They did not dare to return to England with the ship, for fear of being recognised and suspected.

'What are you going to do with that child?' asked one of the men, pointing to Steenie.

'Oh!' exclaimed a voice that Steenie recognised as belonging to Tom Harris, 'I'll see he doesn't do any mischief. Why you wouldn't harm a baby like that!'

'Yes I would though,' returned the other, 'if I were afraid of the baby's hurting me.'

'But he won't do anything of the sort,' said Tom, anxious to save his little friend. 'And I'll tell you what,' he continued, 'if I were you, I wouldn't kill the Captain. I shouldn't like to have such a thing to think about of a stormy night; and, maybe, his ghost would haunt one, and bring the ship to harm. I've heard tell of such things.'

'What would you do then?' demanded the sailor,

who seemed rather impressed with this last idea of Tom's.

'Do? I don't want to do anything; the Captain's no enemy of mine; but if I did want to get rid of him, I'd find a tight little island to leave him on; or, better still, just pop him down upon the coast of Labrador out yonder.'

'Not a bad idea,' remarked the men; 'we might just leave him on land, and then if he dies it won't be our doing.'

You may imagine how frightened poor Steenie grew as he lay and listened to the wicked plans of the sailors. He longed for them to go away that he might make his escape; and the time seemed so long, he began to think they would never leave. They talked over all the details of their plan, till Steenie could hardly forbear jumping up and telling them that he had heard, and hated, what they said. But he knew his only chance of doing good lay in keeping still for the present; so he stopped quite quiet, till at last his patience was rewarded, and the men went away. Steenie's idea was to go and relate what he had heard to his uncle; but he found Philip Hall was asleep. Some other men, too, were near him, who might be in the plot; so altogether, Steenie thought it would be best to wait till the next morning, when he could speak to his uncle alone. From what he had heard among the men, he did not fear their doing anything that night.

Tired out by the excitement and watching of the last hour, Steenie now fell fast asleep; and when he awoke next morning, and gradually recalled the events of the night he could hardly persuade himself that he had not been dreaming. How he wished that it only had been a dream, when he at last fully recalled the past evening! What was he to do? How could the Captain and Philip Hall—who Steenie felt certain would stick to his duty—how could they withstand all the rest of the crew? But it was not Steenie's business to decide that question; his work was to acquaint his uncle as soon as possible with the evil designs of the men. So he found him out, and described the whole scene.

Philip Hall's face grew grave as he listened to Steenie's story, and when he had finished he exclaimed, 'Come with me at once; you must tell this to the Captain directly.'

Steenie felt very frightened at having to say so much to Captain Marston, but he told his story as well as he could, to which the Captain listened attentively.

'I think you must have dreamt it all,' he exclaimed at length, when he heard that it had happened the night before, and that Steenie had been asleep since.

But Steenie assured him so earnestly of the truth of his tale, and Philip Hall seemed so completely to believe in his nephew, that the Captain was shaken in his opinion; and, telling Steenie that if he had no more to say he had better go back to his work, and keep silence as to his story, he sat down to think what would be the best means of bringing his mutinous crew to reason. Philip Hall he knew he could depend upon, and then there was little Steenie, but what could he do with one man and a

boy against the fourteen sailors who composed the rest of the crew?

Suddenly, he was aroused from his thoughts by noticing that the man at the wheel, who was steering the ship, was guiding her in a totally opposite direction to that in which they had been sailing, and was making straight for the coast of Labrador, not many miles distant. This certainly seemed as though Steenie's story were true. The boy had told him that his men intended leaving him upon those barren shores to perish, probably, with cold and hunger. Unable to stay any longer inactive, Captain Marston walked up to the steersman, and asked him sternly where he was taking the ship. Instead of replying, the man drew out a large knife, and in another moment would have plunged it into the Captain's heart. But as he was in the act of striking, Steenie, who had followed the Captain, sprang upon the man's arm, dragging down for a moment the uplifted hand. True, it was only for a moment; but that moment saved the Captain's life. Before the sailor had had time to fling off Steenie, Captain Marston had recovered from his surprise. Closing with the man, he threw him violently to the ground, and was about to wrest his knife from him, when two other sailors rushed up, and attacked him as he was stooping over the prostrate steersman. Captain Marston again turned round on these fresh opponents, but the contest was too unequal. Hearing the noise of the struggle, the men crowded to the spot; and the Captain and Philip Hall, who had come to his aid, were soon overpowered by numbers. Captain Marston lay insensible upon the deck; but one of the men having bent down to examine him, declared him to be still living.

'Then throw him overboard at once,' exclaimed Jim Turner, the steersman; 'I believe he's put my shoulder out of joint with that throw he gave me. Why couldn't you have come up to my help a bit sooner, you cowards?'

'Come, Jim, don't you give us any of that sort of thing, we're as good men as you are any day, and not to be baulked by a child, as you were.'

'Where is that boy, though?' said Jim, as an evil light flashed out from his eyes. 'I'd like to pay him out for springing upon me like that.'

'Oh! there he is,' exclaimed another man, pointing to Steenie, who was struggling to free himself from the grasp of one of the sailors who held him fast.

'Come, come,' said Tom Harris, who wanted to save his little playfellow, though he had not chosen himself to take the captain's part. 'Steenie's a plucky little fellow, you'd do much better to make a friend of him than anything else; he won't do any harm, I'll answer for him.'

'What do you say?' asked another sailor, who appeared to have taken the lead, as he turned round to Steenie; 'would you like to be one of us, and lead a jolly life in this ship with no captain to have to obey, and get plenty to drink, and a whole lot of money?'

Steenie hesitated for a minute; the captain was lying senseless before him, Philip Hall had been killed in the struggle, and the men had thrown his body overboard, not a single friend was at hand to support him, to aid him in his choice between good



and evil. He could not help his captain, how could he do anything against all these sailors! it would make no difference to any one which side he took; why not tell the men that he would join them? If he said anything against them, perhaps they would kill him. But then, how could he join himself with those who had rebelled against their captain, who had murdered his uncle?

Steenie's eyes travelled over the great breadth of water, and fixed themselves on the waves which were rising and falling with gentle motion; the sight seemed to bring to his mind the history he had read to Tom but a few short nights before, he felt as if he could almost see the form of Christ walking beside the ship as He had walked beside His apostles, and hear His voice as it said, 'It is I, be not afraid.'

(To be continued.)

LAURENCE LANE'S COMING HOME.



WANTED to see life — was tired of this bit of a place — gone off with that chap that come about the South American mines — a disobedient bad lad — never you try to put in a word for him, wife, he's no son of mine from this day forth,' and Adam Lane, the sturdy collier of Wyndale, struck the wooden table by which he stood, to enforce his words.

And he had cause for grief, even for anger, for his only son, his pride and torment had left his house secretly in the night, a bit of paper with a hasty



scrawl on it being all the notice his father and mother received of his intention to leave them. Always of a roving turn, clever and wayward, Laurence Lane had caused his parents many a heart-ache, but they had loved him dearly through it all, and his sudden desertion of them hurt them deeply. Some little time before, a young man of good appearance, and seeming to have plenty of cash, had taken up his abode at the village inn, he gave himself out as the agent for large mines in South America, and invited volunteers from among the Wyndale colliers to go out there with him, but the Wyndale folk were either contented or cautious, and few cared to listen to his accounts of little work and large pay. Few among the grown men at least, boys in plenty were always ready to hear the tales of adventure with which the stranger gilded his story, but boys were not what he wanted; and if Laurence Lane had not been a singularly well-grown, broad-shouldered young Hercules of sixteen, Mr. Deloraine would never have tempted him from his village-home.

As it was, Laurence made up his mind that here

was the opening in life for which he had so long been looking out, and expecting that he would be stopped by his father should he hear of his intention beforehand, the lad left his home in the dead of night, his bundle of clothes in one hand, his heavy boots in the other.

One letter reached him in London before he sailed, it was from his father, containing much such words as he had spoken on the first discovery of his son's desertion. Laurence hardened his heart at sight of them. 'I'll never come back till I'm such an one as he'll be proud to welcome,' he thought, stifling down a sob at the remembrance of his mother. His father had often seemed hard and cold to him, but his mother was always ready to excuse and shield him, whatever had been his faults; and to do Laurence justice, it was some fond idea of making a fortune and bringing it back in triumph to her who had helped to lure him to such far away regions,—as well as a strong boyish love of adventure.

Ten years passed away, and Laurence Lane was no more seen in Wyndale. Twice his mother had

heard from him ; he was well, and busy, and prosperous. Twice she had tried to get her husband to write and bid the lad come home, but the old collier held out. 'He left without my leave, he may stay or come as he pleases,' was all the answer he would give, and yet the old man's heart was secretly yearning over his only child.

Meantime, Laurence grew rich, he had a motive for work, and he did work. His conscience often pricked him for leaving his parents against their wishes, and now he felt that if he could return with enough money to keep them above want for the rest of their lives, he should feel as if he had cancelled the sin of his youth.

The day came at last, a day often pictured and dreamed over by Laurence. He was in his own village once again walking up the well-remembered street to his father's house. Everything looked familiar, the children playing in the road, the old women sitting at the doors, Laurence, well dressed, with well-filled pockets, was full of happy anticipation, now he was going to make everything straight, to place his father and mother in comparative luxury, and to be received, not as a repentant prodigal, but as a dutiful son. All at once a slight stir was perceptible in the village, here and there a knot of people eagerly gathering together ; Laurence hardly noticed it, he was so near his own threshold, the last in the village. As he reached the door a young man came out. Something prompted Laurence to address him. 'Is my — is Adam Lane at home ?'

The young man hesitated, 'Are you a relation ?' he asked.

'His son,' said Laurence, proudly.

'Then there's bad news for you,' was the rejoinder. 'I am an overseer from the Wyndale mine ; there has been an accident, and five men have been injured, Adam Lane among the number ; he is alive but sinking. I have just broken the news to his wife, they are bringing him home.'

Laurence stood stupefied a moment, then staggered into the house, and met his mother's woe-stricken gaze, she was tearlessly dragging a bed into the front-kitchen, he helped her without a word.

'Just too late, lad,' she said, almost harshly, and without a tinge of surprise at his sudden appearance.

Two hours later Adam Lane died on that bed, Laurence watching by him for a gleam of recognition which never came—for a look of pardon, which would never shine from those glazing eyes. Then the strong man was bowed down for the first time ; toil, and hardship, and danger he had borne bravely, but this terrible shock crushed him. Laurence's first outlay of his hard-earned gold was on his father's coffin.

Despite his mother's assurance that his father's heart had softened towards him of late, he was sorely cast down for long, his life's plans upset.

'I had thought to put all things right at last,' he said to his mother after the funeral.

'Ay, lad,' said the poor woman, softly, 'but God won't let us wipe our own sins out in that way, we must just be sorry for them, and not wonder if they trouble us all our life after. You ought not to have left us so sudden, and poor father there should have

been a bit patient with you, but I doubt not God forgives you, as He has done him we've put in the churchyard this day. It's the best way of putting things right you may be sure, though we don't seem to understand it.' H. A. F.

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

IT was a season of great scarcity in the hill regions of New Hampshire, when a poor woman, who lived in a hut by the woods, had no bread for her family. She was sick, and without friends or money. There was no helper but God, and she betook herself to prayer. She prayed long, she prayed in earnest ; for she believed that He who fed the ravens would feed her.

On rising from her knees one morning, her little barefoot girl opened the door to go out. Something shining on the sill stopped her. The child stooped down, and behold, a silver dollar lay there. She ran and took it to her mother. It really was a new, round, bright, silver dollar. They looked up and down the road ; not a living person was in sight, and neither footsteps nor waggon-wheels were to be heard.

Where did the dollar come from ? Did God send it ? Doubtless it was from His hand ; but how did it get there ? Did it rain down ? No. Did He throw it from the windows of heaven ? No. Did an angel bring it ? No. God often has means for answering prayer without sending special messengers.

'But how did the silver dollar get on the door-sill ?' some boy may ask. It happened that a good young blacksmith was going down to the sea-board in search of work. It was several miles before he could take the stage-coach ; so, instead of going in the waggon which carried his chest, he said he would walk.

'Come, ride,' they said ; 'it will be hot and dusty.' He kept answering, 'No,' to all his friends urged. 'I'll walk, and take a short cut through the pines ;' and off he started with a stout walking-stick. As he was jogging on through a piece of wood, he heard a voice from a little lonely hut by the road-side. It drew his notice, and he stepped towards it on tip-toe ; then he stopped and listened, and found it was the voice of prayer, and he gathered from the prayer that she who offered it was poor, sick, and friendless.

'What can I do to help this poor woman ?' thought the young man. He did not like to go into the hut. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a dollar, the first silver dollar he ever had—and a dollar was a big sum for him to give ;—he was not as rich then as he is now. But no matter, he felt the poor woman must have it. The dollar being silver, and likely to attract notice as soon as the door was opened, he quietly laid it by the door and went away, but not far ; for he hid behind a large rock near the house, to watch what became of it. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing the little girl come out and seize it, and went on his way rejoicing. The silver dollar came into the young man's hand for this very purpose ; for, you see, a paper dollar

might have been blown away : and he was led to walk instead of ride ; why, he did not exactly know ; but God, who directed his steps, did know. So God plan-, and we are instruments to carry on His plans. Oftentimes we seem to be about our own business, when we are about His ; answering, it may be, the prayers of His people.

The young blacksmith is now in middle life ; he has been greatly prospered, and has given away his hundreds since then ; but perhaps he never enjoyed giving, more than when he gave his first silver dollar.

STAUFF, THE DRAGOON.

From the German of Von Aldersberg.

THE Emperor's* eye our ranks did scan,
 'Tell me the name of the right-flank man.'
 And thereupon the answer came,
 'Your Majesty, *Stauff* is his name.'
 With that the Emperor looked at me,
 And 'That's a well-grown fellow,' said he.
 Straight up to me then did he ride,
 'Stauff, now's thy time,' said I aside,
 'Now ask a favour, something great.'
 But not a thing would come into my pate !
 'Where are you from, my son ?' he said.
 'From Böhmen,† then I answer made.
 'Brave fellows those.—a goodly race ;
 And what is the name of your native place ?'
 'Your Majesty, it is Slatova ;
 My father was known near and far
 As the "tall smith," the country o'er,
 I'm taller still by an inch or more.'
 'Enough, my son ; that's plainly seen.'
 He knew thy father himself, I ween ;
 He glanced at my horse, then up at me,
 I drew myself up right soldierly,
 Then he gave me a smile as bright as day,
 And lifted his hat as he rode away.
 I ne'er shall forget it, though ever so old,
 And often, when I am hungry or cold,
 I think how he gave me a smile that day,
 And lifted his hat as he rode away.

Now hear what befell in the Turkish war,
 When we were stationed at Orsovar,
 I was on out-post duty one day
 When a rich old Turk came by that way.
 He stopped some hundred paces from me,
 And held up a gold piece, fair to see ;
 That was to be for me, he meant,
 If I would desert from the regiment.
 'H'm, Stauff,' thought I, 'desert, my lad,
 This life we lead is quite too bad.'
 But other thoughts full quickly came,
 'That was disgraceful. Stauff ! for shame !'
 Then brave and cheerful grew my mood,
 And I looked as fierce as ever I could.
 'Be off,' I cried, 'you rascally Turk !
 Do you think I'll do your dirty work ?
 My Emperor smiled on me, I say,
 And lifted his hat to me one day.'

Ah ! if great princes but knew that,
 How gladly would they lift the hat
 E'en to a soldier plain, like me,
 Though ever so great or grand they be.
 One kindly look from the Sovereign's eyes,
 And the soldier gaily to danger flies.
 One little touch of the cocked hat's brim
 Makes up for all hardships of life to him.

I think the old times o'er and o'er,
 No Emperor Joseph cometh more ;
 Though we should ages here remain
 We ne'er shall see his like again.
 So, comrades, when I hear the call
 That comes at last to one and all,
 Mind and remember when I'm gone,
 To set up on my grave a stone ;
 And on it let the words stand clear,
 'John Stauff of the Dragoons lies here,
 In saddle firm, like horse like man,
 All his equipments spic and span ;
 His sabre kept he always bright,
 And with any Turk was ready to fight.
 His Emperor gave him a smile one day,
 And lifted his hat as he rode away.'

WITHOUT ARMS!

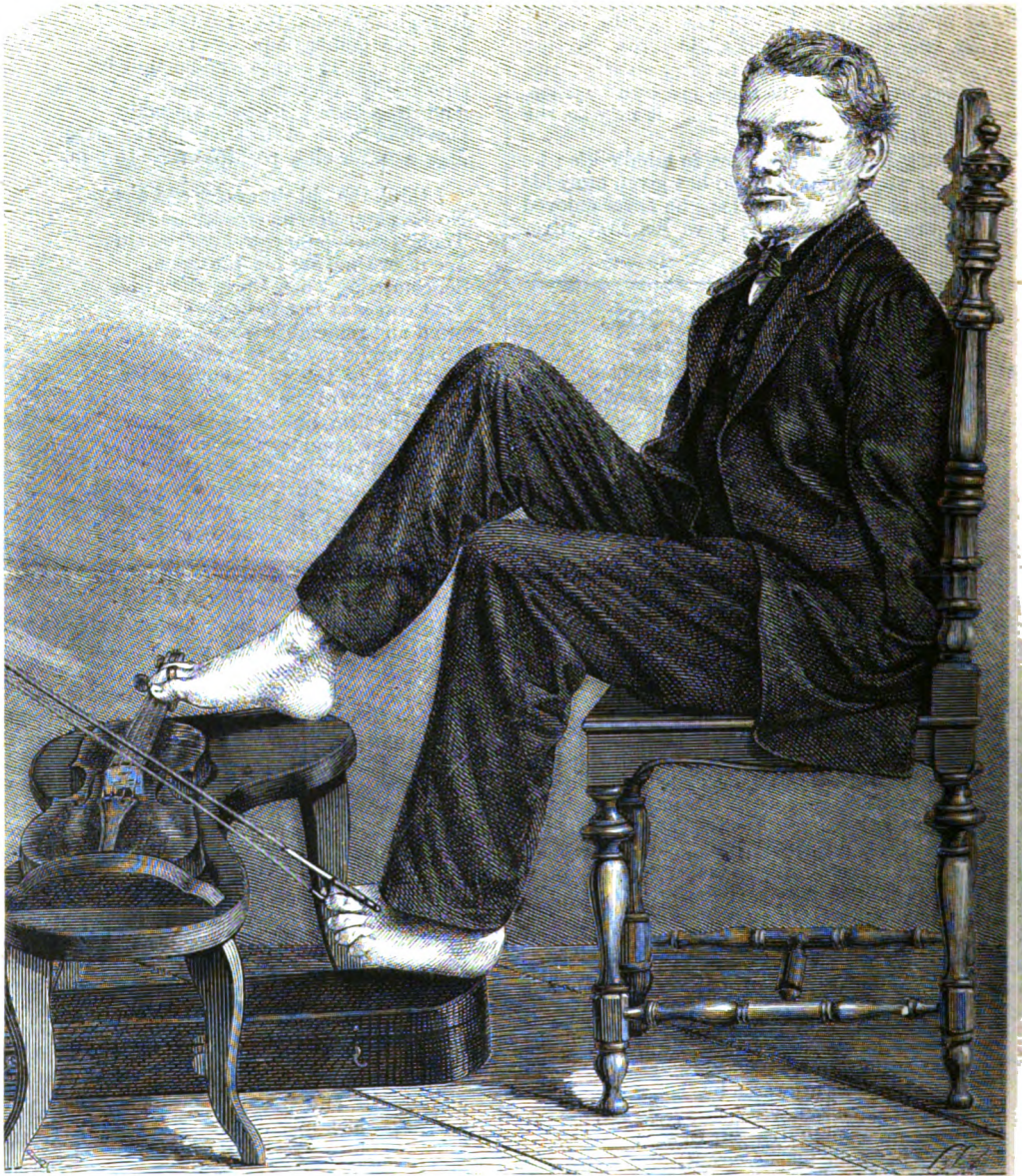
THERE have been people who were able to write, to knit, even to paint, with their toes : but no one ever conceived that a man without arms could become a first-rate performer on the violin. Yet such is the case. Hermann Unthan, the son of a poor village schoolmaster, near Elbing, in Germany, performs with his feet what few could accomplish with their hands. The violin lies on a sort of a footstool which Unthan himself designed, while the young performer sits in an ordinary chair before it. The bow he takes with ease and grace with the first and second toes of the left foot, and presses the strings of the violin with the toes of his right foot.

In this way he executes marvellously pieces of the first composers, many of which require the most rapid performance. He plays, too, with the greatest feeling and taste. As this young man is but twenty years of age, and only began to learn the violin three years ago, he may be regarded as a wonderful genius. But 'the poor fellow, without arms !' we heard a young lady remark about him, 'that must be a pitiful and most unpleasant sight, one I could never look upon.'

She was quite wrong, however. People may well tremble when a man walks along a slender rope balancing himself on it at a dizzy height ; they may well shudder when a keeper enters his cage of wild beasts, strikes them with his whip, and, after exciting their ill temper, puts his head into their mouths ; they may well have a feeling of fear at the sight of rash riders, rope-dancers, and such like ; but our young performer, with his blooming, cheerful face, and intelligent look, will produce no unpleasant impression, but, on the contrary, we are led to consider what wonderful powers are concealed in man, of which he has himself no idea till necessity leads him to seek for, awaken, and culti-

* Joseph II.

† Bohemia.



Violin played with Feet.

vate them. This gives us comforting thoughts for all the trials of life, and shows us how a great disadvantage can by courage, strength, and perseverance become almost a blessing, and a seemingly sad lot be changed into a bright, cheerful one.

Hermann Unthan asks for no pity, he is a perfectly contented young man. He is happy in the thought that he has helped himself, and completely overcome the apparent helplessness with which he came into the world. He does not feel the want of arms,

because he has never possessed any. His legs are his arms, his feet are his hands, his toes are his fingers, and with these he does everything which other men do with arms, hands, and fingers. He can wash and dress himself, comb his hair, as well as feed himself with his feet. This young man is going to travel all through the world to give concerts. We hope he may prosper, for he regularly sends all the money he has over to his poor honest parents at home.

J. F. C.

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Chatterbox.



ASLEEP AND AWAKE.



TITTLE fat Tommy had been playing at working in the garden, in the hot sun—and he went in the tool-house to cool himself and there he fell fast asleep on a bench.

'Snow,' the Spitz dog, also thought the bench would be a pleasant place for a doze, and came and twirled himself round, and put his nose on his paws, and prepared for a nap at Tommy's elbow; but it must have been a nap with one eye open, for after a

few minutes, when the garden-gate opened and a beggarman came in,—in a moment 'Snow' was up and wide awake, and with ears pricked and sniffing nose and keen eyes was examining the man to see whether it was necessary to greet him with a shrill salute of barks, and wake up fat little Tommy at the same time, or whether this was an honest beggar who might be left to find his way to the kitchen-door without hindrance.

It was just when 'Snow' was balancing this question in his mind, or what answer to mind in a wise doggie's breast, that his portrait was taken. You must imagine the beggar for yourself, and indeed his *carte de visite* would not have been such as any one would care to put in their album, and, moreover, he would have spoiled the effect of the contrast in the picture between little fat Tommy so fast asleep and the snowy Spitz so wide awake.

HABICH AND HATTICH;

OR, A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

THERE are two little songsters, well known in the land,

Their names are I-have and O-had-I;

I-have will come tamely, and perch on your hand,

But O-had-I will mock you most sadly.

I-have, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,

But his worth is by far more enduring

Than a thousand O-had-I's, that sit far and high

On roofs and on trees so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,

And sing you 'Be cheery! Be cheery!'

O merrily then will the day glide away,

And sweet shall your sleep be when weary.

But let an O-had-I just once take your eye,

And a longing to catch him once seize you,

He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die—

Life long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,

Now racing, now panting, and creeping,

While far over-head, this sweet bird at his will

With his golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise man who attends to my song,

Will count his I-have a choice treasure,

And where'er an O-had-I comes flying along,

Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE DANISH CHILDREN'S FRIEND.



THE largest and finest square in Copenhagen, which the Danes consider one of the grandest in all Europe, is the Kongens-Nytorv, or king's new market. No less than thirteen streets, the most lively and frequented in this bustling city run into it, round it are stately public buildings and the best hotels. It is the central point, the very heart of the Danish capital, the place to

study the life and manners of the city. And the best spot in it for this is just before Porta's coffee-house or pastry-cook's shop, a lofty building at the corner of one of the principal streets. Here ladies and gentlemen, Danes and foreigners, are sitting on chairs outside, while both ragged girls and boys gaze at them and beg, the latter now and then trying to move their hard hearts by suddenly standing on their heads, or turning round and round like a wheel along the street.

But Porta's establishment is not only remarkable as the place where smart people as well as beggar children congregate, but also in this house lives Hans Christian Andersen, one of the first of Danish poets, and of all Danish writers the best known in foreign lands. He dwells high up in the third story, and his little windows look down upon the bustling market-place.

It is now fifty years ago since, one September morning, he entered Copenhagen, a tall thin boy of fourteen. He came from Odensee, in the island of Fühnen, where his father, who had been a shoemaker, had long since rested in the grave; his own impulse had tempted the boy to undertake the long journey, and he came quite alone, without knowing a soul, to the large, strange city. After many tears and entreaties, his mother had allowed him to go. 'I will become famous,' he said to her; 'a man has first to fight his way bravely through many obstacles, and then he becomes famous.'

A wise woman was consulted, who, after various foolish incantations, prophesied to the mother,—'Your son will become a great man, and Odensee will one day be illuminated in his honour.' And this, in fact, was really fulfilled. Andersen came to Copenhagen in his confirmation coat, which a tailor-woman had cut out of his deceased father's great-coat; he wore his first pair of boots, the tops of which he had drawn over his trousers; and, besides, he possessed nearly ten Danish dollars, a sum which he had been saving up for many years.

He first went to the theatre, the object of his desires and of his dreams. He wished to be an actor. From his earliest years he had made puppets act and read plays, and even composed tragedies himself. With throbbing heart he now approached the great building, looked up at its walls, and regarded it as his home. A ticket-seller noticed him and asked him if he wanted a ticket. Hans Christian was so unacquainted with the world that he thought

the man wished to give him one, and took it with the most profuse expressions of thankfulness. But when the man asked to be paid, Andersen fled away abashed. For to-day he must deny himself the pleasure. Just ten years after, when he was a prosperous literary man, he saw his first piece performed at the same theatre. After many difficulties his most ardent wish was one evening gratified, and he was allowed to appear upon the stage in the operetta of *the Two Little Savoyards*. Till the year 1823, he regularly performed as an actor, when he was suddenly dismissed.

He was now in the greatest need and distress, he saw despair and ruin before him, but noble-minded men took compassion on him, obtained a Government stipend for him, and sent him to the Latin school at Slagelse, where the youth of eighteen strove with indefatigable industry to make up for his neglected education. In September, 1828, he became a student, and a year after passed his examination with much praise and credit. About this time, his first work was printed, *A Journey on Foot to Amuck*, and the before-mentioned piece was performed at the theatre; soon after he published some poems which were also highly spoken of. His literary profits he devoted to a journey to Jutland and Fühnen, and in 1831 he travelled to the north of Germany, where he won the friendship of several German authors of note.

But in spite of all this, his life was a long struggle for daily bread, and he had bravely to fight through many obstacles before he became famous. From 1825 to 1839, he had to support himself solely by his writings; as Denmark is a very small country much fewer books are sold there than in Germany or England, authors are therefore paid much less in proportion for their works. It was difficult for Andersen to make his way,—doubly difficult, because he was obliged to dress as befitted the select society in which he now moved. To be always producing fresh pieces was impossible, so he translated French plays for the theatre. At last fortune began to smile upon him, and since then she has never forsaken him, so that in the story of his life, he even calls himself a 'lucky child.'

The Danish Government, which is distinguished for rewarding and appreciating rising talent, now gave him a considerable pension for life. Thus provided for, he journeyed to Paris and thence to Italy, when he became acquainted with his great fellow-countrymen Thorwaldsen. On his return, in 1833, he wrote the *Improvisatore*. The scene in this story is laid beneath the sunny sky of Italy, and it depicts the life of the people in that country in the truest colours. It is now universally considered to be Andersen's most successful work. The book was read and sold, edition after edition was published; it was translated into the chief languages of Europe, and warmly praised by all critics. Two other novels speedily followed the *Improvisatore*. In all his works, Andersen introduces portions of the story of his own life; in all we find sorrowful and grateful recollections of the patrons and friends of his childhood and youth, this is especially the case in *Only a Fiddler*. The fiddler's mother is his own mother,

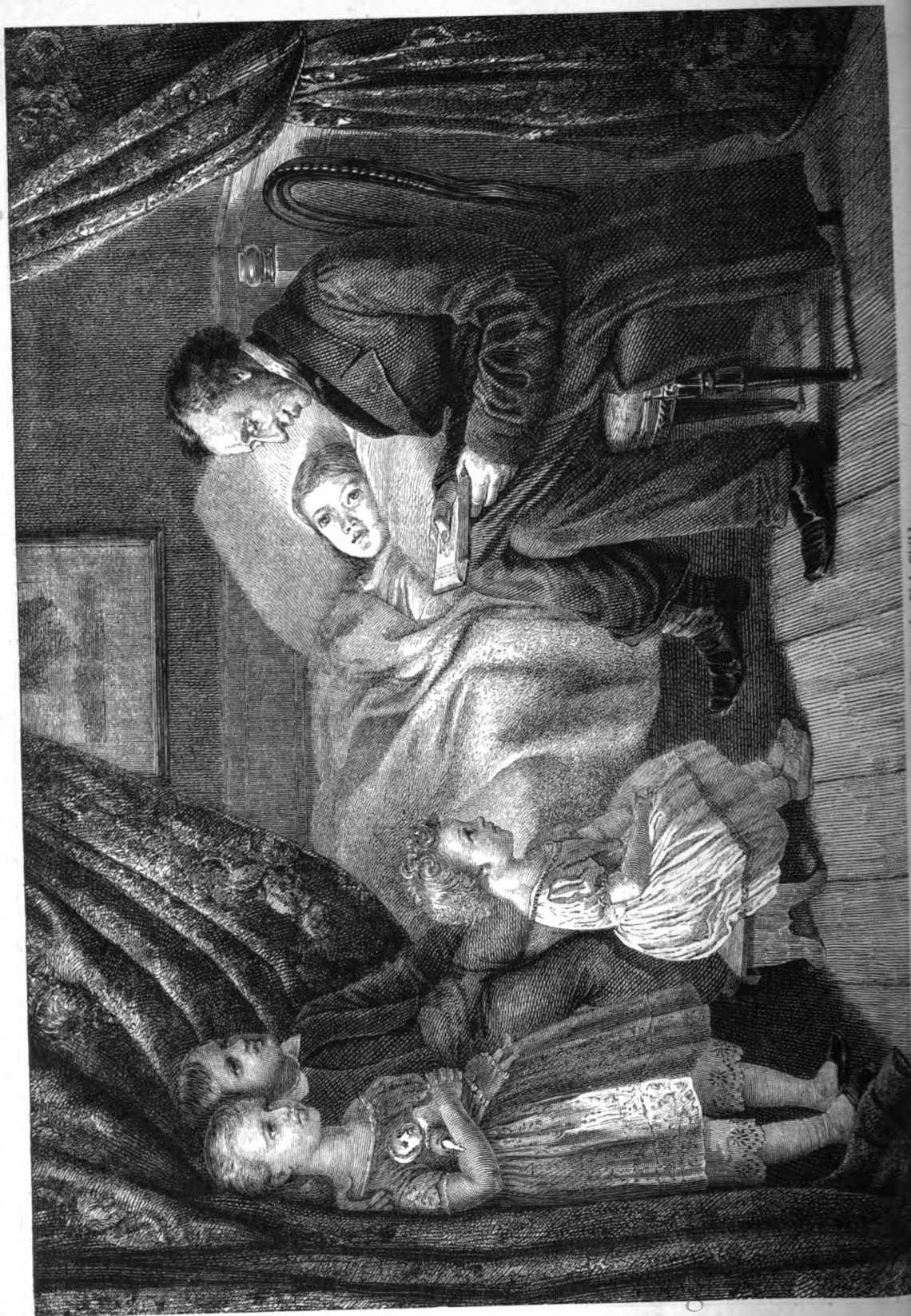
his sufferings and privations are his own too: the garret therein described he himself inhabited when a poor student in Copenhagen; in a word, Andersen himself is the hero, the poor talented fiddler,—this gives the great charm to this book, and was the cause of its immense success. Frederick William IV. of Prussia, admired it so much that he invited its author to his palace at Potsdam, and decorated him with the order of the Red Eagle.

The following true circumstance greatly delighted Andersen:—In Saxony there lived a rich family; the lady of the house read the *Fiddler*, and resolved that if ever during her life a poor child with great musical talents came in her way, she would not allow him to perish miserably as the poor fiddler had done. A musician who had heard of this soon after brought her, not one, but two poor boys, and praised their musical talents. The lady kept her word, received the boys in her house, gave them a good education, and both became excellent musicians.

When, soon after, Christian VIII. considerably raised his pension, Andersen was no longer obliged to write, and was now able to live free from all anxiety. Not completely, indeed, for care and trouble never left the poet, as his heart was too tender and susceptible. With rising fame too, he had many who envied and slandered him, as well as ill-natured critics, and his disposition was so sensitive, that he felt deeply the blame of the most obscure critic. As he confesses himself, his own disposition caused him much pain. 'I possessed a peculiar talent of lingering among the shadows of life, of seeking out for the bitter, of tasting it myself, and tormenting myself with it.'

In order to cure himself of one of his melancholy fits, he started, in October 1840, on a long journey. He travelled to Italy the second time, and thence to Greece, Smyrna, and Constantinople. In 1841, he was back again in Copenhagen, and published his experiences and recollections in that beautiful book, *A Poet's Bazaar*. Since then he has made several long journeys, which have gradually extended over the whole of Europe. In all lands he met with a kind welcome and great hospitality; princes, nobles, celebrities in literature, art, and science, everywhere drew him into their circles, and showed him every flattering testimony of honour and respect. This urged him to further exertions. He entered upon a new field, where he reaped still greater laurels.

As early as 1835, soon after the appearance of the *Improvisatore*, Andersen had published a volume of fairy tales. They were not thought much of; one review lamented that a rising author who could write the *Improvisatore*, should so soon after publish anything so childish as these tales. Many friends tried to dissuade the poet from writing any more, asserting that he had no talent in that line; but Andersen kept to his purpose, he said that these stories constantly crowded up into his mind. In the first volume the stories were principally old ones which he had heard from old women in his childhood, but it concluded with a tale of his own invention, which was the most telling in the book. Next year he published a new volume, and soon after a third, in which the *Little Mermaid* was original.



Andersen reading to the Sick Child.

Interest was awakened by this story, the succeeding volumes were more successful, every Christmas one appeared, and soon no Christmas-tree was considered complete unless Andersen's new volume of stories hung from one of its branches.

These stories and fables won for their author the greatest approbation both in Denmark and in foreign lands. Even men such as the philosophers Humboldt and Schelling sang their praises. Whenever Andersen went people asked him to tell stories, and it was quite easy for him to invent them at the moment. 'Often,' he says, 'in the twilight, when the family circle were sitting in the arbour in the garden, Thorwaldsen would come up gently to me, tap me on the shoulder, and say, "Are we children to have no stories to-day?"' It pleased the great sculptor to hear the same stories over and over again. Often, during his noblest works, he stood with smiling face and listened to the stories of 'The Top and the Ball,' or of 'The Ugly Duckling.'

On his journey through Germany, Andersen gave public and private readings of his stories in that language, which, however, he always finds a difficulty in pronouncing. Kings and princes listened to him with pleasure, and invited him to their courts. Children flocked to hear and see the celebrated Dane who had provided them with so many volumes of charming stories, and Andersen is never happier than when telling his quaint fairy tales to a circle of admiring little ones. Our picture represents the kind-hearted poet sitting by the bed-side of a sick child and helping to wile away the long weary hours of pain and confinement, by reading one of his pretty stories. It is from a painting by Madame Jerichau, a Danish lady, almost as celebrated in art as Andersen is in literature. Andersen's works have found a home in England as well as in Germany, many large volumes of them, admirably illustrated, have been published here; they are now popular with both young and old.

Though Andersen was never married, he leads by no means a lonely life. He is quite at home in many Danish and German families, in which he frequently takes up his quarters, to the great delight of the children of the house, whose best friend and playfellow he is; he tells them stories, reads them fairy tales, and in their company invents new ones.

J. F. C.

THE TWO HERMITS WHO COULD NOT QUARREL.

DWELT together, hermits twain,
Simple men were they—
Part in prayer and part in toil
Spent they every day.
And they loved each other well—
Peaceful was their life—
Never knowing discontent,
Never knowing strife.
Spake one evening brother Paul,
'Surely you and I
Are most ignorant of men !'
'Tell me, brother, why ?'

'All men, save ourselves, I know
Quarrel now and then,
Only we not knowing how,
Still in peace remain.'

'Teach me,' mild spake brother John,
'How to do my part :
I will then, if you so wish,
Try with all my heart.'

'Lo this brick,' said brother Paul,
'Here I place in view,
And you stoutly must maintain
It belongs to you.'

'I shall say that it is mine,
And if both can well
Do our part, there shall arise
Quarrelling in this cell.'

'Now we will begin—I say
"This is mine own brick,"'
'Nay, I'm sure that it is mine,'
Cried the other, quick.

'If 'tis yours,' said brother Paul,
'Take it if you will ;'
Smiling then, they saw that strife
Lay beyond their skill—

Saw that they must be content,
Ever to remain
'Mid the contests of the world
Ignorant old men.

S. B.

THE ZOUAVE'S CAT.

THE soldier is fond of dumb animals : his horse, his dog, his cat, are kindly treated. The greater number of the Zouaves who went to the Crimea took with them their little pet kittens ; and those who have remarked the beautiful breed of cats to be met with in Paris, and the fabulous prices sometimes paid for them, will understand how highly they prize them. One of these men was accompanied throughout the campaign by a little cat, of which he was very fond, and which was much attached to him. The little creature never left him ; it would sit upon his knapsack, and, putting its small delicate head close to his cheek, would wind its bushy, snow-white tail round his neck.

It so happened that at last the Zouave was wounded and fell, but his cat remained faithful to him even in his misfortunes. It sat upon his breast and continued licking his wounds. At length the shades of evening fell, and the poor young Zouave lay there among the dead and dying with no other comforter near but his little cat. Her presence, however, proved the means of his safety. One of the chaplains who was scouring the field of battle in search of some poor soul struggling between life and death, passed near. His eye was caught in the midst of the darkness, by a snow-white object which moved ; and approaching he stooped and, looking attentively at the soldier, perceived that he still breathed. He then tried to remove the cat in order

to examine the wound, but she could not be persuaded to leave her post. Cat and soldier were accordingly borne off together to the hospital, where, although he was confined for a long time, the faithful animal never left the bedside of her master.—*The Quiver*.

STEPHEN'S WORK.

(Continued from page 292.)



'UR Captain isn't dead,' said he, turning his eyes upon the sailor who had spoken to him; 'if you will try and bring him to life again, and ask his pardon, I will be friends, but not otherwise.'

The sailor looked surprised for a moment at the boy's boldness, then with a loud laugh he seized hold of the child with one hand,

and held him over the side of the vessel as he exclaimed, 'Unsay what you have said, or I'll drop you overboard.'

'I can't,' returned Steenie, and he expected the next instant to be flung into the water. But wicked and brutal as the sailor was, he yet had enough of human feeling about him to have a certain sense of admiration of the boy's courage, and he placed him down again on the deck. Not so Jim Turner; no sooner was Steenie within his reach, than he aimed a furious blow at him; but happily his accident had weakened the power of his arm, or else it might even have killed the lad. Seeing that Steenie could be overcome neither by threats nor promises, the men consulted for a minute or two as to what they should do with him. Jim Turner and one or two other men were in favour of throwing him overboard, and sending the body of the captain after him. But most of the sailors who had not meant to proceed to such lengths, and had recoiled a little at the murder of Philip Hall, now declared that they would have no hand in further violence beyond what was necessary for their own preservation, and stuck to their old plan of leaving the captain on the Labrador coast. Tom Harris did all he could to confirm them in this idea, and declared that Steenie would soon come round and change his opinions if left to himself a bit. Jim Turner, however, insisted that he should not be left free, and bound his hands together with a rope, which he took care to tie pretty tightly.

The ship had been making all this time for the Labrador coast, and now were so near that the captain's body was lowered into a boat, and rowed to the shore. The men got out, just laid the Captain out of the reach of the waves, and returned again to the ship. Steenie had watched them in an agony of mind; even the insensible body of Captain Marston had given him a certain feeling of companionship; and he had been trying to comfort himself with the idea that some turn of affairs might enable him to be of use to him after all. Now that last hope seemed taken from him, and for the first time during all that miserable day Steenie hid his face in

his hands, and sobbed bitterly. He was roused presently by a step close to him, and looking up, he saw Tom Harris beside him.

'Here eat this,' said Tom, offering him some food. A sudden thought flashed into Steenie's mind, and he said to Tom,—

'Oh, Tom, do you think you could undo this rope round my hands,' and he showed the deep red mark that it had cut round his wrists.

'Poor little chap,' said Tom pityingly, 'they have been rather hard upon you, I must say.'

Tom felt a good deal more respect for Steenie now than he had ever done before; he could appreciate his courage, though he did not quite understand how any one so small and weak could be so brave. He had not the courage to follow Steenie's example,—he was afraid of the men. Still, at that moment no one was looking at him; and if he did undo the cord that bound poor Steenie's hands together, no one would know that it was he who had done it.

'You won't tell any of the men if I cut your rope?' asked he.

'No, I promise I won't,' answered Steenie.

'Then here goes,' exclaimed Tom, as he cut the rope and freed the poor little prisoner.

Steenie jumped up, stretched out his arms with a delicious sense of recovered freedom, and before Tom knew what he was about, he had jumped overboard, and began swimming away to the shore. Tom was dreadfully frightened at seeing him escape. What would the sailors do to him if they should come to know what he had done! But at that moment they were busily examining the store of spirits, and were too much occupied to notice the sound of the splash which Steenie made in jumping into the water. After thinking a minute or two, Tom threw the rope which had bound Steenie into the water; and when some half-hour later one of the sailors asked what had become of the lad, he replied that he had jumped overboard.

'Ah,' replied the man, who was no other than Jim Turner, 'his hands were well tied together. I bound them myself, and ought to know. If he jumped overboard, he couldn't swim, and by this time he is food for the fishes.'

Tom took care not to undecieve the man, and it was believed in the ship that the poor boy had been drowned.

We must now turn back and follow the fortunes of poor Steenie. The ship was moving rapidly from the shore, when he jumped overboard, and they were already at some little distance from it. Steenie struck out manfully. By this time he was a very fair swimmer, and the tide being in his favour he had the pleasure of seeing the distance between himself and the shore gradually lessening. Still it was hard work breasting the swelling waves; panting for breath as the surf broke over him; fighting as it were with the waters for very life. Once or twice he was so exhausted as to be compelled to turn upon his back and float, and then fearing lest the cold should numb his limbs, he would toil on again towards the land. At last, however, his

strength began to give way; he could no longer keep himself up in the water, and began to sink. He gave himself up for lost, but in this moment of extremest need hope was given him. He saw he was near shore: might it not be shallow enough for him to touch the bottom? He put down his feet and felt the solid ground below. It was now easy for him to wade to shore, and when he was once more upon dry land he looked carefully around to find the spot where the captain had been laid. After some little searching he found his senseless body just where the men had left it, and apparently quite dead. Steenie ran to the spot to see if he could do anything. He untied the handkerchief round his neck, he chafed his hands and his feet to try to bring warmth and life into them, but all to no good. Presently, as he was leaning over the captain's side, he felt something hard in one of his pockets. He put his hand in thinking it might be something useful, and drew forth a small flask of brandy.

'Just the right thing,' thought he, and with some trouble he poured part of it down the captain's throat. In a short time he had the pleasure of seeing him revive a little; his eyes half opened, and he looked vacantly around him. Two or three indistinct murmuring sounds passed through his lips, but though Steenie bent down to hear him the better, he could not understand what was said. Presently Captain Marston's eyes closed again, and he sank back into his stupor.

Still, Steenie now knew that he was alive, and the question was how should he preserve the spark of life that beat so feebly in the captain's breast. Steenie's clothes were completely wet through, but he did not pay much attention to that, he was so occupied in thinking what he could do to help the unfortunate man lying unconscious upon the beach. 'If I could only light a fire perhaps that would warm him and restore him,' thought Steenie. 'I wonder whether I could find any sticks or branches of trees if I went inland?'

Thus musing he scrambled up the side of the low rocky cliff, from the top of which he could see more of the barren and bleak country on the shores of which they had been cast. Casting round his eyes he noticed, about half a mile off what appeared to be a few trees with something beneath them, round and dark, which rather puzzled him as to what it might be. 'Perhaps they may be houses,' thought he. 'I wonder whether anybody lives here?' and he ran as fast as he could towards the trees. With failing limbs he hurried on, till at last he reached the trees he had seen in the distance. They were but poor stunted things, looking as though the cold had been too much for them. Beneath their shelter, however, such as it was, Steenie saw the round dark things which had puzzled him in the distance. On a nearer view he perceived them to be tents made of animals' skins joined together and supported on poles. A few goats were trying to get a meal from the scanty herbage that surrounded the tents, and presently Steenie, taking courage and examining more closely, saw men and women moving about.

Not knowing what else to do he ran up to one of the men, who appeared much surprised at seeing him, and gave vent to several exclamations which Steenie did not understand. At this sound several other persons looked out from their tents, and in another minute the whole population had gathered round Steenie. They were a short, ugly set of people, clothed chiefly in the skins of animals, and they talked in what sounded a harsh language to his ears—for most languages seem harsh to us if we don't understand what they mean. But how was Steenie to make the people understand what he wanted. First he pushed one in the direction of the spot where the poor captain lay, then another, but the people merely stared vacantly or else angrily at him till Steenie didn't know what to do. At last a fresh idea struck him. He pointed to his wet clothes and then towards the sea to show whence he had come. Next he laid himself on the ground as much after the manner of a dead person as possible, and then jumped up and pointed towards the spot where he had left Captain Marston lying.

Some glimmering of the state of the case now seemed to break in upon the men's minds, which encouraged Steenie to imitate the action of carrying some heavy body, and then to hold up two of his fingers to indicate that two of the men must follow him. At last, two of the strangers made signs that they would go with Steenie, while the rest of the people followed at a respectful distance. He was not long in returning to the spot where he had left Captain Marston, and great was his joy when he saw him raised up by two of the men and carried back into one of the tents. Though rude and savage the people were kind-hearted, and seemed touched at the distress of the little boy and his anxiety for the safety of his companion. They stretched the Captain's body on a soft skin laid upon the ground, and administered such simple remedies as they were acquainted with to bring him back to consciousness. Their efforts were not thrown away, the warmth had a reviving effect, and at the end of a quarter of an hour Captain Marston opened his eyes. For a minute they wandered round the tent, evidently trying to make out where he was; but the effort of remembrance was too great in his enfeebled condition, and the eyes soon closed again, and in a few more minutes Steenie rejoiced to hear the regular breathing which told that Captain Marston had fallen asleep.

Now Steenie had time to think of his own discomforts. He was faint for want of food, for he had eaten nothing since the morning; and he was tired out with the exertions and excitement of the day. The woman who seemed mistress in the tent must have had a kindly disposition, for she noticed the worn, weary look of the little boy, and gave him a portion of the fish that she had been cooking for supper, and then pointing out a snug corner of the tent, she told him by signs that he might lie there and rest. Steenie crept and ran gladly into the corner pointed out to him, and soon fell sound asleep.

(Concluded in our next.)



UNBIDDEN GUESTS.

THE picture shows that Geese are not such very silly birds as we are accustomed to call them. They can make a bold attack when anything good

to eat is to be had, and they can frighten one weaker than themselves, as the poor little boy, who is being robbed of his breakfast, finds out to his cost.

Chatterbox.



THE BEGGAR BABY.

PALE and weary, strangely old,
Wan with hunger, parched with cold,
Clothed in rags around it rolled,
Was this poor beggar baby.

Careless travellers going by
Walked around, lest, coming nigh,
They might hear the hungry cry
Of this poor beggar baby.

Rich men passed and thought within,
"Twere well *that* life had never been,
As though misfortune were a sin
For a poor beggar baby.

Only the pauper mother smiled,
Only the mother blessed the child,
And murmured love in accents mild
To that poor beggar baby.

But by-and-bye *that* baby died,
And they buried it (on the pauper's side
Of the yard)—only the mother cried
For that poor beggar baby.


Who used to cling to her lonely breast,
And kiss her cheek ere it sank to rest,
Like a little bird in a happy nest—
Poor little beggar baby.

But, lo! beyond the pauper tomb
A wondrous light stole through the gloom,
And voices rang, 'In Heaven there's room
For that poor beggar baby.'

And then, in garments white and new,
Upward the rank of angels through,
The radiant ransomed spirit flew
Of that poor beggar baby.

STEPHEN'S WORK.

(Concluded from p. 304.)



It was morning when he awoke, and the people in the tent were already astir. His first thought was for Captain Marston, and he sprang up and went to his side. The bustle of people moving about, which had awoke Steenie, had awakened the Captain too. His eyes were open, and were wandering round the tent as they had done the night before; but now they had more intelligence in them, though at the same time their expression was a puzzled one. On perceiving Steenie, he seemed still more surprised, but he recognised him at once, and asked for an account of what had happened. So in a few short words Steenie told him what had taken place after he lost consciousness the day before.

'The people here are kind,' said Steenie, 'and they will let you lie here till you get better, I think.

I will go and ask them if they will give us something to eat.'

He succeeded in getting some more fish from the woman who had been kind to him the night before; and when he had eaten some of this, Captain Marston said he felt much better, though still too weak to walk about. The people, amongst whom they had fallen, were a part of a tribe of Esquimaux, who lived principally by their fishing. For the most part they were very ignorant, but a missionary station had been established in a district some miles to the north; and the missionaries had even penetrated to this very settlement where Steenie and Captain Marston had taken refuge. Owing to their teaching, and to the many kindnesses that the missionaries had shown them, these Esquimaux were friendly to the white people, and one or two of them could even speak a little English. These had been away fishing on the previous evening, at the time of Steenie's arrival, but that morning they had returned to the tents, and were willing to do all they could to help the strangers. They told Captain Marston that their harbour was well known to several of the fishing-boats, one of which would very likely touch there in a day or two, and then they might easily get a passage to Newfoundland. This happened sooner than had been expected, for on the very next day one of the Esquimaux rushed into the tent to announce that a ship had arrived. Some of the sailors had already come ashore by the time Captain Marston reached the harbour, and to his great delight he saw they were English. The captain of the vessel treated him very kindly when he had heard his tale, and said he was about to return to England, and would give him a passage home. They had only stopped to do a little traffic with the Esquimaux, and supply themselves with fresh water, as their stock had run short, and would sail off again on the morrow. Steenie felt very glad to hear this, when the Captain came back and told him the good news. He was pleased to think that he could now rest a little in comfort, for he began to feel ill himself. The truth was, that he had caught a violent cold, from the shock of jumping into the water, and keeping on his wet clothes for such a long time afterwards; and by the next afternoon, when the ship was ready to start poor Steenie was suffering from rheumatic fever.

Captain Marston carried him on board, and tended him as carefully as if he had been his own child. He owed his life to Steenie, and no trouble was too great for the sake of the little boy who had so stood by him in his hour of need. But for all his tenderness and care little Steenie suffered greatly; each time he stirred he felt an agonizing pain in all his limbs, the fever parched and consumed him, and when at night the men went to their rest, Steenie, instead of getting the sweet sleep he had hitherto enjoyed, raved with the delirium of fever. Sometimes he fancied he was on board his old ship again, and felt himself in the grasp of the sailor suspended over the ship's side. At other times he thought himself once more in his old home at his mother's side, and he would talk of the little twins, and of

the baby of his dear sister Rosa, and his playmate Henry. The men in the ship were very kind. Captain Marston had told them the boy's history, and they could not help being touched at the little fellow's courage and devotion. But, though well-meaning, they had but little skill in sickness, and could not do much for the poor boy. Still Steenie did not die; he struggled on through his fever, and at last it gradually left him. But yet he did not get well and strong again. They all wondered why he was still so weak when once his illness seemed gone. The truth was that, though the fever had left him, the rheumatism had affected his heart, so that he never would be well again. Even when the ship reached the port, and they once more arrived in England, he was too weak to walk on shore. He was lying quietly in the cabin when the time came to leave the ship; he knew they had been in the harbour for some time, and was wondering to himself how he should ever be able to reach his home. Just then Captain Marston entered, and said,—

'Now, Steenie, you must tell me exactly where you live. I know the name of your town, but I don't know the street or the number.'

'It's Number 6 Milford Street,' replied Steenie, adding, with a sigh, 'it's a very long way from here.'

'Come, Steenie, keep up your courage, I think we shall be able to get there this evening.'

'We,' returned Steenie; 'are you going there? do you live there?'

'I don't live there, but I am going there,' said Captain Marston, 'and so I can take care of you. Charlie Smith says he will carry you across to the station; it isn't very far off, and then we can make you comfortable in the train.'

Captain Marston wanted to return home as quickly as possible to see his wife and children, but still he could not bear the thought of leaving Steenie till he had seen him safe under his mother's care, so he had decided that the first thing he must do on his arrival would be to take the little boy back to his home. It was not long before Steenie found himself comfortably settled in the railway carriage, and before nightfall he had reached his native town. How well he remembered the streets as he drove through them towards his mother's house, how different were his feelings now to those with which he had started some ten months before!

Mrs. Lee expected her son, as Captain Marston had sent her a message by telegraph to say that he was ill, and that he was coming home that evening. She was sitting in her little room with Rosa and the children, Henry had not yet come home from his work. Mother and daughter were thinking of the absent one, every now and then they would make some remark about him, not mentioning his name perhaps, as each understood so well who was in the other's thoughts. Presently the unusual sound of a cab was heard in the little court.

'There he is,' exclaimed Mrs. Lee, starting up.

'Oh! mother, he would never come in a cab,' said Rosa.

But the mother was not deceived, a slight bustle was heard outside, and almost before Mrs. Lee could open the door Captain Marston appeared carrying

the slight, wasted form of little Steenie. Poor Mrs. Lee was shocked at seeing her son so ill, yet even this was almost forgotten in the joy of seeing him again, and hearing from his captain how nobly he had done his work. Captain Marston did not leave till he had given them an account of Steenie's conduct, and before saying good-bye he told them where he lived, and promised to come and see them again soon.

Then Steenie was left with his mother. She laid him on their one bed, and kneeling down at his side, gazed at him with a long, searching gaze. What was it that she saw that seemed to make her heart almost cease to beat? Her child had come home to her—but he had come home to die.

Yet now was not the time to indulge in mourning or in tears, and the poor widow rose up to see what she could do for the comfort of her son. But Steenie did not want to have much done for him, he was content to lie on his bed and watch his mother move about the room, happy if now and then she could spare a few minutes to sit by his side and hold his little wasted hand in hers. At times when he got rather better, Rosa would come and read a few verses to him, or Henry would come and tell him about what he had been doing, and amuse him with his talk. While Steenie in return would relate what he could of his ship-life, in which they were all much interested. He had told his mother all about Tom Harris, for he often thought of his old companion. 'He will be sure to come here, mother, when he returns to England, he doesn't live very far off, and I feel sure he will come to see me. Perhaps I shan't be here, though; and, mother, I have a little bit of work to do. Will you reach me down my Bible?'

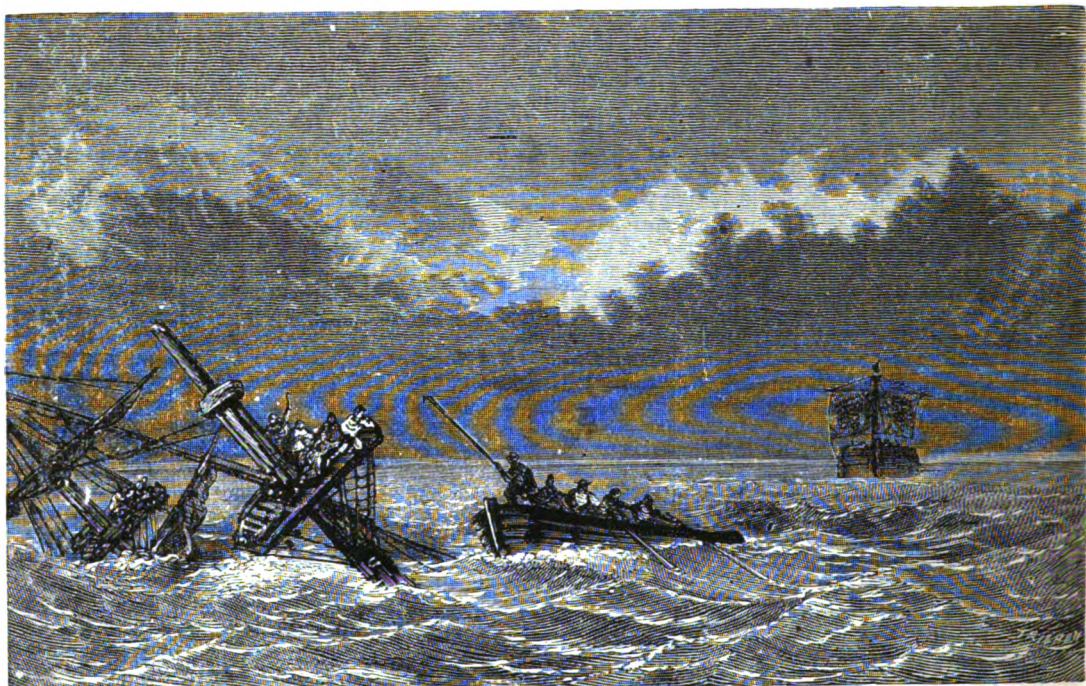
Mrs. Lee gave him the little Bible that he had kept through all his trials; the Bible that had been his guide and his strength. With some difficulty, for he was now so weak that the least motion was a trouble, Steenie wrapped up the book in a piece of brown paper and tied it round with a string. Next he asked for a pen, and in feeble characters, he wrote outside, 'Tom Harris; from Steenie.'

'Here, mother,' he said, when he had finished his task, and was leaning back exhausted on his pillow, 'Here, mother, I have finished my work, though not well, and I am going to sleep.'

Mrs. Lee took the book and put it away, and then busied herself about some other little matters. After a short time she went again to Steenie's bedside, to see if her little boy was resting. He was lying calmly on the bed, with a happy, peaceful look upon his face; but a change had come over him since his mother had last stood beside him; truly he had fallen asleep—into that long sleep, from which he was never more to wake in this world: little Steenie was dead.

I will not stop to tell you about his mother's sorrow, or of the grief of his brothers and sisters; our story does not concern them, it is about Steenie's work I wished to tell you, and with the end of his work my tale must end too.

But I have not yet quite finished telling you about



that work. The little Bible that he had directed for Tom Harris remained for a long time on the shelf where his mother had placed it. About a year after Steenie's death, Mr. Lee was one day surprised by a visit from a tall lad in sailor's dress who asked after Stephen Lee. In some surprise the poor woman answered that Stephen had died a year ago; but what was her astonishment to see her visitor hide his face with his hands to conceal his grief at hearing this news!

Then it came into the widow's mind that this might be the Tom Harris of whom her boy had said so much. Reaching the Bible from its shelf she showed him the writing on the cover, and asked, 'Is that your name?'

Tom, for it was really he, immediately said it was, and then on each side there were a great many questions to be asked and answers to be given.

Tom told how, after the Captain and Steenie had left the ship, the men had taken to drinking and quarrelling, and how, at last, the ship had been wrecked and the crew drowned, except Tom himself, and two or three other sailors who had managed to hold on to a mast till they were picked up by another ship.

On coming to England he had made his way to Steenie's home, for he had no friends of his own, and his heart had yearned a'ter his little companion. Mrs. Lee then gave him Captain Marston's address and advised him to go and ask his forgiveness for his bad conduct on board the ship. At first he was unwilling to do this, but consented at last, when Mrs. Lee told him that Steenie had hoped he would

do so as soon as he came to England. Captain Marston was a just man; he knew that Tom had been frightened into what was wrong by the other sailors, and as he had been very young at the time and appeared truly sorry for his faults, he procured his pardon and also helped him to find another ship.

Little more remains to be told. The good that had been wrought in Tom through little Steenie's means was not allowed to be stifled. He grew up to be a brave, God-fearing man. When he came back from his voyages he always went to Steenie's house, and became almost as a son to Steenie's mother. Sometimes, also, Captain Marston would come and visit them; and then the three would talk together of the lost one who was so dear to them all. And when Tom, in after life, was asked by old companions what had changed him so, he would answer by God's grace it is Stephen Lee's work. Little Steenie might truly say he had done his work, though he little knew at the time of the depth of meaning that lay in his words. Never in this life was he conscious that his brave example of following Christ had brought Tom Harris to know and serve the same Master; yet none the less did Stephen do his work, and may we all do ours in like manner.

WE must never undervalue any person. The workman loves not his work should it be despised in his presence. Now God is present everywhere, and every person is His work — *De Salis*.

THE GRATEFUL SWALLOW AND THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A STORY OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

From the German by J. F. Cobb, Esq.



AVENERABLE old man was sitting on a mossy bank in his garden. He held a little boy on his knees, three other children sat at his feet round the bank waiting to have a story which had been promised to them.

'Be kind to animals,' said the grandfather to his little grandchildren, 'they are grateful for the kindness which is shown to them, and often become our best friends. The proof of this you will find in what I am now going to tell you.' I was five years old, the same age as my

little Paul, who is now sitting on my lap and listening so attentively to me. One evening I was playing in the garden near my father's house when a swallow fell bleeding at my feet. A naughty, unkind boy, our neighbour, was exercising his skill in the cruel pleasure of shooting at swallows when on the wing, and had wounded this one. I lifted up the poor bird, and covering it with kisses, hastened home to my mother. She helped me to prepare a nest of moss and wool in which I placed the sick swallow, and then laid a piece of flannel over it to protect it from the cold. Next day I got up at the earliest dawn, I could not rest till I knew whether the swallow was still alive. Imagine my joy! when, as I uncovered the nest, it looked up at me with a most loving expression. I offered it some bread, but it would not take any. My mother told me then, that swallows live on insects. I got some flies which the sick bird took out of my fingers. How happy I was! When the sun shone I carried the nest into the garden and put it on a window-ledge. Suddenly I perceived another swallow which flew up to the nest uttering notes of tenderness. This was the male bird who had found his companion again, and was thus showing his grief and his joy. Young as I was, I was moved by this sight. I called my father and mother, who looked with me on this touching scene. When I approached, the male bird flew away and took refuge in a nest which was built in the corner of one of the windows of the house. When the wounded swallow saw her companion fly away she raised a piteous cry which excited my father's compassion so much, that he put the moss nest in an open cage, which he fastened on to the balcony of the window. We soon saw then how the male bird flew off and then came back bringing flies to his wounded partner. He quickly flew away again to seek food for the young ones, whose pretty little heads peeped out through the opening in the nest. My father told me that the poor bird would soon die of fatigue, if it had to provide food for both its partner and its young ones, so I again set to work to catch flies. I

took them to the invalid swallow. My mother often lifted me up, and then I gave them to the young ones as well. The male bird would then fly round me as if he wished to thank me for my kindness.

In the evening we covered up the cage and the flannel protected the bird from the cold night air. Thus several days passed away. Meanwhile the young birds had grown up and got all their feathers. One morning their father no longer brought them any food, but flying round and round the window seemed to invite them to follow him. At last one of them took courage, came to the edge of the nest, and looked round on all sides; after hesitating for a long time, it raised its wings and rose into the air. Another followed it, then a third, then a fourth, then, finally, the last flew out, so that now all five had left the nest. The father fluttered around them as if to praise them for their courage and skill, and brought them a beak full of food up in the air. At this moment the wounded swallow came out of the cage and attempted to fly too, in company with her little family; but unable to do so, on account of her wing not being sufficiently healed, she fell down in the court yard. I quickly raised her up, and with the help of my mother placed her in the nest which the young birds had just left. The male bird and I continued to feed her for several days.

When I stretched out my hand towards the opening of the nest, she came out and perched upon it. She appeared to like being caressed by me and my mother. The male bird never ceased thanking us as he flew and chirped around.

You know, children, that the swallows leave us in October, for they live on insects of which there are none with us at the end of autumn, and in winter they would starve if they remained here. Moreover, these birds require light, and the short and gloomy days of the cold dreary season of the year do not suit them. So they all assemble together and then fly off to warmer and brighter regions. When the time for their departure approaches, the swallows meet on the house roofs, and appear to be consulting together, then they soar up in the air, while every now and then they turn round again as if they wished to impress the place firmly on their memory and be certain of the direction which they would have to take when they make the journey back again.

At this time my pet swallow would often leave the noisy meetings of her companions, perch herself near me and seem divided between the pain of leaving me and the desire to follow her friends. I was very sorry too, and would gladly have kept her back, but my father would not allow me. At last one day all the swallows flew away together, and we did not see them again. My heart was sad that whole morning, and in the afternoon my grief became still greater.

My father had gone into the town, and my mother, being obliged to go to the Castle, had left me alone. I felt as if I was forsaken by the whole world. I began to cry. Every now and then I opened the garden door, to see if my mother was coming home. The last time I did so a carriage was passing along the road. It was driven by a woman who was sitting

on the box. By her side sat a strangely dressed man who carried a monkey on his shoulder. The man got down and stood before me, the monkey jumped to the ground, and with a stick which he threw up over his head and then caught in both paws, he performed all sorts of antics which very much amused me.

'I have got another monkey which is much smaller and drollier than this one,' said the man. 'Come, my child, I will show him to you.'

With these words he took me up in his arms and carried me to the carriage, which was just like a little house rolling upon wheels. He opened a door, pushed me into a kind of closet and the carriage at once drove rapidly onwards. I began to scream and to cry, but the man threatened to beat me if I was not quiet directly. I continued to weep, and called for my mother, but I did not dare to cry aloud, for this wicked man had taken up a whip to beat me. At last he went out of the closet, after he had told me that he would kill me if I was not quiet. In this same closet was a little girl who might be about three years old. When she heard me sobbing, she came up to me and took me by the hand. The sight of her comforted me a little. There was a dog there, too, whining in an under tone. They had put a muzzle on him to prevent him from barking. I went up to him and caressed him; as the muzzle seemed to pain him I took it away. Then he licked my hands. The little girl petted him too, for which he showed every mark of gratitude.

Meanwhile night had come on and the caravan still rolled onwards. My heart grew heavier every moment, and I called sobbing for my mother. The woman now came in and ordered me to be silent. She spread out a blanket upon which she laid down the little girl and myself, and then she covered us over with a sheet. I did not sleep. I still felt that the caravan was rolling on further. With the exception of a few halts to rest the horse, we went on, both on the next and the following day. At last on the third day, we stopped at a public-house. The little girl and I slept on the blanket in the same room with the mountebank and his wife. Thus we were never separated from them. The next day the man gave me my first lesson, and taught me a few tricks and gymnastic performances. If I could not do what he required he beat me unmercifully. The little girl was already very clever, she was accustomed to perform in the public streets, during which time I was locked up either in the public-house or in the caravan. The mountebank ordered me to call him 'papa' and his wife 'mamma,' as the little girl did.

But however much he beat me he could not make me do this. I felt myself so unhappy with this man who treated me so cruelly. His wife would have been kind enough to me, but she dared not speak a word in my favour.

But Mimi, the little girl, he never beat, and yet she was not his daughter. She was like me, a stolen child. But she was so clever and so gentle that she would have softened even a tiger. As to the dog, he often kicked him, but Mimi and I tried to make it up to the poor animal by our caresses.

He loved us as greatly as we did him. During the day he was tied up inside the caravan, and at night underneath it. As he was a stolen dog the mountebank was afraid lest he might run away and return to his old master as soon as he was free. I am quite sure that Rustand would not have done so, because he was so fond of Mimi and me.

It was a long time before I appeared in public. When this happened we were no longer in France, but in Italy. As we remained in that country three years I had time to learn the language. I was next entrusted with carrying the little monkey and making him perform his antics. Afterwards I had to perform all kinds of gymnastic tricks.

(To be continued.)

THE PURSE OF GOLD.

SARAH GOODWIN was the name of a poor seamstress, living in a large city. She was not wholly friendless; but those whom she knew, and who would have aided her in her struggles, were very poor, and could not. So she, a widow with four boys from the ages of four to nine years, struggled through winter's cold and summer's heat, providing her little family with bread: and that was all. Her boys were good children, always in their home after nightfall, and giving their mother every halfpenny of their little earnings, as often as they found work to do. At last the mother fell sick, and through a weary illness she had no other attendance save the occasional help of a neighbour and the constant aid of her poor little boys. It was touching to behold their kind ways and to hear their gentle words. Everybody said that they would be blessed in coming years for their thoughtful love.

The widow recovered; but it was now the middle of a bitter winter, and their little stock of fuel was nearly gone. As soon as her strength permitted, she walked through the cold of a cheerless day to the shop of her employer, and told his manager her sad story. But he said it was hard times; her illness had made room for others as badly off as herself, and they had not one stitch of work to give her. With a sinking heart, but praying, to keep her courage up, the poor woman toiled on from shop to shop, until it became late; and, what with tears and the darkness, she could hardly see her way home.

'If Mr. Hart had himself been there,' she said to herself, drawing her scanty shawl more closely about her, 'I know he would have given me work.'

As she whispered thus through her chattering teeth, a tall gentleman passed by her, and as he did so, something fell to the ground and lay upon the crusted snow. Sarah paused; she had heard the noise made by the little packet, and a strange feeling led her to search for it. Oh! joy, it was a purse, heavy and filled to the brim; yellow and shining lay the gold within, as she carried it towards a lighted window.

'My poor boys, they shall want food no more!' she cried: 'this is gold! I think that God must have put it in my way, for He saw I was in despair.'

Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the thought occurred to Sarah, that not one halfpenny of the

treasure was honestly hers. But a moment she lingered, pressing the money with her numbed fingers, the sorrowful tears chasing down her thin cheeks; then, starting forward to find the owner of the purse she walked hurriedly up the street, fearful that the temptation, should she arrive at her poor room and see her hungry children, might prove too strong for her honesty.

Opposite a great hotel, as she stood thinking which way to take, she saw the stranger enter. She knew him by the long hair which curled to his shoulders, and, timidly crossing the street, she made her way into the hall, and there, bewildered by the light, she knew not what to say, till twice asked by a servant what she wanted. Of course, she could do no more than describe the stranger by his tall stature and flowing hair. But he had already gone out again: she must call on the morrow, they said, and ask for Mr. Ashcraft.

The next morning, having eaten nothing,—for she could not touch a farthing of the money,—she was admitted into the room where sat the stranger. He arose as she entered, and gazed with a curious air till she presented the purse. Then he started with pleased surprise, laid down his paper, took the gold and counted it over.

'It is all safe,' he said, 'you have not taken—'

'Not one piece, sir,' she cried, eagerly, trembling as she spoke.

'You seem poor,' remarked the stranger.

'I am poor,' she replied.

'Got a family, I suppose?'

'Four little boys, sir; I am a widow.'

'So I suppose; that's the old story.'

'Ask Mr. Hart, the tailor,' cried the widow, stepping forward a little; 'he knows me well; he knows that though I am poor I am honest.'

A bright red spot burned on her cheeks as she spoke, and she forced back the tears.

'Now confess,' said the stranger, rising and walking to and fro before the fire, 'tell me, did you not expect a large reward for this?'

'I did think, perhaps—' and she turned with quivering lips to the door.

'Stop, stop!' cried the stranger; 'you know you would never have returned the purse had you not expected to be well paid for it.'

'Sir!' said the widow, her voice rising beyond its usual tone, and her thin form erect.

The stranger paused, holding the purse in his hand; then drawing forth a small coin, he offered it to her.

For a moment she drew back; but then remembering that her poor boys were hungry at home, and in bed because there was no fire, she burst into tears as she took it, saying, 'This will buy bread for my poor children,' and hurrying away, she buried the bitterness of that morning in her own heart.

It was four o'clock on the same day: Sarah Goodwin sat by a scanty fire, busy in sewing patches on the poor clothes of her four boys.

'Run to the door, Jimmy,' she said to the eldest, as a loud knock was heard.

'Oh, mother!' the boy cried, returning, 'a big bundle for us! What is it? What can it be?'

'Work for me, perhaps,' said the widow, untying the large package, when suddenly there came to light four suits of grey clothes, with four neat black shining caps. Almost overcome with wonder, the widow fell on her knees, her eyes fixed on the words, 'A present for the fatherless;' while the boys, laying hold of their suits of clothes, jumped about the floor shouting with glee.

'What's in the pocket, here? what's in the pocket?' cried Jimmy, thrusting his hand into that place, when, lo! out came the very purse the widow had returned that morning, with five pieces of gold still in it!

A scene of joyous confusion followed, and the voice of prayer ascended from Sarah Goodwin's full heart. Again and again she looked at the glittering treasure. It seemed a fortune to her. How her heart ran over with gratitude to God and the stranger!

She could not rest till she ran back to the hotel to pour forth her thanks.

A carriage stood at the door laden with trunks behind. The driver mounted the seat as she reached the steps, and in the carriage sat the stranger. She had not time to speak; but he nodded his head, as he saw her. Sarah never met the stranger again. She took a little shop and stocked it well, and put her boys to school. Now she is the owner of a respectable shop, and her four boys are all doing well in the world.



COLUMBUS IN PRISON.

HERE is, perhaps, no life so interesting as that of Columbus, the brave, bold, persevering hero who, in face of countless obstacles and every kind of opposition, discovered the New World. Washington Irving has beautifully related the story of Columbus' voyages, discoveries, successes, and sufferings. Of the latter he had a very large share, for, notwithstanding all he had done for Spain in winning territory, gold and treasure for its sovereign, he was treated with most base ingratitude. Once, when he was quite an old man, a royal commissioner named Bobadilla was sent out to Hispaniola, who put the great discoverer in irons and confined him in a fortress. When the irons were brought every one shrank from the task of putting them on him, either from a sentiment of compassion at so great a reverse of fortune or out of habitual reverence for his person. To fill the measure of ingratitude meted out to him, it was one of his own domestics, a graceless and shameless cook, who riveted the fetters. Columbus behaved nobly under the injuries heaped upon him. There is a noble scorn which supports the heart and silences the tongue of the truly great when enduring the insults of the unworthy. Columbus looked beyond the paltry agent and his petty tyranny to the Sovereigns who had employed him, and he felt assured that when the matter came to be known, they would blush to find how greatly they had wronged him. However he was confined in a dun-



geon for some time, and then sent in chains to Spain where he was speedily liberated on an appeal to the Queen.

Though he made several voyages after this, he had more trials to endure, and at last died in Spain in poverty and distress. He died, too, in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. He entertained the idea that he had only opened a new way to the old resorts of commerce and discovered some of the wild regions of the East. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind

could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his spirit have been consoled in the afflictions of age, in poverty, neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have foreseen the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations which were to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity.

J. F. C.

Chatterbox.



The Raven, from *Life* by F. W. Kny

A RAVEN CHATTERBOX.

PRUSSIA is a country where people in office often think a great deal of their personal dignity, and are easily offended. There are, too, severe laws to check the free speaking of the newspapers.

One day an inspector of taxes, weights, and measures, was holding a court in the inn of a small town. The people of the house had a tame raven which they had taught to speak; several of the words which the bird had learned from his master, were not the most polite. When the pompous inspector was delivering his address to a crowded room, the raven, who was a sad chatterbox, continually made remarks between his sentences, — very rude and improper were his words, such as 'old blockhead,' 'rogue,' 'donkey.' He screamed them out too, in such a way that not only the civilians, but the soldiers too, could not help laughing, which is quite contrary to Prussian military discipline.

This circumstance was reported to the newspaper of the town, and thus became public throughout the country. Immediately the editor of the paper was prosecuted for insulting a Prussian official. He appeared before the court and pleaded that he thought the honour of a Prussian inspector stood too high to be damaged by the silly speeches of a badly educated raven. But this defence was of no use, for the court condemned the editor to pay a fine of fifteen dollars. J. F. C.

THE GRATEFUL SWALLOW AND THE FAITHFUL DOG.

(Continued from page 310.)



VERY often thought of trying to escape. But whither should I turn to flee? Neither could I have done so without showing an unkind heart by forsaking Mimi. Moreover, I always silently hoped that God, to whom we never forgot to pray morning and evening, would one day deliver us out of the hands of this wicked man. Thus I had been about three years with the mountebank. We had gone all through Italy, Mimi and I were much to be pitied, but our mutual friendship and the caresses and devotion of the good Rustand helped us to bear our sorrow. As I got on well in my public performances my master did not beat me quite so severely as at first. I remember, however, one occasion upon which he gave full vent to the violence of his temper. In Taranto, a city at the extreme end of Italy, while I was giving a public performance in the streets, I saw some children catching and killing swallows at the top of a tower. For this they used a feather in which a hook was concealed, and tied to a string. Whether in their rapid flight the swallows took the feather for an insect or seized it to carry it to their nests, yet so it was that the swallows opened their beaks and were caught by the hook. The children then drew the string and I saw how the poor birds

after a short and fruitless defence were strangled by their cruel enemies. This scene so absorbed my attention that I did not know what I was doing. I left out the best part of my performance. The mountebank rushed furiously upon me and beat me openly before all the spectators.

From Italy we sailed to Egypt. One day in Alexandria, my master, after a public performance had gone into a coffee-house, as he frequently did. It was terribly hot. Instead of remaining in the open space in the full heat of the sun, I took refuge with Mimi in a mosque, the building where the people of that country worship and read the laws of their false prophet Mahomet.

The people there, after we had, according to the Eastern custom, taken off our shoes, let us sit down on the matting with which the floor of the mosque was covered. I was delighted when I saw some swallows' nests in the roof of the building. These birds, who in that country are never molested, were busily engaged in bringing food to their young.

At the moment when I was pointing with my hand to show the nests to Mimi, one of the swallows raised a loud cry, flew round me and settled down upon my hand. I at once recognised the swallow whom I had formerly saved. I kissed it, laughed, wept, and was beside myself with delight.

An old Mussulman who was praying a few steps distant from us, got up amazed, and came towards us. He said a few words to me in his own language. I answered him in Italian that I was a foreigner and did not understand his language. Fortunately the old man understood Italian. I told him how, many years before, I had saved the life of a swallow whose nest was in the window of my father's house. He replied that he should like to see my father. Then I burst into tears and told the good old Mussulman that an evil man had stolen me and treated me like a slave. The venerable Turk was indignant. Just at that moment the mountebank entered the mosque and called us. I threw myself at the good old man's feet and implored him to save us. Mimi did the same. The Mussulman told our master that he had taken us under his protection, and would lead us to his house.

The mountebank seized me by the arm and was about to drag me off by force, but the Mussulman and the guardian of the mosque prevented him. They laid hold of the mountebank and brought him before the *cadi* or judge, whose court, as is customary in Mahometan lands, adjoined the mosque. The *cadi* asked me several questions, and I told my story over again. Mimi also related what she knew. The good old man served as an interpreter, translating all we said to the *cadi*. The latter, after he had from a corner of the mosque watched and satisfied himself that the swallow came at my call, and was thus confirmed in the truth of my statements ordered that the mountebank should receive fifty strokes of the *bastinado* on the soles of his feet. As the old Mussulman had promised to provide a refuge for Mimi and me, he now led us to his home. I entreated that we might be allowed to take Rustand with us, and when he heard that the dog had been stolen by the mountebank, he consented.

The execution of the sentence was to be performed in the public square. The old man asked me if I should like to be present at it. I entreated him, on the contrary, to take us away with him in order that we might not see the punishment, and that I was sorry it was to be so severe. He praised my kind heart, and said 'he loved me all the more, because nothing was more pleasing to God than the forgiveness of injuries.'

The good Mussulman now took us to his house. He treated us as if we were his own children, and begged us to live with him always. But I eagerly desired to return to France in order that I might meet my parents again.

The old man did not try to repress this feeling, but was the rather inclined to help me in my search, but I did not know the name of the village in which I was born, nor even the names of my parents, and as France is a large country, containing not less than 40,000 villages, there did not seem much hope of my finding my home. At last the good old man said, 'I once had some trade with France; I had a worthy honest friend in business at Marseilles, I will recommend you to him. Perhaps there you will obtain some means of finding out your family. But if your search should be fruitless, remember that there is a man in Egypt who will always think himself happy to call you his children. Come and knock at his door. Your return will be a joy to his heart.'

A few days later he took us on board a ship which was about to sail for France. He paid our fare and commended us to the protection of the captain. He gave me a well-filled purse and a letter to his friend at Marseilles. We thanked the good Mussulman from the bottom of our hearts, and parted from him with many tears. Over and over again he pressed our hands to his heart, and called down the blessing of Heaven upon us. And when he remarked how Rustand looked up at him, and by his whining and drooping tail wished to show what pain the parting gave him he stroked him, and gave a sailor a gold piece to take good care of him.

Our passage was a prosperous one. When we reached Marseilles we inquired for the residence of the merchant to whom we had the letter of introduction. We were told that he had left the town two years before, and had removed his business to Paris.

The merchant who now occupied his house looked at our letter, and when he learned how unfortunate we were, he received us kindly and kept us with him a few days. Then he advised us to go to Paris. A young man who was desirous of obtaining a situation as clerk in a manufactory at Lyons, would accompany us thus far, and one of his friends in Lyons to whom he would write, would provide us with the means of reaching Paris.

There were no railways in those days. As the places in the diligences cost a great deal of money, we had to go on foot with the young man as far as Avignon, whence the boat on the Rhine was to take us to Lyons. We were thence, first, to get into the diligence, unless the friend of the merchant could find some cheaper way of forwarding us to Paris.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE VALUE OF A CHATTERBOX.

By Rev. John Horden, Missionary at Moose Fort, N. W. America.

WHAT are you worth, my dear little Chatter-box?' said I to a sweet little girl as I raised her in my arms, and kissed her.

The question startled her, she knew not what to answer.

'Then what will your mother sell you for?' I demanded.

'Sell me! My mother would not sell me at all, she loves me too much for that; but what makes you ask me such a silly question?' she replied.

'Because,' said I, 'I was thinking to offer her a few needles for you, that I might take you out among the Esquimaux.'

My little friend then asked me to tell her what I meant, and I did so by telling her this story.

I had been some time on board ship, for above two weeks we had seen no land, our good captain was a little anxious, the weather was very thick, and he knew that we were now close to the entrance of Hudson's Straits. That afternoon about four o'clock I was on deck, suddenly the fog lifted, and the sun shone out, and a most glorious view presented itself. The land, wild and high, rose on either side; no tree, no grass hid the fearful desolation. The water was as still as if it had been a fish-pond, and filled with blocks of ice of all sizes and descriptions. It was quite amusing to hear the sailors giving names to the various pieces. 'Why, Jack, here's the hull of the *Royal George*, and don't you see St. Dunstan's tower; and there's our jolly-boat, crew and all.'

And besides these were giant icebergs, some of them as high as the topmast of our ship, and which would have sent us to the bottom had we sailed against them, which we took great care not to do. In two or three days we came abreast of the Savage Islands—savage indeed, in every respect, and we were in hopes that here we might fall in with some Esquimaux; neither were we disappointed.

I was standing on the deck admiring the wildness of the scene, when I was startled by a voice coming across the water. 'What is that?' I asked of a sailor.

'Huskeys, huskeys, sir,' replied he.

Presently I could make out 'Chimo, chimo,' the Esquimaux word for welcome, and then canoe after canoe approached the ship. They formed a pretty sight. Each canoe was about eight feet long, and made of seal-skins drawn tightly over a slight framework of wood entirely along it, except a circular hole in the middle for the person occupying it to sit down in. Each was paddled along by means of a double-bladed paddle striking the water first on one side, then on the other.

About five-and-twenty came thus amidst a general shouting of 'Chimo, chimo'; 'Peleta, peleta,'—trade, trade; 'Kisseswaback, kisseswaback,'—a saw, a saw.

These were soon joined by a large boat containing women and lots of little Esquimaux Chatterboxes, and at once a brisk trade began. We exhibited our saws, kettles, needles, axes, knives, and beads, they



showed their seal-skins, ivory, fox-skins, boots, and jackets, all of which we purchased; everything they received from us, whether saw, kettle, or needle, they at once licked with the tongue. And we might have bought all the little Chatterboxes as well, and at a cheap rate too,—a few needles apiece, and the mothers would have been highly delighted at the bargain.

A few years ago, a number of canoes were surrounding the same ship, and several men and women came on board; the doctor thought he would try the strength of a mother's love; so taking a few needles in his hand he went up to a woman carrying her little naked baby on her shoulders, covered by an immense hood attached to her jacket, and holding out the needles, pointed to the jacket, as much as to say, 'Give me the child, and you shall have the needles.'

He was at once understood, the baby was taken from the hood and placed in the doctor's arms, the needles were taken and licked, the bargain was completed, the mother walked off quite satisfied.

But the poor doctor, what could he do with the little huskey; there he stood, first amused, then the picture of despair, as he gazed on his charge. The mother meanwhile approached the side of the ship to get into her canoe to tell her friends of her successful bit of trade; the doctor's senses here returned, he rushed up to the mother and hoisted

baby on her shoulders, at which she showed great displeasure. What! was she to lose her needles? they were far more valuable to her than the child. But her anger abated a little as she found that the doctor let her keep the needles as well as the baby. And, between ourselves, the doctor was glad to get rid of his purchase on such easy terms.

So my question was not so silly after all. Now, if I went to your good mother and offered her a bushel of needles for you she would think I must be mad, and why so? Why would she not as willingly spare you as the Esquimaux mother her child? The reason is that your mother is a Christian, the Esquimaux mother a heathen; your mother has the Bible to tell her her duty towards you, the Esquimaux mother has nothing of the kind, she is, both in body and soul, one of the most miserable creatures in existence, living in a land entirely barren of all vegetation, exposed to dreadful hardships, frequently at the point of starvation, she has nothing to cheer her in her troubles, she has no happy home to look forward to, no Saviour to rejoice in; no wonder that she readily parts with what will prove a burden to her. How grateful then should you be that your home is cast in a Christian land where care is bestowed on you, both body and soul, and where even the curls on this little head are valued far more highly than a whole live Chatterbox of the Savage Islands of Hudson's Straits.



THE WOODPECKER.

By H. G. Adams.



SOMETIMES in the still woodlands, when all nature seems to have fallen asleep, and one feels inclined to sink down on a mossy bed at the foot of an old oak whose great roots stand far up out of the earth, and go twisting about like serpents, one is suddenly aroused by a peculiar tapping sound, quickly and often repeated, as though some important person sought admittance into some woodland chamber. The drowsy listener is half inclined to say—'Come in!' but then these words of the old song come to his mind, and he knows it is only

'The Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree,' and, creeping softly in the direction whence the sound comes, he sees, clinging to the trunk of an elm, or beech, or other tree which exhibits no outward signs of decay, a bird, somewhat larger than the common Thrush, with feathers chiefly brownish or bluish-black, banded across the wings with white, and rendered conspicuous by the bright red colour of the under parts and the back of the head. This is the Pied or Great Spotted Woodpecker, sometimes called the French Pie, and sometimes the Whitwall. It has a very strong wedge-like beak which it inserts into the cracks or holes of the trunks or limbs of trees, and then with a quick vibratory motion makes those tapping sounds which we often hear, and not we alone, for the insects who are feasting on, or lurking in the decayed parts, hear them too, and alarmed for their safety, come out, and are instantly snapped up by the hungry bird who is knocking at the door of their abode.

This bird has several relations of habits similar to his own. They are all wonderfully active and very inquisitive creatures, like one of the characters mentioned in Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrimage*, 'who was so full of stir and prate, and prying as a woodpecker, and ever inquiring after everything.' But these members of the *Picus*, or Pie family, have good reason for their inquisitive habits; it is by peeping and prying into every hole and crevice that they get their living: beetles, ants, spiders, and all the tiny creatures that are to be found in cracks and hollow places, are its favourite food, and in search of this they are most industrious, running up and down the trees, out and in among the branches, and assuming all kinds of queer attitudes, twisting and twining about, with the head as often down as up.

In England there are five species of Woodpeckers known in Britain,—the Great Black one, which is the largest and rarest, and inhabits chiefly the north of Europe; the one already described; the Striated or Striped, sometimes called the Lesser Spotted; and the Green, which has quite a number of odd names, such as the Hewhole, Woodwall, Woodspite, Yaffler, Yappingale, and Poppinjay: the last of these names signifies a fop, or a noisy obtrusive fellow, and is applied to the bird, perhaps, because he is gaily dressed, and makes a great stir and racket as all the Woodpeckers do, their cries echoing through the woods like peals of merry laughter. A small species, which has no English name, and is very rare indeed in this country, but common in America, makes up the list of five.

The *scansorial*, or climbing-birds, are, what is called, *Yoke-toed*, that is, they have two of the toes turned back and two forward, instead of one back and three forward as is the case with most birds; moreover the two front toes are joined together at the bases, and that arrangement gives the feet a double bearing, so that they can grasp and cling to any object very tightly, and with the assistance of the heel, which is short and stiff, and acts as a prop, the bird can walk upwards, downwards, or sideways; they have bills like wedges, and claws like iron hooks, and are altogether admirably fitted for

the life they are intended to lead, as indeed are all God's creatures whose wants and needs are well provided for by the Almighty Creator.

Creeping, creeping, twisting, twining,
Round the tree, like a snake, with his feathers shining,
Glossy blue-back, with bands of white,
With a cap on his head of a red as bright
As the vest on his breast—he's a dandy quite!
Is the Pied Woodpecker, the gay Whitwall,
Whose laugh in the woods sounds like a squall,
Tap, tap, tapping the hollow beech-tree,
Who so merry, so merry as he?
'Ha! ha!' he laughs, 'I'll find them out,
Though snug in the hollows they lie no doubt,
And think they are safe; with a tap! tap! tap!
I'll wake them up from their mid-day nap,
Maggots and grubs, and wood-lice small,
And long-legged spiders, I'll have them all,
If they won't come out to see what the rout is about,
I'll bore and bore with my wedgelike bill
In the parts of the tree that are soft, until
With my long slim tongue, horny-tipped like a dart,
I can reach where they hide, in the deepest part
Of the branch or the trunk as the case may be,
And so will I feast right merrily.'

THE LOST BIRD.

GOD has very many ways of taking care of those who trust in Him. Sometimes He uses boys and girls to carry His gifts to those who are in want. And at other times He takes so small a thing as a little bird to convey His blessing to the needy.

Once in Germany there lived a man who owed a bill, which he had no money to pay. He was a Christian who trusted in God and tried to be honest, and it grieved him much to be in debt.

One day as he was sitting in his doorway thinking how to get out of his trouble, a little bird flew over his head into the house. He rose up quickly and closed the door, and caught the bird, which he shut up in a cage.

The bird shortly recovered from its fright, and went to singing. It sounded to the distressed man just as though it was singing the tune of his favourite hymn:

'Fear thou not when darkness reigns.'

Presently there was a knocking at the door. 'Oh,' thought the poor man, 'there is the officer to take me to prison.'

He was in a mistake. It proved to be the servant of the lady who owned the bird. A neighbour who saw it fly in sent her there. Very glad was she to find it, and in great joy she bore it away to her mistress. But before long she came back. 'My mistress,' said she, 'values that bird very highly, so she begs you will accept this trifle of money with her thanks.' When she was gone the poor man counted the money, and to his surprise, he found it exactly the sum he needed to pay his debt, he cried out in joy, 'The Lord has indeed sent this to me!' So good and sure is it to trust in the Lord.

This story is told by Krummacher, in his book on 'Elijah,' and the man who owed the bill was a member of his congregation.



A COCHIN CHINA TIGER.

ROYAL Cochin China tiger who quite recently lived in a cage in company with a dog, might be seen in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. He died, however, last year, and the newspapers at the time related the details of his death and that of his unfortunate companion. Perhaps our readers may like to hear some of the adventures of this fine tiger.

An Annamite peasant, dwelling on the shores of the Cambodge, about a league from its mouth, had gone out to cut some fire-wood. All

of a sudden he saw at the foot of a tree, a little new-born tiger.

'The mother cannot be far off,' he thought, so he fled as fast as his legs could carry him.

Next day he went back to the same spot when he saw the same young tiger again. Supposing that the mother had abandoned it, he thought for a moment that he would take it, but then remembering how strongly maternal love is developed among tigresses, and how vindictive they are, he quickly retraced his steps.

The following day he took the same journey, and still he met the little tiger near the same spot.

Convinced then that the animal was really abandoned, he no longer hesitated to take it on his shoulders and brought it to his lodgings, where he comforted it by giving it milk to drink.

Nevertheless, the tigress had not altogether forsaken her offspring; during the night she followed its traces, penetrated into the peasant's premises, and ran off with one of his pigs. When the man discovered this theft and perceived by the foot-steps on the soil who had been the thief, he was in a rage, and gave the little tiger a beating with a stick, as if to punish its mother for her ingratitude.

The next night the tigress paid another visit to our friend, and this time ran off with his finest buffalo.

The poor Chinaman then was sure that these attacks would be repeated as long as the little tiger remained in the house, and that he must then get rid of it at any price. He would willingly have thrown it into the middle of the river, but he feared its mother's vengeance. He thought that the best thing to do would be to carry it a great distance off,—then, perhaps, its parents would follow its scent, and thus his neighbourhood would be freed from their dangerous presence.

He told the cub then, just as if it could understand him, that to punish it for its mother's crimes, he was going to deliver it up to justice. He embarked with it in his boat and came to Mytho, the capital of the province, where he gave it up into the hands of the French officer who acted as inspector of native affairs and director of justice. He willingly accepted it, and resolved to bring it up.

This took place in February 1863; the animal could not then have been more than a month old,

and was about the size of an ordinary spaniel. They gave it the name of Cnop (tiger). Its habits were like those of a cat; it went in and out of the garden and through the rooms of the house, and was allowed to be quite free in all its movements.

For a month it had nothing but rice and milk for food; then its master changed its diet and gave it only rice and boiled fish, never meat. The Annamites considered that meat would have made it savage; still they thought cooked meat would not have the same effect as raw. But as a precaution they gave it neither. Cnop was present at all his master's meals; happy when he threw him something, but if he had the misfortune to leave a chair too near the table, in two bounds he would be upon it, and, not caring for the glasses or bottles which he overthrew in his passage, he would lick up all the sauce (of which he was very fond) from the plates and dishes.

As he grew up, Cnop became more and more sociable. He came directly he was called, followed like a dog, and played willingly with every one.

Unfortunately, when he was seven months old, he was seized with a singular taste for going and walking in the market-place of Mytho which was near his master's abode.

His appearance struck terror into the hearts of all the buyers and sellers; the latter abandoned their stalls and all fled pell-mell. Cnop, master of the field, then made the round of the place, chose what fish and other delicacies he liked, and ate them at his ease. Less scrupulous people, fishing in these troubled waters, profited by the circumstance, and got their provisions for the day—gratis.

This event, each time that it recurred, gave occasion to numberless complaints, and the inspector was constantly obliged to pay for the damage which his tiger had done. The frequenters of the market at last got accustomed to these scenes, and even liked them; they no longer fled, but took care to offer no opposition to Cnop in his choice of their goods. He took what he liked, and was an excellent customer to them.

Notwithstanding all his efforts the inspector could not put an end to this habit of his pet, which was so costly to him. His garden was not enclosed, and his windows were all doors, as is the custom in those hot climates, so that it was impossible to keep the tiger imprisoned within the house.

He tried to place him under guard; a native soldier had orders never to lose sight of him, to prevent him from going out, and, if he did escape, to bring him back again. The poor fellow had enough to do, for the tiger had now become as large and strong as a fine Newfoundland dog, and he struggled violently, and often succeeded in attaining his desires. His master had himself to interfere and call him. Cnop, under any other circumstances, would have obeyed him, but, when bent on his visits to the market, he remained deaf to his voice. At length, the French officer had a large roofed-in cage, constructed in the centre of his garden, and divided into two compartments, and in this he had the animal confined.

He then remarked a curious circumstance. The day on which the tiger had arrived at his house, two



very pretty and very tame cats, who had lived there with him for a long time, had left the place and never since been seen or heard of. During the meal which followed the imprisonment of the tiger cub, he was surprised to see his two pussies come and rob against his legs, and beg for something to eat as they used to do, seven months ago.

Cnop being a prisoner, they were no longer afraid to give him meat, but strange to say, instead of enjoying it, as everybody thought he would do, he refused even to taste it.

The poor animal suffered much from the loss of his liberty. As he was very miserable and seemed to be pining away, his master resolved to give him a companion in his captivity. He bought a little dog which he put into the cage, but the unhappy poodle died of fright in a few hours. Five times the experiment was renewed, five dogs perished in the same way, a sixth, after twenty-four hours, had sufficient energy to overcome his fear, and at the end of several days became absolute master in the cage.

It was curious to see these two animals taking the food given to them. The dog ate first, and would

not allow the tiger to approach till he had quite finished himself. The poor cub would howl with rage and try to seize a morsel on the sly, but the dog, with a snap or even with a growl, would force him to retire into the other corner of the cage.

The Annamites were scandalised to see the noble tiger thus ruled by a common domestic animal.

Though the inspector had greatly desired to bring up a tiger in liberty, he did not much care to possess a captive. People of all sorts crowded his domain in order to examine closely the domestic establishment of these two animals: it was the marvel of the province. People came thirty leagues to gaze at it.

Annoyed by all this, he sent his tiger to Saigon, still accompanied by the dog, and made a present of it to the admiral, the governor of the colony. He accepted it, and sent both the animals to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

After having been for two years the admiration of the Parisians, Cnop died when he was only four years old, and his companion the dog died of grief three days after.

J. F. C.

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Chatterbox.



KATEY THE TERRIER AND LETTER.

TWO years ago I paid a visit to two lady friends of mine who were then staying at Eastbourne. We had many pleasant drives together, mostly employing the same flyman, for whom they had a preference on account of his civility and the care he took of his horse. He was generally accompanied by a small short-legged terrier, whose face had become venerable by grey hairs above the nose and eyes, where, in younger days it had been jet-black. It was one of those fawn-coloured little dogs with a dark back. It had a consequential air, as if the world could not very well go on without it. It was pretty to see the look of understanding it gave to its master as it was galloping along the roadside, now and then diving into hedges and ditches, or giving a passing bark at some village cat. I naturally fell into conversation about the little dog with its owner, who had reared it from a puppy. He told me much about its intelligence, and its powers in guarding the house or stable from thieves and vermin. How, in younger days, it would kill a pole-cat, rat, weasel, stoat,—in fact, anything that was presenting itself in an unlawful manner on the premises. Many a cat, I fear, suffered the penalty of trespassing, but the house-cat was an exception. Even when there were kittens and puppies perfect harmony reigned, both families enjoyed the same snug corner by the fireside. Whether it was her tail or ear Katey would let the kittens play with it. The driver told me many similar traits of intelligence about Katey, whom by this time he had taken on the box, for he did not like the old dog to get tired. Just then we came past a fine old-fashioned country house, charmingly nestling in a rich belt of trees. We were some distance from the house, as the road in which we drove followed the park pailings. Our driver had been coachman there for many years, and as his wife was at work in the great house, he said, 'I will now prove to you that I spoke the truth in telling you how my little dog is a trusty messenger. Many a time have I sent it from old Eastbourne to this house with letters and parcels.' So saying, he pulled out his pocket-book, wrote a few lines, folded it up, and gave it to Katey, who trotted off blithely through the long grass by the side of the copse. I made a little sketch, and here it is. If Katey's owner had not been a very kind man she would never have been the intelligent useful little friend she became to him; as all her mind would have been filled with fear of her master and schemes to outwit him and satisfy her own wants and appetites.

It is no more possible for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge than it is possible to keep together a stock of ice exposed to the meridian sun. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an influence: and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it.

THE GRATEFUL SWALLOW AND THE FAITHFUL DOG.

(Continued from page 315.)



IN a beautiful January morning then, we found ourselves on the road to Avignon. We were marching cheerfully on, when about two hours from Marseilles, where the main road which leads to Avignon makes a bend, Rustand perceived that we were about to proceed along it, and he barked and jumped up on us in order to prevent our going further, then he took himself another direction, and kept turning round to get us to follow him. We did not immediately understand what he wanted, but the dog soon came back barking and springing up as if he wanted to bar our way; once I unwillingly raised my stick at him, but Mimi entreated me not to hurt him. I had no intention of doing that. I only wanted by a threat to make him go out of our way. The good Rustand came, along, crouching and whining, to receive the blows, but I patted and tried to console him. But when we again attempted to continue along the road to Avignon, he behaved just as he had done before.

This strange conduct caused us to reflect. The animal was so faithful and devoted to me, that we were sure there must be a good reason for his disobedience. The clerk too, who accompanied us, said he thought we had better follow the dog. So he left us after he had embraced us, and continued alone along the road to Avignon.

When Rustand perceived that we were willing to follow him along the other road, there were no bounds to his joy. He ran along before us, every now and then returning to assure himself that we were following him. Then he stopped, as if asking to be patted, licked our hands, and then bounded onwards again. Thus we travelled for three days, stopping from time to time to rest and have some food. The money which the good Mussulman had given us served to pay for what we had at the inn.

On the fourth day, about ten in the morning, Rustand turned off from the highroad, and took a byeway which led up to a castle. He gave such plain signs that he knew this country, that we did not hesitate to follow him. When he arrived at the entrance of the castle, he barked, and scratched eagerly at the gate. A servant opened it. Rustand rushed into the court, ran into a room, the door of which stood half open,—and, as if mad with joy, sprang upon a gentleman who was in it. This was M. La-roque, the proprietor of the castle. He appeared astonished, and almost frightened, at this sudden entrance and at the loving demonstrations of the animal; but he soon recognised the dog, which had been stolen from him five years before, and returned his caresses. Rustand then left him, and came wagging his tail up to Mimi and myself, who were standing at the door of the room.

M. Laroque had not yet noticed us; he got up and asked us if we had brought the dog back. I replied that it was rather the *dog* who had led us to him, and told him what had taken place on the high-road from Marseilles.

M. Laroque, who took great interest in my story, called his wife that she might hear it. When he had learned all my story, and knew how that I had been stolen by that wicked knave—probably on the same day as Rustand, to whom he now gave his former name Médon—he told me that I ought to love the dog very much, for that it was owing to his sagacity that I should now find my parents again.

M. Laroque wrote a letter to my father, who was the overseer of his estates, to invite him, together with my mother, to the castle, as he had some very good news to tell them. He had not to wait long.

'Here is your son, for whom you have so greatly lamented!' said M. Laroque, as he led me to them.

My mother raised a piercing cry, took me in her arms, and pressed me to her heart; then she pushed me away a little distance, placed both her hands on my shoulders, and tried to study my features, which in five years were greatly changed.

Now she seemed to recognise me, and covered me with kisses; now she said sadly, 'This is not my son.' But my father did not hesitate, after what M. Laroque had told him of my adventures, to call me his son. He was determined that I should go home with my parents. Mimi was to remain with M. Laroque, whose wife had taken a great fancy to her.

Poor Mimi began to cry. To console her, she was promised that she should come and see me every day. Médon, too, was much cast down at our separation. He first followed me, but then returned to M. Laroque, who had accompanied us to the gate: then he came back to me again.

As he thus wandered from one to the other, he seemed to say in his dumb language, 'Why should I leave you, for I love you as much?' At last M. Laroque called him, Mimi stroked him, and they returned back to the castle.

My poor mother was divided between the joy of having found me again and the fear lest she should be the victim of a mistake. So overpowered was she, that she was obliged to sit down on the way.

'What is your name?' she suddenly inquired.

'Tista,' I answered. This was the name the mountebank had given me.

'Tista! that is not the name of my child,' she replied. 'Think, did you ever have another name?'

I reflected in vain. My memory did not help me.

'You are not my son,' she said sadly, and began to weep again. At last she got up, and took me by the hand, and we continued our way without saying a word. I cried too, as she did, though I felt quite sure that it was my mother.

When we came to the garden gate, recollections streamed upon me. I drew my mother towards the house, and pointing her to the swallow's nest, which was still in the window, I said, 'There is the nest.' Then going straight to the kitchen, I sought and found the empty cage, which stood in a cupboard. 'Here is the cage,' said I, 'and I am your little Julius.' My former name had sud-

denly come back to my memory. My mother shed tears again, but they were tears of joy.

Thus the dog and the swallow were the means by which I found my native country, and was enabled to return to my family. As to Mimi, notwithstanding all the search which M. Laroque made, and in spite of the advertisements he put in the newspapers, her parents could never be found.

Madame Laroque brought her up with a mother's love. She would probably have taken the place of a daughter, and Mimi would have become a great lady, but we had been in misfortune and trouble together, and we loved each other, and this love grew with our years. I married her when she was eighteen. Mimi is your good grandmother, my dear children. Love her dearly! Love each other as good brothers and sisters. Be kind to dumb animals. You now know how useful it may be to win their friendship.

'Grandfather,' said little Paul, 'did the swallow ever return to her nest?'

'Yes, my child, I forgot to tell you that. She came back the next spring after my return home, and the five following years. After that we did not see each other again. That was a grief to us, for she was like a member of our family. She came and sat on my hand whenever I called her.'

A few years after, M. Laroque lost his faithful dog. We buried him in M. Laroque's garden, and had a stone placed over his grave, with the inscription—'One of the best of Friends.'



THE ROMAN TRIUMPH.

TRIUMPH! What a mighty sound that word had in old Rome! For days, and weeks, and months before it, the huge city talked and thought of nothing else. What sights, what feasts, what games, what fights, there were! 'A hundred lions are to fight at once in the arena,' said one. 'There will be a battle of ships,' said another: 'The ships are to have sails of silk, and the gladiators are to wear golden bracelets.' 'A thousand oxen and four thousand sheep and goats, and ten thousand measures of wine, and publictables a mile in length,' exclaimed a third. The Senate had decreed to the returning general a full triumph. The conqueror with his army was already waiting the splendid honour on the slopes of the Alban hills in sight of the city. At length the day arrived.

Over the hills of Tivoli the golden sun rose up into the cloudless sky, and beamed a glorious salutation on the gay, and garlanded, and bannered city. Above the battlemented walls and across the purple plains the countless multitudes strained their eyes and ears. Presently, faint and fitful, they hear the horns of the approaching army; and those of strongest sight declare they see the shining of moving spears upon the distant hill-sides. On a sudden, from the Capitol, bursts forth the



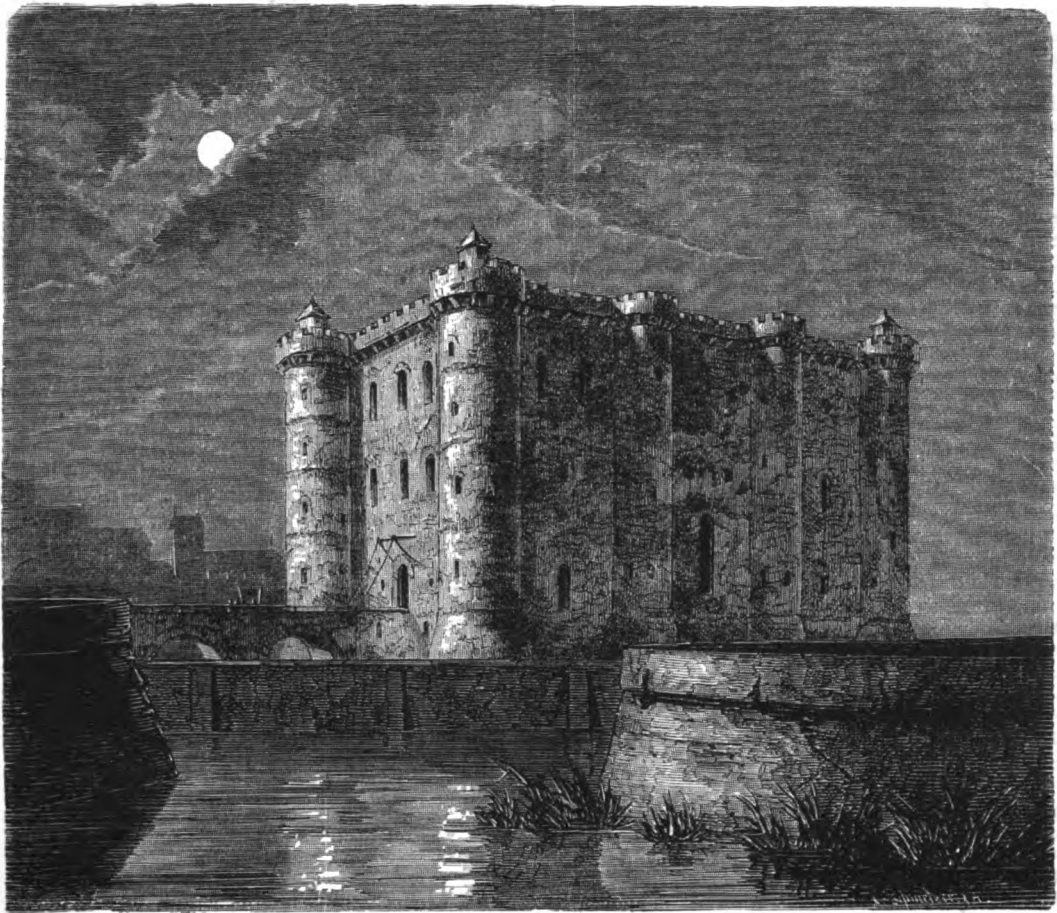
deafening sound of drums and trumpets. The Senate and the Tribunes are going out to meet the Emperor.

By-and-bye a sound arises as of distant thunder. Again! again! It is the roar of shoutings when the Senate has met the army in the Street of Tombs. A little longer, and the golden eagles gleam from beneath the giant gateway of the city, and with a dazzling flow of purple and of scarlet banners, and amid the shouts of welcome, the glory of the triumph breaks upon the eye.

First come the musicians mingled with charioteers, who chant triumphal songs in praise of the general; these are followed by the long lines of victims appointed for the sacrifice—white oxen with gilded horns, and loaded with ribands and garlands. After them in groups, attended by their quaintly dressed and foreign guards and keepers, stride along the elephants, the tigers, camels, and whatever rare and curious beasts the conqueror has brought from north, or east, or south. To these succeed the melancholy troops of gladiators, numbering even thousands, devoted to the cruel pastimes of the amphitheatre. Next come the carts and waggons loaded with the spoils taken from the enemy. Then follow the kings, princes, and generals taken captive, bound with chains, and decorated, as in mockery, with splendid trappings and jewels. These all walk on

foot immediately before the triumphal car, which at length appears, half hidden in a waving cloud of gold and silk, ensigns and banners, drawn by four milk-white horses. Mayhap on this occasion it holds the Emperor himself, a sceptre in his hand, a diadem of laurel on his head. Before him and around are scattered showers of blossoms, and as he comes the multitudes on all sides greet him with tremendous shoutings, *‘Io triumphe! Io triumphe!’* The most illustrious of the Senate, clad in white robes, walk close behind the Emperor. After them the victorious army, crowned with laurel, legion after legion; and, finally, the priests and attendants close the procession.

All day long it passes before the people, up the Sacred Way, winding between the temples and the palaces, and on to the Capitoline Hill. Then the prisoners are led away to be strangled in the dungeons hard by, thrown from the Tarpeian rock, or crammed into the condemned cells of the amphitheatre. And then the games and feasts begin, and the multitudes are maddened with wine and bloodshed. As night comes on, the city is filled with violence; while the groans of the dying, and the fierce strife or hideous mirth of those who pride themselves on being citizens of Rome, show plainly that luxury and civilization without true religion end in vile abominations and cowardly cruelties.



THE BASTILLE.

IN former times, the Bastille was the same to Paris as the Tower was to London—the State prison where criminals of rank were confined and very frequently executed. Many terrible and heartrending scenes did the massive walls of this huge gloomy building witness during the four hundred years of its existence. The foundation-stone of the Bastille was laid with great pomp and ceremony by Charles V. of France, on the 22nd of April, 1369. It was designed as a sort of citadel or fortress to defend the Porte St. Antoine, the principal gate of Paris, in those warlike times. In 1583 the edifice was completed. Hugo d'Aubriot who had amazed the Parisians by his strong houses, draw-bridges, subterranean canals, and other works, was the architect, and strange to say, he was the first state prisoner received into the horrid vaults of the Bastille. He was accused of heresy, and lan-

guished for years in a damp dungeon of the fortress which he had himself erected. He owed his liberation to a popular tumult, during which the Bastille was stormed and the prisoners escaped. He fled in the night from Paris and escaped to Burgundy, where he ended his days in retirement.

Louis XI. was the first king who used the Bastille as a regular prison. He was a tyrant, who often found the time hang heavily on his hands. To amuse himself he would send for his dogs and set them upon cats or mice, whose expiring agonies he gloated upon, or he would witness some painful and severe surgical operation. When he was tired of such entertainments, he would invent new and peculiar tortures for his prisoners, one of these inventions was the cages of the Bastille, made of open beams and iron plates, about six feet broad and eight feet long, they were terrible places of confinement for poor prisoners. The Duke of Nemours was one of the first confined in one of these cages; he was afterwards beheaded by the king's order, and his children were obliged to be present at his execution.

The immense, massive building of the Bastille, with its eight round towers, must have had a very imposing appearance. These huge towers, which stood at about equal distances from each other, formed two quadrangles, one large, the other small. In the larger were the residences of the officers and gaolers, and of some of the prisoners confined for merely light offences. The towers had each different names. Those of the Tréson and the Chappelle were the oldest and protected the city gate. The portion of the building between these two towers consisted of gigantic blocks of stone, the walls being ten feet thick, and contained several prisons. At the back part of the Bastille near the towers of Le Puits (or the well), and Le Coin (the corner), was a courtyard which was only entered by prisoners. It was so narrow that the sunbeams never lightened more than half of the blackened walls; here and there stains of blood might be seen on the stones; two lofty towers rose frowning overhead, the wind which howled through the passages, alone broke the dismal silence—all this filled the soul of the prisoners with despair and misery.

Four of the towers looked towards the suburbs, four towards Paris. The battlements were united by a platform, which was kept in good condition, and served as a walk for the prisoners to whom this special favour was granted. The view which those thus privileged enjoyed was a beautiful one. At their feet was spread the whole of the mighty city; they saw, too, the suburb of St. Antoine, and they followed the sparkling course of the Seine. How terrible the contrast when after a short space these poor wretches were again shut up in their dark cells! The towers were all 129 feet high, provided with double iron doors. The thickness of the walls was about twelve feet. There were five different kinds of prison cells, the dungeons in the vaults beneath the towers were the most terrible. They were full of toads, spiders, and enormous rats.

The floor, a mass of slime and mud, sent forth the most poisonous exhalations, whose only outlet was a small narrow air-hole. The furniture consisted of an iron bedstead fixed to the wall, on which a few planks were fastened. The entrance was by two iron doors, each seven inches thick, provided with three bolts, and as many locks. After these dungeons came the iron cages, which we have already described. The third kind of cells were in the fourth story of the towers; as they were vaulted and low on the sides, the only part that could be used was the centre. The distance between the inner and outer rim of the window consisted of the entire thickness of the walls, viz., twelve feet. Both within and without were iron bars. Here an unbearable heat in the summer, and a freezing cold in winter, tortured the prisoner. The other kind of cells consisted of octagon chambers from eighteen to twenty feet broad and fourteen high. All the windows were very high up, and only gave the prisoner the sight of a little streak of sky. The cells were heated through barred-up chimneys; in the latter half of the seventeenth century stoves

were placed in many of them, but both these means of warming were very defective, and often gave more trouble by their smoke than comfort by their heat.

To watch all these prisoners there was a strictly disciplined and well organised body of guards. As scarcely any of those there confined were real criminals, but persons accused of political offences.

Silence and secrecy were the most necessary qualities required in the gaolers. It was important, too, that the prisoners should have no communication with each other; this could not always be hindered, as frequently two or three shared the same cell, but the soldiers and their officers, up to the Governor himself, were models of silent reserve. In the Bastille everything was a mystery; it was never known how many unhappy persons were lodged in the fearful prison, where they were confined, when they were released, whether they were dead, or whether they still languished in the dungeons. Day and night sentries patrolled all the courts and passages of the Bastille, every quarter of an hour. Each sentinel at the end of the corridors had to ring a bell to show that he was awake. At ten every night, the drawbridge was raised. The sentries were present at all the walks of the prisoners and narrowly watched them. If a prisoner entered the court or corridor, whose presence was not to be remarked, the sentinel at the entrance rang a bell. At this signal all the soldiers had to draw their caps over their faces, and the sentries called out to the prisoners 'Into the Cabinet.' This cabinet was a deep opening cut in the walls twelve feet long by three broad; in this niche all the prisoners were crowded till their mysterious companion had passed. The garrison of the Bastille consisted of about 200 men, their muskets were always kept loaded, and there was an immense store of ammunition in the building.

The Governor was supreme in all the arrangements of the Bastille. Under him was a major, an assistant major, and a lieutenant. The jailers and turnkeys, the roughest and most barbarous men that could be found, were blind tools in the hands of their superiors. They cleaned the rooms, brought the prisoners their food, attended them in sickness, were the spies of the Governor, and carried out his wishes. In their girdle each wore a huge bunch of keys. For each room they had five keys.

A prisoner would generally arrive at the Bastille in a coach, surrounded by dragoons. The Governor is at once summoned, and orders the prisoner to alight. He is first led into a room to be searched; everything which he wears or possesses on his person, such as money, comb or rings, is taken from him. Of these a list is made, and a document drawn out, description of the prisoner, stating the date of his arrival, reason of his arrest, and so on. To this he signs his name and is then conducted to the cell appointed for him. Three or four heavy doors are opened, he is pushed in, and the doors shut behind him—the prisoner is buried in the horrible dungeon,—perhaps for ever. A piercing shriek resounds through the bare faintly-lighted chamber; no one regards it, except, perhaps,

some companion in suffering, who, out of curiosity, places his ear to the ground to listen to the new sound which has at least brought some change to the terrible monotony of prison life. At first, the prisoners were allowed neither books nor writing materials, later this favour was granted to them. Meals were at eleven and six; the food was of the worst description, the meat often putrid, the wine always weak and sour, and yet for this they had to pay enormously. There were two chaplains at the Bastille, but only ten prisoners could attend mass at one time, as there were only that number of grated and curtained niches, in which the prisoners had to sit that they might not be seen by each other.

Woe to the prisoner who made any complaint as to his treatment in this horrid prison! Cut off from all help, completely in the hands of his tormentors, he would have to bear the bitter consequences; his miserable food would become still worse, he would be deprived of his few minutes' walk in the fresh air, would be confined in a more wretched dungeon, and probably suffer severe bodily punishment. When a prisoner died he was buried at the cemetery of St. Paul, and a false name was entered in the church register.

The most remarkable books in the Bastille were the 'Cahiers.' They were kept in three huge closets, and contained the history of all the prisoners who had ever been confined in the prison.

No prisoner has given rise to more conjectures or excited so great a curiosity as the 'Man in the Iron Mask.' For years he remained in the Bastille, and always wore a black velvet mask. He died in the prison and was buried at St. Paul's. He was evidently a person of high rank, probably a relative of the royal family, but the mystery has never been solved. He was always attended by the Governor and major alone, was treated with great indulgence; died very suddenly, and after his death all his furniture, papers, &c., were burned, and his money and jewels melted down. When the Bastille was destroyed by the infuriated populace, at the French Revolution, it was hoped that the archives being then open to the public, something would be discovered with regard to this extraordinary prisoner, but neither his name nor the reason of his arrest are mentioned; both are described as unknown, but it is noted that he was always obliged to wear a mask of black velvet.

(Concluded in our next.)

SWAIN'S JUMPS.

SEDGEMOOR, the scene of the great battle which ended Monmouth's rebellion, is an extensive, level tract, which reaches from below the town of Bridgewater towards Somerton, the ancient capital of Somersetshire,

The battle was fought on the 6th of July, 1685; and though the decisive nature of the fight might have satisfied the Royalists that the hopes of the Rebellion were entirely crushed, they nevertheless pursued the luckless fugitives with terrible zeal, and sacrificed the innocent and guilty alike.

Among those who were arrested was one John

Swain, a native of Shapwick, a neighbouring village. He was taken in his bed a few nights after the battle by two of Colonel Kirke's dragoons, and next morning was marched off to Bridgewater, the headquarters of the King's army. The wretched man was followed by his wife and children, and on reaching the highroad about a mile distant from his home, he earnestly begged his guard to grant him a last request, viz. that he might perpetuate his remembrance to his children by showing them how far he could leap.

This simple and strange request was granted by the soldiers, who did not know the extraordinary activity of their prisoner; he accordingly dismounted, ran, and took three successive leaps, and, before the dragoons had recovered from their surprise at his wonderful jumps, he had entered the adjoining coppice, at that time much thicker than it now is, where it was not possible for horses to pursue him, as the wood was thick and the ground swampy.

Having thus got away, Swain remained in concealment among the ditches in the neighbourhood until this 'Reign of Terror' in the West had passed away, when he returned to his family. Swain was naturally regarded as a hero, and the fame of his exploit spread far and wide. The county of Somerset reckons him amongst her heroes and notable characters. That a record of his exploit might be preserved in the locality, four small stones were erected on the spot, and have been somewhat recently renewed by the gentleman now owning the property, and are still called 'Swain's Jumps.'

SEPTEMBER.

THERE are twelve months throughout the year,

From January to December,—

And the primest month of all the twelve,

Is the merry month of September!

Then apples so red,

Hang over head,

And nuts ripe brown,

Come showering down

In the bountiful days of September.

There are flowers enough in the summer time,

More flowers than I can remember,—

But none with the purple, gold, and red, .

That dye the flowers of September!

The gorgeous flowers of September!

And the sun looks through

A clearer blue,

And the moon at night

Sheds clearer light

On the beautiful flowers of September!

The poor too often go scant and bare,

But it glads my soul to remember

That 'tis harvest-time throughout the land

In the bountiful month of September!

Oh, the good, kind month of September!

It giveth the poor

The growth of the moor;

And young and old

'Mong sheaves of gold,

Go gleanin in rich September!



DON'T GIVE UP.

I CAN'T do it, father. Indeed I can't.
 'Never say can't, my son: it isn't a good word.'
 'But I can't, father. And if I can't, I can't. I've tried, and tried, and the answer won't come out right.'
 'Suppose you try again, Edward,' said Mr. Williams, the father of the discouraged boy.
 'There's no use in it,' replied the lad.
 'What if you go to school to-morrow without the correct answer to the sum?'
 'I'll be put down in my class,' returned Edward.
 Mr. Williams shook his head, and looked grave. There was a silence of a few moments, and then

Edward said, 'I will try, and I know it will come out right next time.'

And so it did. One more earnest trial, and his work was done. Far happier was he after this successful effort than he could have been, if yielding to a feeling of discouragement, he had left his task undone.

And so all will find it. Difficulties are permitted to stand in our way that we may overcome them; and only in overcoming them can we expect success and happiness. The mind, like the body, gains strength by vigorous exercise. Like the oak, it must feel and brave the rushing storm, as well as bask in the warm sunshine.

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Chatterbox.



DO YOUR BEST.

DO your best,—your very best,
And do it every day ;
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school,
Do you your best with right good will ;
It is a golden rule.

Still do your best, if but at taw
You join the merry ring ;
Or if you play at battle-dore,
Or if you skip or sing ;

Or if you write your copy-book,
Or if you read or spell,
Or if you seam, or hem, or knit,
Be sure you do it well.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow ;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
He lets the better go.

What if your lesson should be hard,
You need not yield to sorrow,
For him who bravely works to-day
His task grows light to-morrow.

B. H. FARQUHAR.

THREE CURIOUS NEEDLES.

THE King of Prussia visited recently a needle-manufactory in his kingdom, in order to see what machinery, combined with the fine sensitiveness of the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which, together, did not weigh half an ounce, and marvelled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see that in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer, that is, the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles, asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

The second curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle-manufactory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalise Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small, that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened, it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

The third singular needle belongs to the most remarkable antiquities of Alexandria, and bears the

name of Cleopatra's needle. It is an obelisk covered with hieroglyphics, consisting of one huge block of stone, about sixty feet high, with a base of seven feet in diameter. It is also called Pompey's pillar. As the foundation has been much undermined, it will probably fall some night, and share the fate of its sister needle the light tower Pharos, whose real or supposed remains have long been sought for beneath the sand by lovers of rare antiquities. J. F. C.

FATHER'S VINEYARD.



F he would only give us time—just a few weeks—we might pay off the debt ; but his letter says he must have the money at once. You see he knows father's little vineyard would fetch just the sum, and Marta, a pretty Italian girl, turned with a gesture of despair to her younger sister and brother.

The three were orphans ; long motherless, the last month had rendered them fatherless. Their father had been a sculptor in Naples, but a lingering illness had carried him off, and had sadly diminished the fund laid by for a rainy day, as we in England say.

Contrary to the usual character of Italians, he had brought his children up to be useful in their various ways ; the eldest girl, Marta, had long been placed with a respectable dressmaker in the town, and was now making a fair living ; Leonora, the second girl, had the charge of their little household, while Joseph, a merry boy of eleven, had eyes and limbs which never failed to secure him occupation as a model for the painters and sculptors with which his native city abounded. The little family had resolved, if possible, to hold together and make a fight for a living, with the help of a few kind friends, when a crushing blow fell upon them in the shape of a letter from the person who supplied their father with marble for his various works. As it appeared, the last consignment from Carrara had never been paid for, and the sum, a large one for the slender means of the sculptor's children, was instantly demanded. The man had been a friend of their father's, and had stayed at their house in Naples, so the poor children felt the abruptness of the demand as almost cruel, particularly as the marble lay half worked and useless, where their father's feeble fingers had left it.

Still the debt was clearly owing, and must be paid, but they could devise no means of raising the needful sum save by the sale of their father's pride and chief joy—the little vineyard outside the walls of the city.

'It would be a shame to sell that,' broke forth Leonora, passionately, 'when our father loved it so. You are cruel to propose it, Marta.'

But Marta sighed, she was older, just eighteen, and could control her feelings.

'Couldn't we work harder ?' asked Joseph, eagerly. The rogue was always in trouble for taking a holiday when his many masters were expecting him,

and he made a resolution not to play truant for the future, on the spot. Marta kissed him.

'Dear boy, the sum is too great to raise in that way; no, I fear we must make up our minds to part with our vineyard, but we will ask Cousin Jerome.'

Cousin Jerome read the letter from Carrara, and shook his head. Marta was right, the vineyard must go, it would hardly fetch the money either.

'I have a little more in the old purse,' said Marta, 'and this year's harvest; it is more than time we gathered it; that will bring in somewhat too. We had better begin to-morrow to get the grapes, eh, Joseph?'

But Joseph looked down. 'I will not help to gather them if the money goes to that cruel man in Carrara.'

'Neither will I,' sobbed Leonora; 'it would break my heart.'

'Dear children,' said Marta, softly, 'do you remember what the good clergyman told us once of some one in the Holy Book who was told not to kick against the pricks? It seems to me that the voice might come to you now, for we cannot send this trouble away, and it is useless therefore to fret against it. Be a man, my own Joseph, try and help sister Marta, instead of vexing her. As for Leonora, she is persuaded already;' for Leonora, impulsive child as she was, had thrown herself at Marta's feet, and was kissing her hands and weeping great tears. 'And now, dears, to bed,' said Marta, kindly, 'and to-morrow at daybreak we will be off to the vineyard. I will get a holiday for the purpose, and it will be pleasant to be in the open air all day. We shall be doing our duty too, and that always brings happiness.'

'We can't be happy any more,' sighed poor Leonora; but Marta kissed her and soothed her, and by-and-bye trouble was forgotten in sleep.

Now, next day the grape-gathering began in good earnest. Marta was busy,—too busy almost for sad thoughts, but poor Leonora looked still downcast. As for Joseph he could not be melancholy for more than two minutes at a time, and he was thoroughly enjoying himself. They were in the thick of their work—Marta on the ladder, Leonora and Joseph carrying away the bunches as she cut them, when a strange voice, speaking in a foreign accent, startled them, 'Don't move, any one of you! I would give any money for such a group.'

'It is the rich English painter,' whispered Joseph.

Yes, it was he, a happy-looking, middle-aged man, gazing critically on while Marta blushed deeply, but dared not leave her place on the ladder. At last he came up to them. 'Will you let me paint you as you are?' he asked Marta. 'Are you one family? you look as if you were.'

'We have no time to be painted,' put in Joseph; 'at least Marta hasn't, she must go back to her work to-morrow, or next day at latest, but I could let you paint me.'

'I don't want you alone, I want the group,' said the Englishman, laughing. 'I must arrange this. Come, tell me what you all do, and how we are to manage?'

Marta was shy, and Leonora too sorrowful to talk, but Joseph told all in a few moments—of the debt,

and the proposed sale of the vineyard, of Leonora's grief, and Marta's perplexities. It was of no use for Marta to say 'Silence,' for the gentleman encouraged Joseph, and Joseph was always such a Chatterbox.

There was a kind look, too, in the Englishman's face which attracted the little family; somehow Marta did not feel as if it was to a complete stranger that they were telling their story. He asked every particular, and took down the name and address of their priest, and that of Cousin Jerome. Then he went away, promising to come again the next day to settle about the picture he meant to make.

'That will bring us money,' said Joseph, knowingly; 'three models cost more than one.'

'Ah! but it won't save the vineyard,' said Leonora, despondingly.

Next day the Englishman came again, and with him Cousin Jerome. Cousin Jerome was an elderly man, the nearest relative of the orphans. He was beginning a pompous speech, of which Marta could understand but little, save that they were to thank the English Milord for some great generosity towards them, when the Englishman stopped him, and in his quick, bad Italian, said, 'There, enough—no thanks—they will repay me, it will be a great picture—worth more than the vineyard.'

Leonora's cheeks burned, and her eyes flashed. 'You will lend us money, as much as the vineyard will sell for—thanks, thanks, kind gentleman; now we can keep the land our father loved.'

Leonora had guessed the truth; only the money was to be given, not lent; the painter was a rich man and a kind one, and this was not the first family he had benefited. It was his pleasure to do good in this way; the world called him eccentric, but his eccentricities always made sorrowful hearts glad. He declared he should be quite repaid when the picture which he had set his mind upon was completed, and he had brought Cousin Jerome to arrange all about it, to settle with Marta's employer, and to write to the creditor at Carrara, sending him the sum owing to him.

'What a good thing it was we went to the vineyard yesterday!' said Joseph, as they sat at supper that evening.

'And who said he would not go?' asked Marta, laughing.

'Ah, Marta,' said Leonora, caressingly, 'how well it was you made us go; you said it was our duty, and doing our duty always brought happiness; but you did not guess what a true prophet you were, and what great happiness was in store for us.'

'I shall always do my duty for the future,' said Joseph, solemnly.

At which speech Marta and Leonora laughed, it was so evident that Master Joseph expected a large reward each time for so doing. The picture was taken, and was a very famous one, it sold for ten times the value of the vineyard. The kind painter placed a considerable sum in Cousin Jerome's hands for the support of the orphans, and now they all live at home, Marta having set up as a dressmaker for herself, Leonora being her helper, and Master Joseph pursuing his old occupation as a model.

H. A. F.



Father's Vineyard.



THE BASTILLE.

(Concluded from p. 327.)

A NORMAN nobleman, De Renneville, who was confined in the Bastille, in 1702, has written a most thrilling account of his captivity, under the title of 'The French Inquisition or the History of the Bastille.' 'The cruel tyrant,' he says of the Governor, 'left me for a long time without any straw, or even a stone on which to lay my head, wasting away in the slime of the dungeon, with only bread and water for food. My eyes nearly came out of my head; my nose swelled; more than half of my good teeth fell out; and my bones, in many places, came through my skin.'

Renneville saw prisoners of every rank, age, and sex, receive fearful blows from the jailors, and at the least remonstrance they were thrust into horrible dungeons. He himself languished in the various prisons of the Bastille during his confinement there. It was five months before he

could obtain clean linen, and he saw his jailor wear the shirts he had stolen from him. His book sent a thrill of horror through Europe. It was so valuable that 5*l.* a volume was eagerly paid for it. Assassins were sent to murder him at Amsterdam. He escaped, and said, 'He would never conceal the truth. If God is for us, who can be against us? It is sweet to die for the truth.' But Renneville paid for his boldness after the second edition of his book appeared in 1724. He suddenly vanished, and not a trace of him could be discovered. In what subterranean dungeon did he perish?

The most interesting and exciting story of captivity in the Bastille is that of De Latude, who, at twenty-four years of age, in 1749, was arrested and confined in the Bastille. After he had been there eight months, he began to think of escape. Strange to say, he succeeded in passing the sentries unobserved, and getting safe out of prison. He took up his quarters in Paris, and had the incredible folly to write to the King, telling him of his escape, and begging his forgiveness. The next day he was again sitting in the Bastille. They promised him his freedom, if he would confess how he managed his flight, that such, in future, might be made im-

possible to other prisoners. Latude consented, and was at once placed in stricter confinement than ever. He was in despair, he wrote in a book insulting verses against the King's favourite, Madame de Pompadour, who had originally caused his arrest. The book was brought to the authorities, and five days later Latude was locked up in one of the worst cells of the roof. The Governor was a kind-hearted man, and granted him a companion, who, six months after, died raving mad. A new companion was stronger and more courageous; to him Latude communicated his plan of escape, which was, to get up the chimney on to the roof, and from thence, by means of a ladder on the tower of the 'Trésor,' to descend into the trench. Latude had discovered an empty space between the floor of their cell and the ceiling of the chamber beneath them. Here they hid their tools, made out of any pieces of iron they could get from their furniture or utensils; it took them six months to break away the bars from the chimney, they moistened the mortar by sprinkling water on it, and they laboured at this till their knuckles and elbows often bled; when they were exhausted they worked at their ladders and ropes; the steps of the former were made of the faggots which they had for firing. The two ladders were, together, 50 feet in length. Besides, these, the prisoners possessed a bundle of ropes 360 feet long, the materials of which were 13 dozen shirts, 2 dozen pair of silk stockings, 18 pair of drawers, 3 dozen napkins, a great many light caps and pocket-handkerchiefs. For letting down the ladders they had a quantity of thinner lines; in all, a length of 1400 feet. Both worked for eighteen months.

We can scarcely imagine the fears and hopes of the prisoners, when, on the night of the 25th of February, 1786, they began their dangerous undertaking. Latude went first up the chimney, and reached the roof in safety. He then let down a string to Alègre his companion, who tied the ladders and ropes, and Latude drew them up. Alègre soon after came up too. They crept on to the platform. The night was pitch-dark and it rained in torrents. Latude fastened the rope-ladders to the end of a cannon, then tied the rope round his waist, and swinging down in the dark night began slowly to descend towards the abyss below. 'I was almost fainting,' he says, 'and feared to be dashed against the wall, so strong was the wind.' At last he reached the ditch, and Alègre soon after joined him. They plainly heard the pacing of the sentinel in the gallery, but went noiselessly onwards up to their necks in the water of the trench. Just then the sentries made their rounds, and the light from their lanterns fell upon the water in the trench, the fugitives had to dip down, and keep their heads under water for the moment. To get out of the Bastille they now had to break a hole through the outer wall. They succeeded in nine hours. At 5 A.M. they were in the Charenton road. 'We fell into each other's arms and wept,' says Latude. Both reached Brussels in safety. Their escape excited immense sensation. Pompadour was furious.

Latude was again arrested at Amsterdam by order

of the French Government, and taken to the Bastille. For forty months he sat in a dungeon. Light and air he received only through two little holes. He had become a pitiable object. Rotten straw was his couch, his food would not have been thrown to swine. But he did not die. His lips were split, his teeth had fallen out. At last, because the water rose in his cell, he was transferred to another. Here, with fish-bones for his pens and blood for his ink, he wrote a treatise for the King on an improved postal arrangement, and a new way of infantry attack. These were adopted by the Government with advantage, but Latude still remained in prison. Madame de Pompadour was called to her account in 1764, but Latude was not released. He was removed at last from the Bastille to Vincennes. Hence he escaped for the third time. Can we believe that from his hiding-place Latude wrote to the Minister, Choiseul, and that he was again cast into prison? This time into such a dungeon, that in it Latude longed for the cells of the Bastille. There Latude won the compassion of a gaoler, who took charge of a letter in which the unhappy man begged for mercy. This letter, fortunately for Latude, was lost. A woman, named Legros, found it. She was only a washerwoman, but she had the courage and endurance of a heroine. She took it whither it was addressed; she did all she could for her unknown prisoner. For three years the little woman worked on; she won over great men to the cause which she had at heart, and on 22nd March, 1784, Latude was set at liberty. He had passed thirty-five years in prison, and a poor washerwoman obtained his release. Latude died in 1805. The Republic gave him an indemnity of 60,000 francs.

Shouts of joy rent the air when, on the 14th of July, 1789, the roar of caannon announced a victory, and the glad tidings flew through Paris, 'The Bastille is taken!' And what did they find there? Only seven prisoners, four forgers, two madmen sent there to be confined by their families, and a Count who had murdered a peasant. But the destruction of the Bastille (for not a stone of it did the infuriated mob leave standing) was looked upon throughout Europe as an act of divine retribution.

A handsome square, with a lofty bronze column surmounted by a statue of Liberty, now marks the site of the old Bastille. J. F. C.

THE FISHER FRIENDS.

ROBERT RIVERS had kind parents, a comfortable home, and every pleasure that should make a boy happy; yet there was one thing for which he longed, and that was a friend. It was true, that his father and mother tried to interest themselves in his pursuits, but, though he loved them dearly, he would also have liked a younger companion, with tastes and feelings like his own. When lessons were over, he had all the usual amusements in which boys take pleasure, but the sport in which he chiefly delighted was fishing.

Near Mr. Rivers' home was a handsome hall, belonging to a gentleman who had been many years

absent. Through the grounds flowed a river abounding in trout; and to stand on its banks, fishing-rod in hand, was Robert's idea of perfect bliss. So he was not well pleased when, one evening, his father announced that Mr. Sternham was expected to return immediately, and take up his abode on his long-deserted property. 'And, Robert,' he added, 'remember you must not fish there any more.'

'Will our new neighbour be a pleasant one?' inquired his mother.

'I should think not,' replied Mr. Rivers, 'for I hear he is a man who shuns all society, and is generally unpopular.'

'Has he a family?'

'His wife has been dead for some years, but he has an only son, to whom he is said to be much attached, although his manner even towards him is often severe.'

Robert did not pay much attention to this conversation, for he was considering how he should amuse himself without his beloved river.

'So provoking of that man to come home, I'm sure no one wanted him,' murmured he, as he went to bed in a highly discontented frame of mind.

A few weeks passed on, tediously enough to Robert; when, one day as he was sauntering about listlessly, not heeding where he went, he found himself gazing into the forbidden water, into which he must not cast a line. No doubt it was very provoking, and more so, because he saw another boy, at some distance, whipping the stream with rod and line.

'Oh! he doesn't know the right places to try. If I was only there, I could show him all the best holes; but I wonder who he is?'

Robert sat watching; the young fisherman grew tired of his unsuccessful efforts, wound up his line, and strolled along the bank of the stream. As he came near, Robert could see that he was a boy about his own age; also that his rod was a first-rate one, and he could not help calling out, 'Why did you not try that deep hole to the right? the big trout always lie there.'

The lad looked at him with some surprise and said, 'I have only been here a few days, and don't know the river, I wish you would come over and show me the best holes. Do you fish yourself?'

'Yes, I'm very fond of it,' replied Robert, 'but I can't go over the stile to you, because my father has forbidden me to enter the grounds, now that Mr. Sternham has come home.'

'But, I am Mr. Sternham's son, and I invite you over.'

'Well, I shall tell my father; but I had rather not go without his consent. Are you sure your father would have no objection?'

'I do not know, he is very particular certainly; perhaps I'd better ask him. I suppose you used to fish here, before we came home?'

'Yes,' replied Robert, 'and very sorry I was to have to give it up.'

'Well,' said his new friend, 'I'll try to get leave for you; but I'm not sure I shall succeed. What is your name?'

'Robert Rivers.'

'Rivers! oh! then you are our nearest neighbour:

I think he'll hardly refuse. My name is Clement Sternham, and I'd like to know you better. I'm very lonely, for I have no brothers.'

'Neither have I,' said Robert.

'Oh! that's capital,' exclaimed Clement, 'for you'll like me all the better.' So they talked on for some time longer and parted, agreeing to meet at the same hour next day, to communicate the opinions of their fathers on the fishing question.

Next day the two boys met at the same place.

'Well,' asked Robert, 'what news?'

'Good, so far,' replied Clement, 'my father desires me to ask you to spend this evening with us; and when he sees you, he will give an answer about the fishing. I suppose he wants to see what kind of fellow you are. What did your father say?'

'He has no objection if Mr. Sternham has none. He asked a great deal about you, and warned me not to get too intimate, till I knew whether you were a good boy; but I told him, I was sure you were.'

'Don't be too certain of that, Robert; however we'll do the best we can. Good-bye for the present, you'll be over at seven.'

Robert arrived at the gate of Sternham Park at the appointed hour, found his new friend waiting for him, and they walked together to the house.

'Come, and see my father now,' said Clement.

They passed through a handsome hall, into a spacious library which had a sombre air of gloomy stateliness. In an arm-chair sat an elderly gentleman, whose presence somehow chilled Robert, and made him feel rather uncomfortable.

'Father,' said Clement, 'this is Robert Rivers.'

The gentleman saluted his young visitor coldly, and at the same time Robert thought that he seemed to take stock of him with a very keen glance.

'You wish to fish in my river?' at length he said.

'If you please, sir,' answered Robert timidly.

'Well, I shall allow you and Clement to do so, with one restriction. There is a part of the river I wish to preserve; from the stile as far as the clump of elm-trees to the right. I shall trust to your honour to avoid what I have mentioned; the rest of the river you can fish at your pleasure.'

'Thank you, sir,' replied Robert.

'Father, may I fish that part?' asked Clement; 'you know the best holes are there.'

'Certainly not,' replied Mr. Sternham; 'the prohibition applies equally to both. Now go and amuse yourselves as you please.'

The boys left the room, Robert much relieved at being free from Mr. Sternham's stately presence, and secretly rejoicing that he had not such a father.

Months passed away, during which the two young friends spent many a happy day together; until one evening in autumn, when the weather was peculiarly suited for fishing, and the boys exerted their utmost skill, yet only caught a few small trout. It was strange, for they could see large fish rising in the forbidden waters.

'How I should like to catch some of those big fellows!' exclaimed Clement.

'So should I,' said Robert, 'but there's no use wishing.'



'I don't know that,' replied his friend; 'I can't see why we shouldn't take a few fish out of those holes. I never could understand what my father keeps them up for? He doesn't fish himself, and it's very like the dog in the manger not to let others do so. He'll never be a bit the wiser; and it will give us great sport, so come and let us try.'

'Oh, no! Clement, we couldn't do that, remember we promised?'

'Yes, I forgot, you promised; but I didn't. Well, I suppose you can't fish; it's a great pity, though. I wish you hadn't answered at all; but there's nothing to hinder me, and you must only look on.'

'Why, Clem, I heard your father forbid you too.' 'Well, certainly he did, but it was not reasonable; and I don't see any great harm when I didn't give my word about it.'

'Clement, you know in your heart you're wrong. Come away to the far part of the river, where we'll have more luck.'

'Well, we'll try there if you like.'

Accordingly they left the tempting waters, and no more was said on the subject; but unfortunately their success was equally bad, and Robert soon returned home.

(To be continued.)

Chatterbox.



THE FISHER FRIENDS.

(Continued from p. 336.)

PART II.



WHEN the boys met as usual next day, Clement exclaimed, 'Oh! Robert, you can't think what sport I had last night; after you went home, I caught six splendid trout,—you never saw such beauties.'

'Clem, surely you didn't do it, after all?'

'Yes, but I did; now don't lecture. When I saw you were so scrupulous I waited till you were gone; and now that the ice is broken, I think we might both fish there.'

'No indeed, Clement, I never will. Mr. Sternham said he would depend on my honour, and I wish you had not disobeyed him.'

'But you won't tell any one, Robert?'

'I'm not going to turn informer,' he replied, in a slightly offended tone.

'Well I beg your pardon, I know you won't.'

The boys were not so happy as usual that day. Robert in his own mind blamed his friend much for what he had done, deliberately disobeying and deceiving his father, but again he thought, 'Perhaps I should make more allowance for poor Clement. I cannot tell what I might do if I had a harsh father like Mr. Sternham, instead of my dear parents, who are so kind. I have no temptation to deceive them. Still, Clement was wrong.'

The great difficulty which now perplexed the two boys was, how to dispose of the fish which Clement had caught the evening before. He had hidden them in the long grass by the river edge, but feared their being accidentally found. Robert recommended him to give them to some poor person. 'That is,' he added, 'if you will not show them to your father, and ask his pardon, which would be the right thing to do.'

Clement laughed. 'Oh, Robert, you don't know my father! he never forgives! No, no, that plan is out of the question; your other suggestion is rather better, and I'm sure that old woman at your gate would be very glad of the fish; not often she has so good a dinner. You might take them to her like a good fellow, as she's a friend of yours, it wouldn't look so queer as if I went; and mind tell her to be sure to cook them to-day, for they won't keep.'

Robert thought it would seem disobliging not to comply with this request, so he set off to old Jane's cottage with the fish, feeling very guilty as he crept stealthily along the hedges, and trembling lest he should meet some one at every turn.

'I've brought you a dish of fine trout, Jane, I hope they're in time for your dinner.'

The old woman expressed her gratitude, but seemed surprised at the gift. As Robert left the cottage, he began to think that Jane could not possibly eat six large fish in one day; and his mother, who was in the habit of visiting the poor old woman might come in, and would naturally ask where she

got them? Oh! it is a great misery to have anything to conceal, and Robert felt it keenly. Had it been his own case, he would at once have confessed all, but he could not betray his friend's secret.

Meantime Jane found a way of her own to dispose of the trout. She did not care to eat them, and much preferred a little money. Accordingly she watched until she saw a man pass by, who hawked all manner of goods through the country, and she called him in, and showed her six fine trout. A bargain was quickly made; she received some money, and he carried off the fish in his basket in the hope of making a little profit by selling them again.

It happened that Mr. Sternham had been obliged to go to town that day, and was returning by the evening train. At the station he saw on the platform a man carrying a basket of fish, which he offered for sale to the passengers. They were fine trout, and displayed to the best advantage on fresh green grass. Seeing Mr. Sternham fix his eyes on the fish, the man thought he had found a likely customer, and said,—

'A fine dish of trout, sir; you can have them cheap.'

'Where did they come from?'

'That's more than I can tell, sir, for I bought them myself, but they're fresh and good.'

'One river alone, within twenty miles contains such trout, and either you have been trespassing on my preserves yourself, or you have bought them from some poacher, and now are bold enough to offer me my own fish for sale.'

The man looked frightened.

'Oh! sir, I know nothing about them indeed, I bought them from old Jane at Mr. Rivers' gate, and never asked where she got them.'

'I don't believe a word of that story, how could an old woman come by my fish? However I'll inquire,' he added, as a suspicion crossed his mind. 'Meantime bring the trout and come to my house, where you must stay till this matter is cleared up.'

Clement walked home with his friend that evening congratulating himself that he had so well escaped detection. Robert entreated him to promise that he would not again disobey his father, to which he the more willingly consented, as he could not deny that the pleasure he had enjoyed did not repay for all the uneasiness he had endured. On his return home, he entered the library as usual, when—could he credit the evidence of his eyes?—there on the table, in his father's presence, lay the identical six trout he had caught the evening before. Clement stood in mute dismay, while his father's eyes were sternly fixed upon him. At length Mr. Sternham spoke.

'You have seen these trout before?'

Clement was silent.

'Speak, sir; do you know who caught them?'

'I do,' faltered he.

'Yes, so I supposed. Were they taken from the part of the river in which I forbade you and young Rivers to fish?'

'Yes,' replied Clement.

'I was sure of it, they are not so large elsewhere. Pray did you help your friend to catch these fish?'

For the first time it dawned upon Clement that his father believed Robert guilty, and not himself; so, on the impulse of the moment, he answered, 'No, Sir.'

'Am I then to understand that you were not present when young Rivers played the poacher?'

'I was not.'

'Then why did you look so frightened when you entered the room? You must have been aware of it all, and I conclude this is not the first offence.'

'Oh! yes, sir, it is the very first, and indeed it will be the last. Please don't blame Robert, and don't ask me any more about it for I can't tell.'

'Clement, recollect you are deceiving your father; though you may think it very heroic to screen your friend; however I shall not condemn him without being sure of his guilt, but circumstances are strongly against him. The old woman at Mr. Rivers' gate sold those fish to a hawker, whom I met at the railway station; I shall ask her to-morrow how she came by them, and then speak to Mr. Rivers on the subject.'

Clement passed a miserable night, and earlier than usual next morning, went to the place where he was in the habit of meeting Robert, to wait his arrival.

'What's the matter, Clem?' exclaimed his friend, as he approached.

'Oh! it's all found out. That abominable old woman sold the trout to a hawker, and my father got them at the railway-station. When I went home last night they were on the library table.'

'And was your father very angry? and did you confess it all?'

'No, no, my dear fellow, that's the worst of it; he thought you guilty on account of old Jane having the fish, and I was a coward, and didn't undeceive him; indeed, I was so surprised and frightened I hardly knew what I was saying. He would have been terribly angry had he known the truth.'

'And he thinks I broke my promise when he trusted to my honour,' said Robert. 'Oh! Clement, you should not have allowed that; but, after all, it's better he should have a bad opinion of me, than of you, so leave things as they are.'

'Oh, no! Robert, that wouldn't be fair, especially when you did your utmost to prevent me. I do think you're the best fellow in the world; still I don't know how I can tell my father, when I didn't do so last night, but allowed you to be suspected.'

'Yes, Clem, I see your difficulties, and I fear your father never would think the same of you again; but don't fret, for I'll bear the blame.'

'If you do, you must be prepared for the worst, for my father is gone to ask old Jane who gave her the fish. And then he intends speaking to Mr. Rivers, and I'm sure he will tell him the whole story.'

'My father won't believe a word of it when I tell him it's not true. He never doubts me.'

'But, Robert, you must not deny it, for your father wouldn't allow you to be blamed in the wrong. I'm afraid he'll be very angry.'

'He'll be grieved to think I could act in such a manner. That will be the hardest part to bear, but it's better than that you should be discovered. Yes, I'll go through it all, for my father will forgive in time, and perhaps give me back his confidence.'

'And mine never would,' said Clement. 'Oh! I'm so much obliged to you, you're a true friend.'

'What I fear is that we shall be separated; your father will think me an unworthy companion for you.'

'It would be the same in either case,' replied Clement, 'and indeed I dread it very much.'

'Well, good-bye,' said Robert, and the boys shook hands warmly, 'Don't be afraid, I'll be sure not to betray you.'

(To be continued.)

A LEGEND.

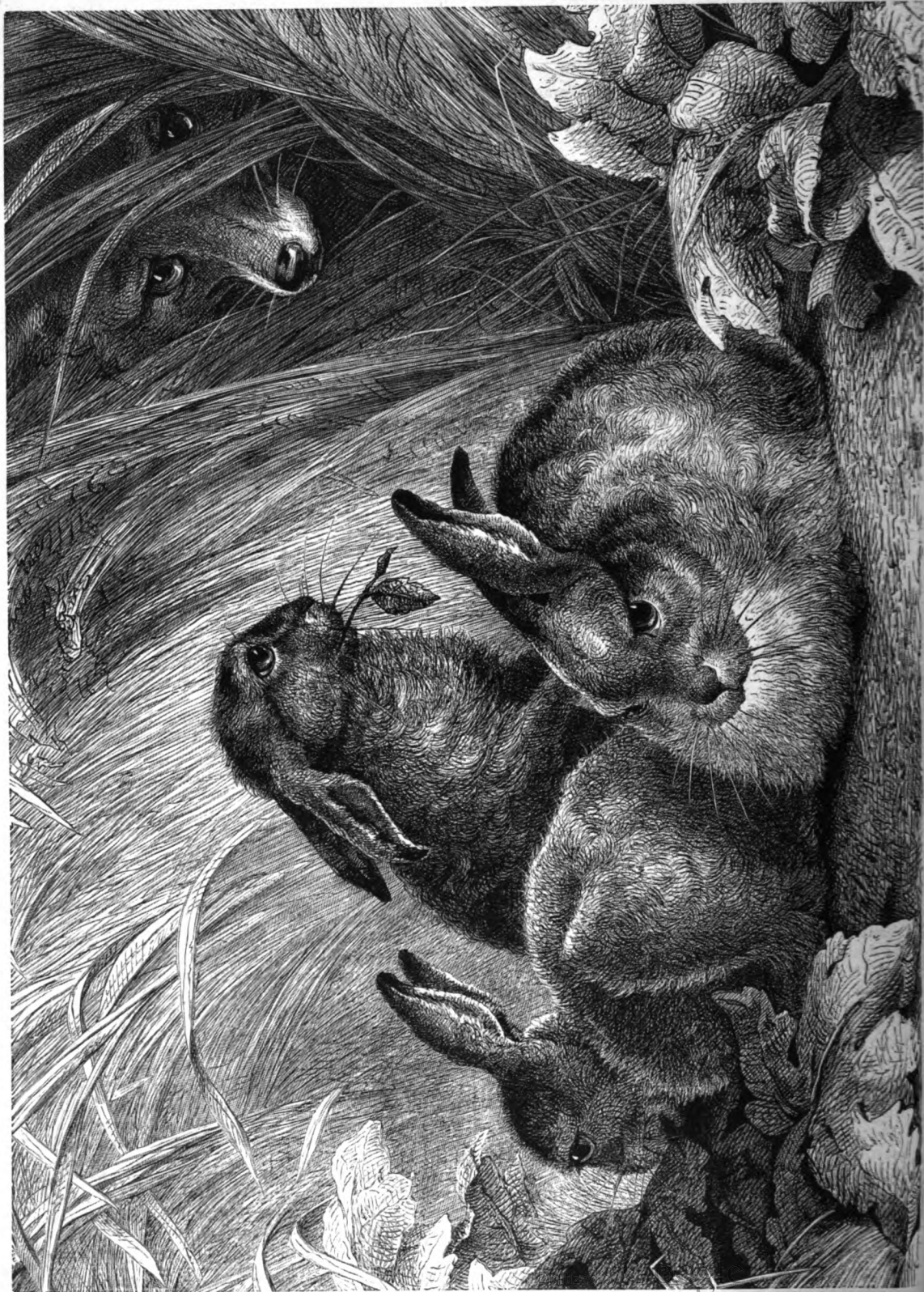
THERE were once, so the Seshahs religiously believe, three mighty birds who rested on the tops of the highest mountains, and flew in the invisible upper air. Their name was Tootooch. They fed upon the whales of the great ocean: the whirl of their wings was the thunder, and the darting of their tongues the lightning. These invincible birds could not brook the power of Quawtsaht, the creator of the world, and continually defied him from their mountainous citadel not far from the snowy peaks of Cush-Cutl.

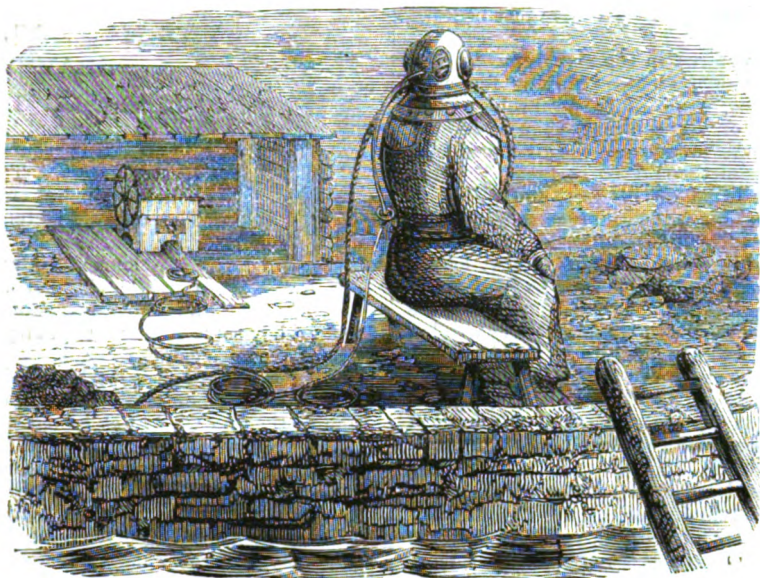
For a long time they mocked him, and the maker of the earth was no match for them in their swift flying. But the victory which Quawtsaht could not gain by pursuit he determined to attempt by subtlety.

One day a stupendous whale came rolling and spouting into the Sound near the foot of the Tootooch's eyrie. They marked their prey and let him swim on. He came securely, sometimes beneath the waves, and sometimes above, throwing his spray aloft, and without fear. Suddenly, quicker than thought, the largest bird fell like a thunderbolt upon the sea and dashed his talons into the mighty prey. But he strove in vain to draw him upward, for Quawtsaht had made the fish heavier than lead. There was a fearful struggle on the surface of the sea. But the ponderous Yahtoop, endued with unconquerable strength, sank lower and lower; and Tootooch, unable to extricate his talons, was drawn under by his enemy. Presently the two remaining birds saw the lifeless body of their mate floating on the waves.

At that moment Yahtoop, the whale, rose to the surface again, showing deep scars and stains of blood. Again came the tremendous swoop and the deadly grapple, and a second bird was drawn under, and soon was floating dead beside his dead mate. It was a bitter struggle. The fish, now scarred and torn by the conflict, still waited for the onset of the last of the three birds.

Then the black clouds gathered, and the thunder pealed, and vivid lightning cleft the sky flash after flash, and all the air was obscured, and every creature terrified. The surviving Tootooch was deeply stirred. He rose sadly on his heavy wings and departed to the highest regions of the air. There he dwells in the remote unknown centre of light. There, to this day, according to the legend of the Seshahs, his sharp and narrow tongue makes the lightning flash, and his booming pinions cause the thunder.





DANGER AT DINNER.

THE picture, which is a copy from a painting of Beckmann, a great animal-painter—the German Landseer—represents three young hares, who, having been left by their mother, first venture out from their hiding-place about sunset to seek some young clover and tender leaves for their supper. But by an unfortunate accident, that rogue, Master Reynard, is crossing the meadows at this very time, and a treacherous wind has made known to his sharp nose the whereabouts of the three innocent leverets. Cautiously creeping along on his stomach, Reynard had approached unnoticed, and now stands suddenly, as if he had started out of the earth, close behind his unhappy victims. The hare to the left seems to have no suspicion of the threatening danger, it is comfortably eating the crisp leaves, but the middle one has heard a slight rustling and has started up, probably in expectation of seeing again its long-missed mamma. But instead of the well-known maternal visage, our young friend suddenly perceives a wild, strange, sharp-snouted face, whose green sparkling eyes foretell no good. Frightened at the grim apparition, the animal stares, still holding the half-eaten trefoil between its teeth. But his brother to the right has already some suspicion too, he saw and heard the grass-blades move, he does not dare to finish his mouthful, and is looking timidly backward towards the suspicious object, in order to take flight at the slightest movement. But Reynard knows very well that his unhappy victims will remain rooted to the spot as long as he does not move, so he stands motionless as a statue; and whilst his eye flashes with delight at the feast he is going to enjoy, he is meditating in what order he had best eat up the three little brothers.

J. F. C.

THE DIVER.

SURELY that ugly figure on the bench cannot be a man!' I think I hear some of the readers of *Chatterbox* exclaim, as they look at the picture of the diver. 'It looks like some unearthly monster!'

Your surprise, my young friends, is by no means strange, as any one who has seen the original of my drawing can testify. A few weeks ago I saw a diver at his work for the first time in my life. Some severe gales of wind and continual showers of rain had damaged some water-works which were being constructed at the place where I was staying, and the services of the diver were required to find out the extent of the injury done to the walls, part of which had given way and fallen into the water. Numbers of people assembled daily to witness the descent and ascent of the queer-looking 'monster,' and expressions of surprise, amusement, and even alarm, were constantly heard on all sides.

The diver's helmet is made of iron, and is screwed round his neck into a sort of iron collar or shoulder-piece; a complete suit of strong waterproof is also fastened by screws to this collar, and covers up the diver's entire figure. There are three windows or openings in the helmet protected by glass and bars of brass, and through these windows the man can see quite distinctly when under the water—one of them, called the mouthpiece, is movable, and is not screwed on till the diver is just about to enter the water. An india-rubber tube, many yards in length, is inserted at the back of the helmet, and the other end is attached to an air-pump; this machine has two handles which are turned by men when the diver is under water, and by this means a sufficient supply of air is pumped down the tube and into the helmet, to enable the diver to breathe

freely; the foul air escaping by a valve just beneath the tube.

Great care is required in the management of the air-pump—if the men ceased pumping for even a few minutes, the poor diver would be stifled and die; and if, on the contrary, they turned the handles too fast, the pressure of the air forced into the dress and helmet would be so great, that the wearer would be lifted off his feet, and forced to the surface against his will. In order to enable the diver to walk steadily under water, leaden weights are fastened to his chest and back, whilst leaden soles are fixed to his huge boots; for so great is the power of the air pumped into the helmet to force the man upwards, that without these heavy weights it would be impossible for him to keep on the bottom; he would rise up to the top of the water like a great cork.

Upon looking at the picture, a rope will be seen fastened round the diver's waist, below the band to which the air-tube is attached; this is called the life-line; it is held by a man above water, and is the means of communication between himself and the driver, the latter jerking the rope according to an arranged code of signals, when he requires more or less air, or when he wishes to be hauled up. So great is the weight the diver has to carry to keep him under water, that, when he emerges from it, he can scarcely walk without assistance; as soon as he gains the top of the ladder he is helped to a seat, and his helmet removed, so that he may rest and refresh himself before he again descends.

The length of time a man can remain under water varies in proportion to its depth; the greater the depth, the less time can he keep below; the pressure of the air in which he is compelled to exist, being, in deep water, sometimes so excessive, that blood is forced from the ears and nostrils.

When the water is very clear, the movements of the diver below can be seen with tolerable distinctness, and a most curious and grotesque object he is with his enormous head and huge staring eyes.

Besides being employed in accidents of the kind I have named, the services of the diver are frequently made use of when ships are sunk at sea; they then go down beneath the waves in the hope of recovering lost treasure; as, for instance, in the wreck of the *Royal Charter* on the Welsh coast a few years ago, when a large amount of gold and other valuable stuff was brought up by divers from the bottom of the sea.

A. C. WHEELEY.

A REMARKABLE FISH.

CERTAIN animals, birds and reptiles, are very long-lived, though nothing can be discovered in their formation to account for the circumstance. The stag, the elephant, the eagle, the crow, the parrot, and the viper, are especially remarkable for the length of their life. In 1497, a carp of prodigious size was caught in a fish-pond in Suabia, with a ring of copper round it, on which were engraved these words in Latin: 'I am the first fish that was put into this pond by the hands of Frederick II., Governor of the world, 5th October, 1230.' It must, therefore, have lived at least 267 years.

THE MAD DOG, OR TRUE BRAVERY.



O! I can't come. I promised mother I would not.'

'Oh, that sounds very fine, Master James. The truth is, I believe you're afraid of a gun. The noise frightens the pretty dear, I dare say.'

So spoke Andrew Holmes, a rough-looking lad of fifteen, with a gun over his shoulder, to James Byrne, a boy some three years younger, the nephew of Lord Merton's gamekeeper.

James was on a visit to his uncle. Before his departure from home, his mother had made him promise that he would not go out shooting unless his uncle accompanied him. Byrne, the keeper, was a good-natured man, and soon put his little nephew in the way of handling a gun; but being early spring, there was not much shooting to be had. James had now been a fortnight at the lodge, and the rough boys in the village, having discovered that he had a gun at his command, frequently tried to persuade him to come out shooting small birds with them. This James always refused to do on the ground of his promise to his mother. He also knew that there was great cruelty in shooting birds at a season when so many little gaping mouths depend on them for food.

And this he proceeded to explain, when a fat thrush planting himself on the top-bar of a gate close by, Andrew took aim at it, fired, and missed it.

'Cruel! I dare say,' rejoined Andrew, mockingly. 'You fine gentlemen from the town know how to preach, I see; but for all your cleverness I like a fellow with a bit of pluck who is not afraid to smell powder.'

'I am not afraid,' rejoined James, somewhat angrily. 'I was out with Uncle all day yesterday; he says I'm a very good shot, and I killed——'

'We want none of your bragging tales here,' interrupted Andrew, who was encouraged by seeing an audience of three small boys from the village approaching; 'if you are such a swell, my young gentleman, get your gun, and come and prove it, and never talk about your mammy not liking it just to hide your own cowardice. It's my belief you just carry the bag after Byrne and stop your ears when he fires.'

The three village boys laughed, while James, red with anger, exclaimed, 'I'm no coward, and I'm not afraid of a gun, and, if you say another word, I'll get it and show you what I can do.'

'Be a braver man than that,' said a voice close by; 'be brave enough not to mind the mockery of other lads if you have right on your side.'

The boys looked round surprised as Mr. Clare, the Curate, appeared on the other side of the stile close by, and Andrew looked sheepish as the new-comer added, 'I have heard of your promise to your mother, James Byrne; and I should think you a coward, if

you dare not keep it, whoever makes fun of you on that account.'

'They think I daren't handle a gun,' muttered James; 'they think I'm afraid.'

'Let them think so,' said Mr. Clare; 'it does not hurt you, and in time, perhaps, they will find themselves mistaken: only don't quarrel, lads, about it this fine morning. Good-bye, I must be off;' and the Curate walked on across the fields.

'I shan't get my gun for the like of you,' said James, somewhat sulkily turning away from Andrew.

'Ay, lads! he's but a coward,' mocked Andrew, and the three little fellows shouted 'Coward' after James, as he slowly moved off.

It was hard to bear, but after Mr. Clare's remarks James determined to bear it; he was a well-principled though hot-tempered lad, and the Curate had called his better feelings back to him and brought to mind the solemn promise he had given to his widowed mother.

The boys had been standing talking about a mile from their own village of Merton on the highroad to Fairford, the market town, the keeper's lodge lay between them and Merton; the road, however, was not much used by the village-folk, as there was a green bye-lane passing through Lord Merton's property which was much nearer and which he let them use. It is necessary that this should be understood before I go on with my story.

James Byrne had not gone more than a few yards in the direction of the lodge when a loud voice calling, 'James! Andrew!' stopped him. It was Mr. Clare, who came running back, and as soon as he had breath he said, 'Lads, quick! get over the hedge! lose no time, there is a mad dog close by. They have hunted it out of Fairford, and it is on the highroad. Quick, get out of its way!' Without a second bidding the four boys scrambled through the hedge, Andrew quicker than all. 'Is it near?' asked he now, white with terror.

'Some little distance off, but you are safe,' said Mr. Clare; 'mad dogs never turn out of their road for any one. I must not stay, though; now I have got my breath, I must get to the village and warn the people. There may be children playing in the road who would be in danger.'

At this moment James Byrne with a hasty alarmed cry of 'Lionel!' rushed away, sprang over the hedge again, and set off full speed down the road towards Merton.

'Is the boy mad?' asked Mr. Clare, 'the dog will overtake him before he can get to Merton that way.'

'Perhaps, it's the little 'un at the lodge he's after,' suggested a small boy; 'I see'd him playing in the road as I came up.'

It was indeed his little cousin at the lodge whom James also recollected to have seen playing outside the lodge-gates, and for whose safety he feared; he ran down the hot, dusty road till breath and sight almost forsook him, never stopping till he caught the little fellow by the pinafore, and almost threw him into his mother's arms as she stood amazed at the gates.

'Get in, Aunt,' he cried, hoarsely, 'get in,

it's a mad dog!' and he pushed her before him into the house, seized his uncle's gun which lay against the settle, banged the door upon the woman and child, and rushed out again into the road.

'Have a care, James! the gun's loaded,' screamed Mrs. Byrne from the window; but James, with a set and serious face, was now calm though panting, leaning with his back against the stone pillars of the gate, and watching for the enemy. A moment more, and it came, poor thing! wild with the agony of madness, rushing onward, snapping aimlessly as it ran. The boy's hand never shook as he drew the trigger, though the dog was close upon him. A shot—a yell, and all was over. Byrne, the keeper, came running out of the plantation to ask what was the matter. 'A mad dog!' he exclaimed, in answer to James's explanation.

Mrs. Byrne came out of the cottage with the child in her arms. 'God bless the boy,' she said, as giving little Lionel to his father, she threw her arms round James Byrne. 'Thou hast saved our darling, and in the very nick of time, too, for that wild creature that lies dead there must have been close upon him.'

Boylife, James wandered off into the woods to escape the thanks of the grateful father and mother. Returning through the village, he came upon a group of village boys eagerly discussing the occurrence. Andrew was there, but sheepishly cast down his eyes as James passed. The other lads seized on James. 'Stop a minute, and tell us about it,' asked one. 'Eh, lad, but it's fine to be thee. I heard Mr. Clare telling Lord Merton all about it just now, and he said thou wert real brave and a credit to thy bringing up.'

'Did he say all that?—did he say I was brave?' asked James, his eyes lighting.

Just at that moment Mr. Clare came up the street, accompanied by Lord Merton. 'Here is the boy, my Lord,' he said, pointing out James; and poor James blushed deeply at the praises of the great man of the neighbourhood.

'It wasn't much I did,' he muttered.

'Well, James,' said Mr. Clare; 'it might not have been deemed much to do, though it saved a life very probably; but it proves that God has given you a brave heart and a steady head, and that you know how to use both well. Now, Andrew, come and shake hands with James. You had a little dispute this morning which I should like to see made up.'

Andrew came up somewhat clumsily, but said with an effort, 'I didn't mean what I said this morning, James, I was only plaguing thee.'

'Never mind,' said James, 'it's all right.'

And it *was* all right. No boy ever called James coward again or ever thought of him. He was the village hero during the rest of his visit, and when he went home he took with him a capital silver watch which Lord Merton had sent him as a remembrance of the great event, the killing of the mad dog.

'And by-and-bye, when I am old enough, I am to be Lord Merton's keeper too,' said James to his mother; 'he said so himself, because I am such a good shot.'

H. A. F.



HUNGARIAN GIPSIES.

IN PAIN and Hungary are the two countries in Europe where the most gipsies are found. They swarm outside the towns and villages of the latter country. All strangers or well-dressed persons are followed about by their begging children, whom no one can escape. If the young vagabonds happen to be asleep or do not perceive the arrival of any new comer, the mother soon rouses them with the words, 'Look, look! children;' and like a swarm of bees, they rush upon their victim exclaiming, 'Gracious Emperor, Duke, Count, Bishop, or Baron,—give us a kreuzer, we have neither father nor mother, and have had nothing to eat for a week.' These words they will continue to repeat, till they are attended to. Those whose hearts they cannot soften by their timely appeals, they endeavour to move by their agility in gymnastics and by turning round in the road, like a wheel.

In the market-place, too, this brown fellow is generally to be found. On hot summer days, he makes himself very comfortable here. If he has only had enough of his favourite black bread and

brandy, he will stretch himself lazily along the hot pavement and enjoy a snooze—idleness to him is the highest bliss. Only the cigar-end which the passer-by has just thrown away, can tempt him to get up, to secure such a treasure. If one gipsy is in the sun, he does not long remain alone, his brother soon joins him. When towards evening the stones become too hard, they get up yawning, and wish they were kings or emperors that they might have as much straw as ever they like, on which to sleep.

No gipsy ever learns a regular handiwork, the necessity of getting food alone obliges him to take up a calling which he forsakes immediately his hunger and thirst are satisfied. In summer these gipsy tribes wander about from village to village, and in winter encamp under a wretched tent or shed close to some town, where they do a good business as menders of pots and kettles, makers of rough wooden utensils, beggars, fortune-tellers—sometimes as thieves. When their journey from place to place they take all their property with them on their lean miserable horses, their smoky tents, their wretched tools, and their little children carried in sacks and baskets. These processions crossing desolate regions have a melancholy appearance, so woe-begone and tattered are the figures of the poor folk.

J. F. C.

Chatterbox.



YOUNG AGAIN.

AN old man sits in a high-back'd chair
 Before an open door,
 While the sun of a summer's afternoon
 Falls hot across the floor;
 And the drowsy click of an ancient clock
 Has notch'd the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out,
 From the scented summer air;
 And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,
 And now it lifts his hair;
 And the leaden lid of his eye droops down,
 And he sleeps in his high-back'd chair.

The old man sleeps and the old man dreams,
 His head droops on his breast.
 His hands relax their feeble hold,
 And fall to his lap in rest:
 The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
 And in dreams again is blest.

The years unroll their fearful scroll;
 He is a child again;
 A mother's tones are in his ear,
 And drift across his brain;
 He chases gaudy butterflies
 Far down the rolling plain.

He plucks the wild-rose in the woods,
 And gathers eglantine,
 And holds the golden buttercups
 Beneath his sister's chin;
 And angles in the meadow-brook
 With a bent and naked pin.

He loiters down the grassy lane,
 And by the brimming pool;
 And a sigh escapes his parting lips,
 As he hears the bell for school;
 And he wishes it were nine o'clock
 And the morning never dull.

A mother's hands press'd on his head
 Her kiss is on his brow—
 A summer breeze blows in at the door,
 With the toss of a leafy bough;
 And the boy is a white-hair'd man again,
 And his eyes are tear-fill'd now.

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.

WHEN one Englishman meets another, the usual inquiry is, 'How do you do?' the Frenchman would ask, 'How do you carry yourself?' the Italian, 'How do you stand?' 'How do you find yourself?' is the German interrogation; 'How do you fare?' is the Dutch; 'How do you perspire?' asks the Egyptian; the Chinaman wants to know 'How is your stomach?—Have you eaten your rice?' the Pole, 'How do you have yourself?' the Russian, 'How do you live on?' while the Persian salutation is, 'May thy shadow never be less.'

THE FISHER FRIENDS.

(Continued from p. 339.)

PART III.



AS Robert returned home full of sad and anxious thoughts, he was met by his father and mother. 'What is all this I hear?' asked his father. 'Surely that you have never been fishing in Mr. Sternham's preserves when you gave him your word of honour not to do so!'

Robert hung his head and remained silent. 'My son,' said his mother, 'I cannot believe it, and I assured Mr. Sternham there must be some mistake.'

'Did old Jane say I brought her the fish?' at length faltered the poor boy.

'She asserts that you did,' said Mr. Rivers, 'and her granddaughter declares that she saw you, or at least a boy of your size, fishing on the preserved part of the river the evening before. There is very strong evidence against you; but still, Robert, I am unwilling to think you guilty, and if you will deny the charge, I shall believe you, for you never yet told me a falsehood.'

'Father,' said Robert, and he raised his head as he spoke, 'I do not deny it.'

It was all he said, but it was sufficient to surprise and grieve his parents. They were so sure of their son's honour and truth, that they had indignantly denied the charge which Mr. Sternham had brought against him that morning.

'Robert,' said his father, after a painful pause, 'I cannot tell you what I feel, I am so disappointed. I did not believe you could break your word and betray the confidence placed in you by Mr. Sternham, then making matters worse, by trying to dispose of the fish in an underhand manner. I grieve to say that I must now feel you are not to be trusted.'

Robert was a brave boy, but this was too much for him, and he burst into tears. 'He has not acknowledged it,' said his mother; 'perhaps there may be some mistake. How did it happen, Robert, that you were so overcome by temptation?'

'Mother,' he replied, through his tears, 'I can tell you nothing about it, please do not ask any more, I have said that I do not deny it.'

'You will be sufficiently punished by the consequences of your conduct,' said Mr. Rivers, 'for you have lost your two greatest pleasures,—the companionship of your friend Clement, and the fishing of the Sternham Park river. You have also lost my confidence.'

'Oh! father, do not say so, not lost entirely. I shall do my best to regain it.' He was about to say, 'Indeed I am not so bad as you think,' but he checked himself and turned away.

From this time Robert was an unhappy boy, but though he was bearing the punishment of a fault he had not committed, he was not so miserable as Clement, who had escaped all blame. Several days

after these occurrences the two boys met accidentally on the road.

'Clement,' said Robert, 'you know your father doesn't wish us to meet.'

'Nonsense,' replied his friend, 'we know too well that it is you who shouldn't speak to me. But,' he continued, 'I'm so lonely now, and I want to tell you everything.'

'No, Clem, I won't stay with you, though I'm not the least angry, but like you as well as ever, and always shall.'

'Robert, I can't bear it any longer, I will tell.'

'No, you had better not, it is too late now.'

This was bad advice, but Robert was afraid Clement would think it was on his own account, if he said otherwise, besides he dreaded the exposure for his friend's sake, and so they parted.

Meantime, old Jane was not idle on Master Robert's behalf, for he was a great favourite of hers, and she grieved much at having been the means of doing him an injury. One day she was discussing the matter with her granddaughter, and said, 'Are you sure, Anne, that you saw Master Robert fishing that night as you told the gentleman?'

'Grandmother, I never said I saw Master Robert, only a boy about his size, for I was on the other side of the river, a good bit down, and couldn't see his face.'

'Was no one else passing that way?'

'Yes, I met the gardener's son at the Park; I'm sure he saw who it was, for he passed close under the trees.'

'What hour was it, do you remember, Anne?'

'It was after eight, for when I got home it was just nine o'clock.'

Old Jane seemed greatly pleased. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'it was only seven when I saw Master Robert go home, and he didn't pass this gate after. I'll run up to the house and tell the mistress all this; and she'll know if Master Robert was at home from seven till nine.'

Accordingly she did so, and Mrs. Rivers said that her son had come home on that evening shortly after seven, and had sat in the drawing-room reading until he went to bed at ten.

'Then, it was another boy the same size who caught the fish,' said old Jane; 'but I don't care if it wasn't Master Robert; anyway the gardener's son could tell, for he passed closer to the river than Anne.'

Robert waited till Jane left the house, and then said, 'Please, mother, don't tell all this to any one, and don't make more inquiries; indeed, I have a good reason for asking, but I can't tell you.'

'I guess your reason, my son, but I cannot allow you to lose your character for honesty and honour. I shall consult your father when he comes in, and promise that we will not seek to prove the guilt of any one else, if we can clear you completely without doing so. You have acted very unwisely in this matter. I dare say your motives were amiable, and doubtless you have shown much devotion to your friend, more than I fear he is worthy of. Still you have been a partner in carrying on a deceit, and it would have been truer friendship if you had ad-

vised Clement to act rightly, instead of aiding him in that which you know to be wrong.'

'Mother, Clem did it that evening when I was not with him; he was tempted; but he never did so before, and promised me he never would again.'

'Then why did he not acknowledge his fault instead of putting it upon you in so cowardly a manner?'

'Mother, Clem's not a coward, and he didn't put it on me. I took it myself, because his father's so harsh, he would never have forgiven him. Oh! please, don't tell Mr. Sternham.'

But Jane was beforehand with them all, for as she was walking a bit of the way home with her granddaughter, they met Mr. Sternham. Jane usually stood very much in awe of this gentleman, but on the present occasion she took courage to speak to him.

(To be continued.)



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL-MASTER.

BOYS generally look upon the schoolmaster as a tyrant, though when they grow up they often change their minds, and gratefully remember him. Schoolmasters have much to suffer, not only from the idleness and stupidity, but frequently from the impertinence, of their scholars.

The boy in the picture has been turned out from school for repeated acts of disobedience and impudence. One day he drew a picture of a donkey on a slate, and wrote underneath it, 'The schoolmaster;' once he pinned a large piece of white paper on the worthy man's back. Such acts could not be borne by the most patient of masters. The naughty boy was forbidden to enter the school again. When his parents heard what had happened they were very angry with him, and we may be quite sure did not spare the rod. After several days, when they hoped the schoolmaster's wrath had abated, they entreated him to take the little rogue back, and give him another trial. The master said he would consider the matter.

Here we see in the picture the naughty boy accompanied by his mother, who brings a peace-offering in the shape of a basket containing a fat goose, a ham, and some bottles of wine. The boy makes a pitiable face, and is evidently very penitent for his faults. The schoolmaster is not so fierce as he was. The sweet-faced mother, as well as the contents of the basket, soften his heart. It is a long time since roast goose was seen on his table. The boy takes courage to kiss his hand, and promises that he will never do so again. The other lads, who were expecting a terrible explosion of wrath upon the head of their unfortunate companion, behold with astonishment the unexpected turn which matters have taken. They wish they might partake of the feast. The interview has, at all events, afforded them some amusement.—J. F. C.



The Village Schoolmaster.



SKY AND TIT-LARKS

OF all the birds in the air that are, or ever were, surely the Skylark is the merriest, the cheeriest; he is the herald of the morn, telling when the day is born, and his song is loud and strong when the evening shadows fall on the vale, and all other birds are still save the sweet nightingale. But when the sun is high, and the sky is full of golden light, he is singing clear and shrill, and you see but a speck, small and black, and you ask, Is this the bird whose melody is heard far and wide? In the hollow of the

meadow where the feathery grasses wave like a tide of the sea, when the wind is sweeping free, sits his mate with speckled breast upon her nest, keeping warm her green-grey eggs between her folded legs, and listening with delight to the strain of the songster up above, whose heart is full of love. He is coming nearer; clearer sounds the music; now it stops, and he drops, like a stone, on the nest for a rest.

And now we must drop down from our rhyming, and describe the pretty songsters pictured above, and their near relatives. Two branches of the family, which naturalists call *Alaudina*, are here represented, the bird on the left of the picture being the Skylark, shrillest, and cheeriest, and commonest of British songsters; and the other two being Pipits, or Tit-larks, as they are often called.

Of the true Larks we have four species, viz. the Sky, Wood, Shove, and Short-toed Larks, and of the Pipits four: the Meadow, Tree, Rock, and Richard's Pipits, but as all these, except the first, are uncommon birds, we need not trouble ourselves about them; they may be considered as the retainers, or poor relations, of that bird about which the English poets, from Shakespeare downwards, have made songs as musical as its own sweet strains; but we are not going to quote them; oh, no, for if once we began we should never be able to leave off, and our readers would get too much of a good thing. So we will talk only of the manners and habits of this little brown bird that makes such a noise in the world, and has become celebrated even in remote lands where his song is never heard. You must get up very early indeed if you mean to rise before the Lark, and he does rise too, far above earth,—up, up, with a spiral flight, not straight, but corkscrew fashion. Did our readers ever watch this? Round and round, higher and higher, till he is lost in the blaze of glory on which the eye cannot look, and then how he sings as he goes, 'as if,' as the old English divine, Jeremy Taylor, says, 'he had learned music and motion of an angel.'

'Bother Jeremy Taylor!' did you say? Ah, well, you will know better some day, and read and read his admonition against anger, in which the Lark is so beautifully introduced, and other richly poetical writings with instruction and delight.

Now this sweet herald of the morn who floods the sky with melody is the male bird always, and when you hear him singing in the spring-time you may be sure his mate and nest, with the eggs of greenish grey, speckled with brown, are not far off. He knows exactly where they are, always on the ground among the corn or long grass left for hay, or rank herbage of some kind; and presently he will begin to unscrew himself out of the sky, until he gets just over it, when down he will drop and have a chat with Mrs. Lark, before he goes up again to sing another song, because his heart is so full of love and joy that he cannot contain himself, but needs must sing; so

'The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground his lowly nest.'

From which we may learn this lesson; that those

whose souls take the loftiest flights, and rise nearest to heaven, are the most humble, and the most honoured in the sight of God.

We sometimes see skylarks shut up in a cage; this should never be; of all birds it is least fitted for a life of confinement, and its music is too shrill and ear-piercing for a room or street. Mellowed by distance it is very sweet and exhilarating, but heard close and heard constantly it has a sad and depressing effect, for we cannot help feeling sorry for the poor prisoner, who must be pining for the freedom and sunshine which it loves so. This bird does not leave us in the winter, although then its song is never, or very rarely, heard: it congregates in large flocks, and seeks its food in the open fields, or wherever it may be found. Great numbers of the poor birds are then snared and shot, and no doubt, if they were not, many would die of starvation. If the destruction of them is not wanton and unnecessary we should not object to this; all creatures were grown for the use of man, and to kill them for food or clothing, or some other really useful purpose, is not cruelty, provided this be done in the quickest possible manner. And now, as we have preached a little sermon, let us tell how a sermon was once preached by a Lark. In Australia there is no such thing as a song-bird; there are birds that chatter and shriek, but none that sing; and a young man, who went out from England, and made money by gold-digging when he wrote for his father and mother to come out and share his prosperity, told them to bring with them a Skylark. This they did, and the bird was hung outside of his 'store,' as a general shop is there called, at a place called 'The Ovens,' about two hundred miles from Melbourne.

When the bird began to pipe up the effect was wonderful. Sturdy diggers—big men with heavy faces, and great brown hands, paused in the midst of their work, and listened reverently. Half-drunken diggers left unfinished the blasphemous sentence, and looked bewildered and ashamed. Far and near the news spread like lightning, 'Have you heard the lark?' 'Is it true, mate, that there is a real English Skylark up at Jack Welsted's?'

So it went on for three days, and then came Sunday morning. Such a sight had not been seen since the first spadeful of golden earth had been turned. From every quarter—east, west, north, and south—from the far-off hills and from creeks twenty miles away, came a steady concourse of great rough Englishmen, all brushed and washed as decent as possible. The movement was not arranged beforehand, as was evident from the half-ashamed expression of every man's face. There they were, however, and their errand was to hear the Lark.

Nor were they disappointed: there, perched on his wood-and-iron pulpit, was the little minister, and as though aware of the importance of the task before him, he plumed his crest, and, lifting up his voice, sang them a sermon which touched them more deeply than if a bishop himself preached.

It was a wonderful sight to see these three or four hundred men, some reclining on the ground; some sitting with their arms on their knees and their

heads on their hands; some leaning against the trees with their eyes closed, so that they might the better fancy themselves at home, and in the midst of English cornfields once more: but sitting, standing, or lying, all were equally quiet and attentive; and when after an hour's steady preaching, the Lark ceased, his audience soberly started off, a little low-spirited, perhaps, but on the whole happier than when they came.

'I say, Joe,' one digger was heard to say to another, 'do you think Welsted would sell him—the bird, you know? I'll give as much gold-dust for him as he weighs, and think him cheap.'

'Sell him! not he!' was the indignant response. 'How would you like a fellow to come to our village at home, and make a bid for our parson?'

THE MUSSULMAN CALIPH AND HIS CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

THE Caliph Mutvekul had conceived an evil suspicion against his physician Euthymius Honain. He imagined that because this physician was a Christian, the Greek Emperor might lead him under the pretence of religion to make an attempt on his master's life.

The Caliph wishing to convince himself of the fidelity of his physician determined to put him to a severe test.

'Honain,' he said one day to him, 'I have an enemy of whom I wish secretly to rid the world, you must prepare me, so subtle and sure a poison, that not the slightest trace of it will ever be discovered on the person of him for whom it is destined.'

'Gracious master,' replied Euthymius, with noble candour, 'I have only studied the preparation of healing medicines, and never had the least suspicion that the Caliph would require of me the means of taking away life. If such is your will, prince, I would rather leave this country, and my present good fortune in it, than prepare deadly drugs, of which, too, I am completely ignorant.'

Mutvekul replied: 'It is my will that my command should be immediately executed.' He had recourse first to entreaties, then to threats, then again to the most tempting promises. But all in vain.

Then, pretending to be enraged at the physician's refusal, he ordered him to be cast into prison. Euthymius, feeling that crime alone brings disgrace, and that there is no shame in suffering for righteousness' sake, bore this ill-treatment, which he had not deserved, with child-like submission to the will of God.

For a whole year he languished in a dungeon. At last the Caliph sent for him. Gold, diamonds, and similar precious objects, were spread out on the table before him, by the side of which, upon the same table, were displayed scourges and various instruments of torture.

'You have had time enough,' said Mutvekul, 'to reflect; I cannot believe that you will be such an enemy to yourself as to refuse any longer to perform my wishes; however, you must now choose between

these treasures displayed before your eyes, or death, for which these horrible instruments you see here, are prepared.'

'I have already told you, my prince,' answered the physician, 'that I am only acquainted with those medicines which prolong man's life, and that those that shorten it are completely unknown to me! Give your orders then concerning my fate, in the faithful fulfilment of what I know to be my duty I am ready to bear the worst.'

The Caliph now laid aside his feigned severity and said, 'Honain, be at ease. There were some men who cunningly made me doubt your faithfulness; in order to convince myself of it, I felt myself obliged to put you to a very severe proof. Henceforth I put the fullest confidence in you, but I must ask you, nevertheless, to explain to me why you were so determined not to obey my commands.'

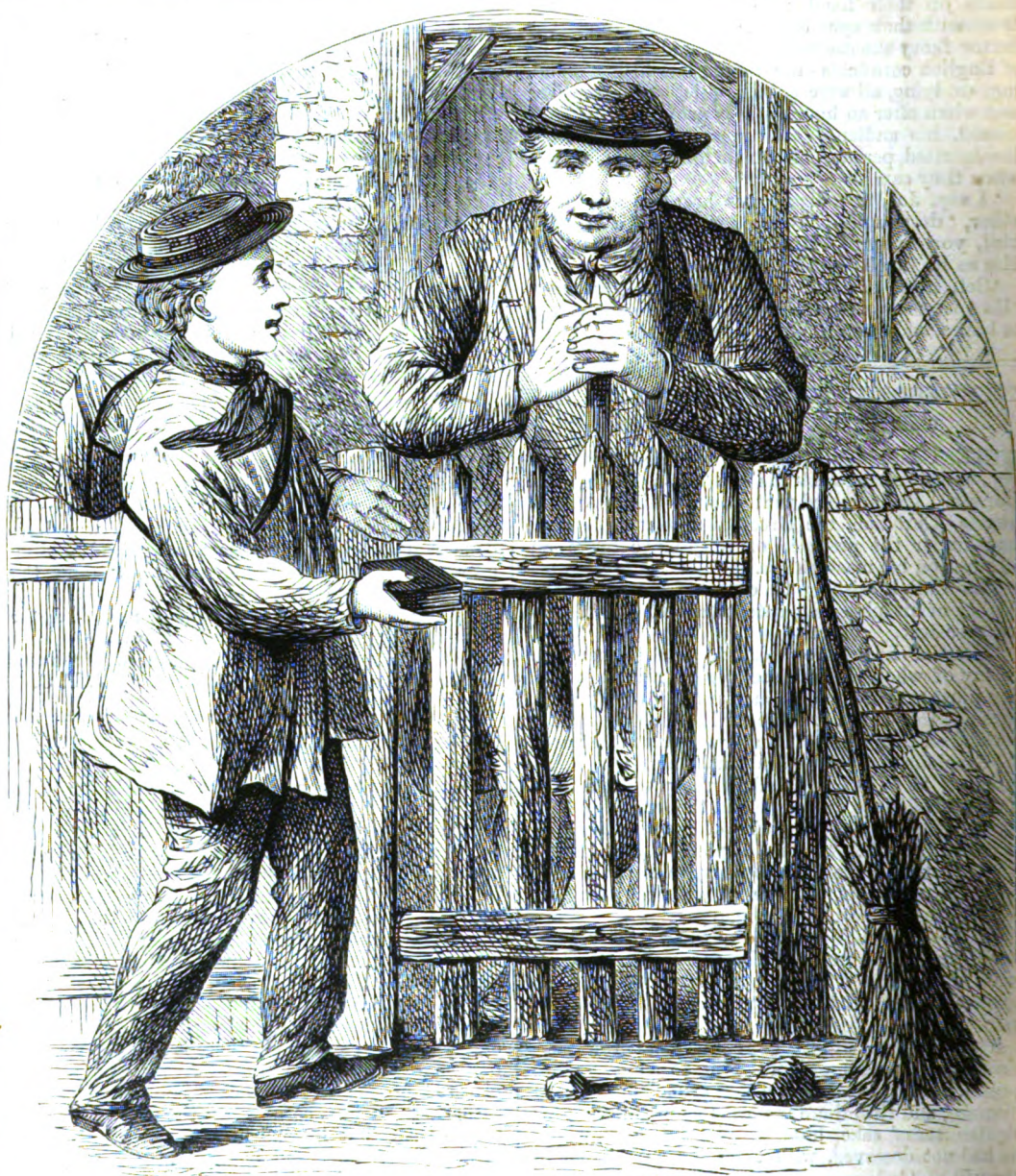
'Gracious master,' said Honain, 'very unwillingly would I refuse any of your wishes, but as a Christian it was my duty to act as I did; my religion compelled me so to do. This religion which commands us to do good even to our enemies, still more strongly forbids us to injure in the least those who have done us no harm, and its most sacred and binding decree is, "Love God above everything, and thy neighbour as thyself."'

'These are excellent commands,' remarked the Caliph, 'I greatly admire a religion which teaches such a doctrine as this. Remain then with me and continue always to act as a Christian.' J. F. C.

COUNTRY BOYS.

AS I saw how much there was for little Joe to do on the farm, and what a real help he was to his father, I did not wonder that boys from the country have the first chance of success in the city, as they do; because boys on farms are brought up in *habits of industry*. They are of use on a farm. There is plenty of work for them to do. Their labour has a value. There is no room for idleness; for Satan is sure to 'find some mischief still for idle hands to do.' They are saved, too, from that *street education* which sows the seeds of evil in the hearts of so many children. I go along these quiet roads, and what a wholesome air there is; no taverns and beer-shops; no cigars and swearing; no staring placards of foolish or wicked amusements; no gatherings in the corners of the street of boys taking their first lessons in wickedness. Instead of all this, these grand old trees, these corn-clad hills, these grass-laden valleys speak as eloquently as they can speak of the value and beauty of a sober, thrifty, and useful life; while the trout-brooks and hawthorn hedges, the singing-school and the supper under the trees, provide recreation and amusement enough for all good purposes.

Every man blest with an early life in the country thanks God for it. Let the country boys be thankful for their country home, and know that a good training there is the best capital to begin life with *anywhere*.



'Well, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city. I tell you it is a dangerous ocean to launch your craft on,' said a man to his neighbour's son.

'Yes, sir,' answered the lad, taking his Bible from

his pocket; 'but, you see, I've got a safe compass to steer by.'

'Stick to it, stick to it,' cried the man, 'and even the devil himself can't hurt so much as a hair of your head.'

H. C. K.

Parts I. to IX. 1869, are now ready, price Threepence each. All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.

Chatterbox.



TOMMY MILLER.

LAUGHING, rosy Tommy Miller,
 A blithesome boy is he;
 I scarcely think it's been my hap
 A finer lad to see.

He is not over seven years old,
 Yet he can read and spell;
 But that is not the best of him—
 I've better things to tell.

He never told a coward lie,
 To save himself from blame;
 Nor ever gave a rude word back,
 Or called an ugly name.

Though Tommy Miller loves his play,
 And plays as play he can,
 With right goodwill,—just as I hope
 He'll work when he's a man;

Yet, if he hears his mother call,
 At once he's by her side;
 No need for calling Tommy twice,—
 Oh! he's his mother's pride.

And baby sister loves him well,
 For he can nurse her too,
 And laugh, and count her little toes,
 And fasten on her shoe.

At night he reads his lessons through,
 Then father show him how
 To mend his whip, or make a kite,
 Or arrows for his bow.

And when the happy evening's gone
 He softly says his prayer;
 And tucked into his nest, he sleeps
 Before he is aware.

I wish all boys had such a home;
 For other lads, you see,
 If they were trained as Tommy is,
 Might be as good as he.

B. H. FARQUHAR.

HORROR OF TELLING A LIE.

AT the time when persecution raged against the Christians, Firmus, Bishop of Bazaste, in Africa, showed the horror which his soul had of a lie, by willingly making to the truth the sacrifice of his life. The officers of the government heard that a man, who, notwithstanding the imperial prohibition, had embraced the Christian religion had found an asylum with the prelate. They came and ordered the Bishop at once to give him up into their hands. The Bishop replied, 'I cannot tell a lie, I have concealed the man you are searching for; I cannot deliver him up to you, you will never know the place of his retreat.'

Threats could not wrest his secret from him. To all solicitations—even to tortures, he only answered in these beautiful words, 'I know how to die, but I do not know how to tell a lie!'

The emperor, admiring this heroic constancy, granted a pardon to the prelate, as well as to the Christian whom he had concealed from his pursuers.

J. F. C.

INCHBROOK.



SOMETHING had happened' in the village of Inchbrook. There was no doubt of it. Groups of people stood about at their doors having left their work, in the middle of the wide straggling street, while two or three, who seemed to have more to do, such as the Vicar, Mr. Whitby, and the doctor, Mr. Brodrick, walked quickly by with down-cast faces, hardly acknowledging the curtsies and bows, which were all the more respectful in the hope that a stray word or look might be vouchsafed to the eager news-loving population.

Even the noisy school children were hushed into silence, except the very small ones, and they for the most part seized the opportunity to do whatever lay in their way of mischief. Little fingers furtively dipped into the treacle-jar the most tempting bits of crust pulled from the loaf which stood ready for dinner; plums filched from the cake which should have been in the oven half-an-hour ago, with a general squabbling and disorder, marked the unusual occurrence which had everywhere withdrawn the mother's eye.

Presently a groom on horseback rode quickly past. He exchanged no greetings with the girls as was his wont, but on he rode, bearing telegrams to the railway-station. In five minutes more the sad news, which had paralysed Inchbrook, would be flying hither and thither through England and Scotland, and bring desolation to more than one noble home.

A day or two later, and everybody will read in the papers of the sudden death of the young Countess of Durnford, who just a year ago came into the village in triumph, drawn by willing hands instead of horses, and beaming with smiles at the reception given her by her husband's tenantry.

'Long life to the bride!' one arch had on it in gay flowers, and now the short life in this world was over, and the echo of the bells which announced the birth of her son had hardly died away when the solemn death-knell began to toll for her. The great house was darkened and silent, and the villagers were lost in amazement.

All Inchbrook belonged to Lord Durnford, and these people and their forefathers for many generations had been dependent on the family at the Park. Something of sympathy, but almost more of curiosity, impelled them to listen greedily to any fresh scrap of intelligence brought down from the great house.

Tales were told of the agonies of grief which Lord Durnford was suffering; of his having paced the picture-gallery all night, and of his being quite unable to take comfort in the baby he had so proudly and thankfully welcomed.

'Ah, and whatever will become of the dear baby?' old Nurse Grey was asking of Mrs. Waite, the park-keeper's wife.

'Poor little dear! nobody thinks of it much now the mother's gone; but I made bold to ask Mr. Whitby, and he said Martha Jameson was sent for

this morning. She used to be in high favour with my lady before she married the poacher, and now he's gone, poor fellow! they've taken up with her again, it seems.'

'To be sure, old Lady Durnford was partial to Martha,' said Mrs. Grey. 'She sent her to school, and made such a fuss with her that the girl's head was turned. And then when she went against them all, and would have her own way about marrying Jack Jameson, why nothing was bad enough for her. They were just about angry.'

'To be sure they were, and Martha must have been surprised to be sent for to-day; for she hasn't shown her face at the Park since she married, though my lord has sent her money every week since her husband was killed in that poaching business.'

'Well, her fortune's made now, for she'll be nurse to the young lord, and glad enough to get back there, too. She don't care what becomes of her own baby, not she! So long as Martha Jameson can get good food and smart clothes she don't care.'

That evening, however, Mrs. Waite was herself summoned to the Park, and shown up, through long, silent passages and corridors, to the Dowager Lady Durnford. Her reason for sending for Mrs. Waite was to ask whether she would take charge of Mrs. Jameson's baby. Lady Durnford explained that she would not like to take the mother from the child unless it could be well cared for. It was not a question to be answered off-hand. The poor baby was crippled and likely to be a serious charge. On the other hand, it was Lady Durnford herself who asked it, and at such a time of grief it seemed impossible to raise difficulties.

Mary Waite went back and consulted her husband, and then gave her answer; she would undertake to do her best for the child. She had none of her own, so that it seemed a great step to take; but she was a religious woman, and she could not help feeling that God might be giving her a work to do for Him.

Lady Durnford took her in to see Mrs. Jameson, who was sitting with the motherless baby in her arms, looking so young and pretty in her widow's cap, that Mrs. Waite's heart was quite drawn to her, and she promised more than Martha asked, or seemed to expect, in the way of love and attention to her child.

'You trust me, Martha, don't you now?' said the good-natured woman; 'you believe I'll do my best?'

'Oh! to be sure I do, Mrs. Waite,' said Martha, somewhat coldly.

CHAPTER II.

Old Nurse Grey had described Martha Jameson's character tolerably well, though now that her advancement had come, much that was unkind and untrue was said about her by the jealous neighbours. She was left an orphan while still very young, and being very pretty had been unduly indulged and petted.

Then during a long absence of Lady Durnford from the Park, where Martha was one of the under-housemaids, she married a handsome, good-for-nothing young man, who had been repeatedly warned

off Lord Durnford's premises, and had as repeatedly been found hanging about the stables and preserves.

Thenceforth all favour was withdrawn from her, and she soon found that she had not a friend in the world. Her husband's fair promises were only kept for the first few weeks of his married life, and these over, he returned with full vigour to his old practices, often staying out a great part of the night, and neglecting his honest work in the day. She did not dare to complain of him, for already his hot and ungoverned temper was beginning to alarm her; and as months went by she prepared for her baby's coming in loneliness and anxiety. But she was too proud to let the neighbours know this, and she kept up well enough as long as their eyes were upon her. Mrs. Waite had always been kind to her, and would have been glad if Martha had treated her with confidence, but Mrs. Waite had spoken a word or two of pity, and Martha would not be pitied.

She had never had any real religious principle. She had liked to go to the school because ever since she could remember she had been praised and admired there. All visitors were struck by her cleverness and good looks. She was thus put forward in a way that fostered her vanity, and was very injurious to her.

Mr. Whitby, the rector, did what he could to counteract all this, but Martha was so bright in her answers, and so winning in her manners, that he always liked her, especially when at the time of her Confirmation she seemed so quiet and softened, and paid so much attention to his teaching.

He did not know how often she had tried on her cap before the glass, nor how anxious she was about the fit of her pretty light gown. Nor could he know that her thoughts were full of the idle young man whom she married two years afterwards.

Mr. Whitby had done all he could for her, and when the news of her engagement spread through the village he was the first to dissuade her from it, and set before her the probable sorrow she was preparing for herself.

It was then that he became aware of the wilfulness of her nature, and found that opposition only made her more determined to have her way; and since then, till the terrible fray with the keepers in which her husband lost his life, Mr. Whitby had seen little of Martha.

Her baby was born in the first miserable days of her widowhood, and then the tide of sympathy set in towards her, for the child was deformed, and her means of subsistence gone. She was, in fact, wholly dependent upon charity until she was sent for to nurse Lord Durnford's child in the confusion which followed the death of the young Countess.

Martha was heartily glad to get back to the great house once more. She had had a taste of the bitterness of poverty which made it very loathsome to her. She did not like the hard food and the cold, draughty cottage at all, and her heart had rebelled still more against the Providence of God, which, in addition to her other troubles, had sent her a crippled and helpless child. The doctor said it could never be anything else, and already she had heard it called by one and the other 'a poor little object.'

And then she had had so little comfort in thinking about it before it came, that she had not much of the mother's stock of love to draw on for it. It therefore seemed to her an excellent way of getting out of the whole thing to go to the Park, and to make her child over to Mary Waite. She could not help fancying that if she managed well, she might establish herself for some years as nurse to the Earl's son; and if so, she would soon be able to forget the past.

But she rather dreaded to see Lady Durnford, for she could not help knowing that she would remember the ingratitude and rebellion she had shown; and when on the evening of her arrival at the Park, a tall dignified figure came into the room and spoke to her, Martha stood up and curtsied, but she could not look Lady Durnford in the face. The first words reassured her,—

'You have had sad trouble too, Martha.'

'Yes, my lady,' and Martha burst into tears, not because of the trouble she had had, but because it overpowered her that Lady Durnford should speak so kindly, for Martha loved her.

'I have heard no particulars. Was your husband brought home alive?'

'No, my lady; he was carried into Mike Freeling's house, and they sent for me there. He lived to the middle of the next day, but he was never sensible. He didn't know me.'

'How very dreadful!' exclaimed Lady Durnford. 'And then your own baby was born. Is it a nice little baby, Martha?'

Mrs. Jameson looked up with an expression of pain and dismay, and then, hanging her head, said in a choking kind of whisper, 'Oh, no, my lady, it's an object—a cripple.'

The grandmother could not help turning towards the cradle close by her with its gay lace and muslin, and the placid baby lying in it. The contrast between the two seemed almost too great, too painful. Here was the heir to all the honour and dignity of his house, perfect in form and limb. There in the poacher's cottage was the deserted little cripple, not yet consigned to the care of Mary Waite, but depending on the kindness of the next-door neighbour, who had promised to take it home with her for that one night.

But, as we have seen, Lady Durnford would not allow this to go on, and Mrs. Waite was already on her way to the Park to receive instructions and make arrangements for the charge of Martha Jameson's baby, of which early the next morning she took possession.

'What will you have him christened, Martha?' said Mrs. Waite.

'Michael, after his grandfather,' replied Mrs. Jameson.

'She says his name is to be Michael,' said Mary Waite to her husband, that night, 'but I should have called him Benoni, for if ever there was a child of sorrow, he's one.'

And so it came about, that though he was christened Michael according to his mother's desire, he was always called Ben.

(To be continued.)

THE RHYMING ALPHABET.

- A is in *always*, but not in *ever*;
It is in *part*, but not in *sever*.
- B is in *bind*, but not in *tie*;
It is in *bawl*, but not in *cry*.
- C is in *certain*, but not in *sure*;
It is in *clean*, but not in *pure*.
- D is in *din*, but not in *noise*;
It is in *lads*, but not in *boys*.
- E is in *evil*, but not in *bad*;
It is in *grieved*, but not in *sad*.
- F is in *fountain*, but not in *spring*;
It is in *fetch*, but not in *bring*.
- G is in *gladness*, but not in *joy*;
It is in *plaything*, but not in *toy*.
- H is in *hue*, but not in *tinge*;
It is in *scorch*, but not in *singe*.
- I is in *incense*, but not in *enrage*;
It is in *wise*, but not in *sage*.
- J is in *juicy*, but not in *sappy*;
It is in *joyous*, but not in *happy*.
- K is in *keep*, but not in *retain*;
It is in *killed*, but not in *slain*.
- L is in *lance*, but not in *spear*;
It is in *lake*, but not in *mere*.
- M is in *meet*, but not in *fit*;
It is in *wisdom*, but not in *wit*.
- N is in *naughty*, but not in *bad*;
It is in *maniac*, but not in *mad*.
- O is in *odour*, but not in *scent*;
It is in *bowed*, but not in *bent*.
- P is in *prophet*, but not in *seer*;
It is in *precious*, but not in *dear*.
- Q is in *quaver*, but not in *shake*;
It is in *quench*, but not in *slake*.
- R is in *rapine*, but not in *pillage*;
It is in *culture*, but not in *tillage*.
- S is in *sewer*, but not in *drain*;
It is in *suffering*, but not in *pain*.
- T is in *twelve*, but not in *a dozen*;
It is in *cheat*, but not in *cozen*.
- U is in *utter*, but not in *speak*;
It is in *summit*, but not in *peak*.
- V is in *view*, but not in *scene*;
It is in *verdant*, but not in *green*.
- W's in *wed*, but not in *marry*;
It is in *wait*, but not in *tarry*.
- Y is in *yawn*, but not in *gape*;
It is in *monkey*, but not in *ape*.
- Z is in *zebra*, but not in *horse*;
It is in *furze*, but not in *gorse*.

IF there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.



RAPHAEL SANZIO.

IN the Street del Monte, in the town of Urbino, in Italy, the house may still be seen where, on 6th April, 1483, a son was born to the painter and gilder, Giovanni Sanzio, who made his name immortal. This son received the name of Raphael in his baptism, after the archangel, and it is by his Christian name that he is best and generally known.

At eight years old he sketched and painted several pictures. He received his first instruction in art from his father. When he was eight years old, too, he lost his affectionate mother, and soon after received a cruel stepmother, with whom his father lived so unhappily, that he died in 1494, leaving his son doubly an orphan.

An uncle on his mother's side now took Raphael from the stepmother, who embittered his life, and brought him as a scholar to the great master Pietro Perugino, who lived in the celebrated city of Perugia, and was then at the height of his fame. With

such a master Raphael soon made rapid progress. Perugino quickly saw the genius of his new scholar, and intrusted him with the execution of important works. He soon began to surpass his master in the wonderful expression of the countenances he painted.

Raphael remained eight years in Perugia. He then went to Florence, at that time the metropolis of Italian art. Letters of recommendation, together with his youthful beauty, soon procured him patrons and friends. Here he studied the works of Leonardo da Vinci and others, and worked with great diligence, producing at this time four of his celebrated pictures of the Madonna, as well as several beautiful portraits.

In the summer of 1506, Raphael journeyed to Bologna, and there formed an intimate friendship with the aged painter, Francesco Francia. This old artist recognised in his friend of twenty-three that marvellous genius which has made him so famous. Raphael then returned to his native town Urbino.

At the court of the Duke Guidobaldo, who assembled around him the most famous poets and artists of Italy, he was presented to Pope Julius II., a great patron of the arts. The handsome youth was much honoured here; at this time he painted, among other pictures, his own portrait, of which our engraving is a copy, he sent it to his beloved uncle, who had so well supplied his father's place. The original is now in Florence, it is a very beautiful face, and speaks of the purity and religion of his soul. There is a melancholy expression about it which touches the heart of the beholder. 'Such a being must die young, in order to live eternally young,' was the remark which a clever man made on seeing it for the first time.

In the autumn of 1506 Raphael returned to Florence, where Michael Angelo had just been exhibiting his famous battle picture. The young master now soon found himself surrounded by many pupils; employment, too, did not fail him. But his high soaring genius longed for the execution of great public works, for which he had no opportunity in Florence. The Duke of Urbino recommended him strongly to the Pope Julius II. to adorn several magnificent halls in the Vatican with large historic pictures. The Pope consented. In the summer of 1508 Raphael hastened with his cleverest scholars to Rome, without finishing the works which he had begun in Florence.

Now he was in his right place. This is the secret of Raphael's greatness. Till now he had, more or less, imitated other great masters. But in Rome he found himself confronted with a giant mind which it was impossible to imitate. This was Michael Angelo. Raphael's own genius was now revealed; and he created works which stand so high above his other paintings, that the air of Rome seemed to have worked wonders in him.

Favourable circumstances combined to foster the genius of this great painter. He began by decorating the 'Stanze,' the four large state apartments of the Vatican. The pictures on the walls here represent scenes from the lives of the Popes. Next came his wonderful frescoes in the 'Loggie,' consisting of fifty-two pictures, which are called 'Raphael's Bible,' because they are representations of Scripture history, from the creation of the world to the institution of the Holy Communion. The tapestries worked by Flemish artists for Raphael's Cartoons represent scenes from the Acts of the Apostles. The lower walls of the Sistine Chapel are hung with these tapestries on great festivals, while the upper walls and ceiling are covered with Michael Angelo's most glorious creations.

Any one of these works would singly have been sufficient to have obtained an immortal name for an artist, and yet they only formed the smaller portion of what Raphael created in the space of eleven years.

It would be impossible to mention even the names of half his works. All important picture-galleries now possess some of his paintings. Neither before nor after him was there such a prolific artist.

His three most famous pictures are the 'Madonna del Sisto,' now at Dresden, the 'Madonna della Sedia,' at Florence, and the 'Transfiguration of

Christ,' in the Vatican at Rome: the latter is almost universally considered to be the finest picture in the world. 'In this work,' says Vasari, 'the master has produced figures and heads of such extraordinary beauty, so new, so varied, and at all points so admirable, that, among the many works executed by his hand, this, by common consent of all artists, is declared to be the most worthy renowned, the most excellent, the most divine. Whoever shall desire to see in what manner Christ transformed into the God-head should be represented, let him come and behold it in this picture. The Saviour is shown floating over the Mount in the clear air; the Figure, foreshortened, is between those of Moses and Elias, who, illumined by His radiance, awaken into life beneath the splendour of the light. Prostrate on the earth are Peter, James, and John, in attitudes of great and varied beauty; one has his head bent entirely on the ground, another defends himself with his hands from the brightness of that immense light which proceeds from the splendour of Christ, who is clothed in vestments of snowy whiteness, His arms thrown open and the head raised towards heaven.' Having completed this great work Raphael touched the pencil no more, for he was shortly afterwards overtaken by death. Raphael's residence in Rome during the last few years of his life was a very brilliant one; the great and noble of the earth vied with each other to win his friendship. Famous artists sought his counsel, rising and unknown ones obtained his help. His scholars, for whom he cared as a father, showed him the deepest respect and affection. His pictures were weighed in the balances with gold, and even then the sum was frequently doubled afterwards. He led a princely life in his beautiful villa built after his own design, where he received the most celebrated artists of the age. But he always remained modest and simple. Living among a violent and passionate people, he yet had no enemy, and the amiability of his disposition at last overcame the jealousy of Michael Angelo. While we admire Raphael as the Prince of painters, we must not forget that he was also a sculptor, an architect, an antiquarian, and an historian of art.

He designed a plan for St. Peter's at Rome, which, if carried out, would have been a sublimer, though, perhaps, a simpler structure than the present Church of Michael Angelo. In Rome and Florence he built palaces, churches, and villas, he began a long work on art which was used by his biographer Vasari, but is now lost.

Raphael was only thirty-seven when he died. Who can wonder at his early death? Such an amount of work and energy was enough to wear out the strongest frame, and Raphael's constitution was a very delicate one. He died on his birth-day, Good Friday, April 6, 1520. When he lay in state, the day after his death, in his house, his last and scarcely completed picture, the 'Transfiguration of our Lord,' was exhibited hanging just above the corpse of the great master. He was buried in the Church of the Pantheon at Rome, where so many of his celebrated fellow-countrymen also repose.

J. F. C.

THE FISHER FRIENDS.

(Concluded from p. 347.)

SIR, Master Robert didn't catch those fish that he gave me.'

'I don't wish to hear any more on that subject,' replied Mr. Sternham, coldly.

'But, sir, you must hear it, for Master Robert's not guilty of what you accuse him; he was sitting reading his book, like a good boy in his own home, when Anne saw the fish caught, and he couldn't be in two places at once. I can prove this, sir, and if you doubt me, the gardener's son, up at the Hall, can tell you, for he was nearer the river than Anne; she only saw it was a boy about Master Robert's size.'

A cloud passed over Mr. Sternham's face as he replied, 'Don't be uneasy, good woman; I shall inquire and do justice, and I don't see how this matter concerns you.'

'It concerns Master Robert though,' muttered Jane, as she passed on.

When Mr. Sternham reached home, he sauntered towards the garden, and meeting Tom, the gardener's son, he asked with seeming indifference, 'If he ever saw any poachers about the river?'

'No, sir,' replied Tom, 'and I pass there every day.'

'And you have never seen any one fish the preserves?'

'No, sir, except one that has a right.'

'Who do you mean? Master Rivers?'

'No, sir, I never saw him there, but I mean the young Master, he's a great fisherman, I saw him not long ago draw six fine trout out of the hole near the elm-trees.'

'Indeed!' said Mr. Sternham; 'that was a good haul; did he catch them all himself?'

'Yes, sir, he was quite alone, I was passing and stood under the trees a long time to see the sport, but he didn't know I was there.'

'Well, Tom, keep a look-out, and bring me word if any one else fishes there.'

'Yes, sir,' replied Tom, as he walked away, very proud of having had so long a conversation with his master, and not conscious of having done any harm by his information.

When Mr. Sternham returned to the house, he found a note on the library table, in his son's handwriting. It ran as follows:—

'I can bear it no longer, punish me as you will, but do not blame Robert any more. I killed the six trout, and he had nothing to say to it, but always advised me not.'

'Too late, boy,' said Mr. Sternham, bitterly, as he crushed the paper in his hand, 'but I shall answer the note.'

Accordingly he wrote,—

'Remain in your own room until I have made arrangements for sending you to a boarding-school, where you must also pass the vacations, for I do not wish again to see one who has acted in so undutiful, deceitful, and cowardly a manner, and who waited to confess until he was aware I had discovered his guilt otherwise.'

He then rang the bell. 'Where is Master Clement?'

'Gone to bed, sir,' replied the servant.

'Then take this note to him.'

Clement was wretched enough during the next few days, confined to his room, with no companionship but that of his own remorseful thoughts. At the end of that time he received another note, ordering him to be ready to start next morning for school. He was glad of any change from his present solitude, but he felt deeply being obliged to depart without seeing his father or Robert.

A whole year passed, during which Clement never returned home. At the end of that time Robert was also sent to school, and much to his surprise and delight, found his old friend amongst his school-fellows. Poor Clement was very unhappy at his long estrangement from his father, and feared he should never again regain the confidence which he had now learned to value.

Robert, knowing his friend's feelings, made a plan of his own for bringing about a reconciliation between father and son. At the end of his first half-year he obtained his parent's permission to invite Clement to pass the vacation with him. He then wrote to Mr. Sternham begging his consent to this arrangement, and stating how very miserable his son felt on account of his anger, and how much he longed for an opportunity to express his regret for his past conduct. Mr. Sternham was a little softened, and gave a reluctant assent to the request. The day after their arrival Robert saw Mr. Sternham, and pleaded earnestly with him for Clement, until he consented to see his son, who waited anxiously the result of the interview in the park.

Then Clement entered and his father listened to his protestations of repentance and amendment, forgave and trusted him once more, for he really loved him, and had frequently longed for his return. Clement and Robert never forgot the hard lesson they had received, and continued fast friends during the remainder of their lives.

S. T. A. R.

TWO TALKS TO MYSELF.

THE IDLE BOY.

O DEAR me! what a terrible trouble it is to me to learn lessons and go to school! Here I have one, two—no, not two, but a whole column and a half of words, with meanings, to get by heart. I wish words had no meanings. Well, I suppose I must begin to learn them. P-i-s pris, o-n, prison, 'a place where people are confined.' Why couldn't they say school at once? That's a pr-son, I am sure. Well, what comes next? P-u-n pun, i-s-h ish, punish. I know the meaning of that word without the book; everybody in our house is so fond of using it. 'Master Charles,' says old cross nurse, 'if you will spoil your clothes in this manner, I shall ask your father to punish you.' 'Master Charles, cries Betty the housemaid, 'you deserve punishing, that you do, scratching my chairs, and writing on my tables so.' Now they are



not your chairs and tables, Miss Betty. O this ugly lesson—I never shall get it! P-le-a-s pleas, u-re, pleasure, 'gratification of mind.' Nay, but I am sure pleasure means swinging on gates, eating candy, blowing bubbles, and playing at watchmen and thieves with all our scholars. I dare say, if Fred Jones had heard me, he'd say pleasure meant having a new book. Read, read, read!—I hate reading! When I am a man, I'll never open a book, and I'll never send my children to school, and I'll have a black horse—no, it shall be a grey one, with a long tail, and I'll ride up and down the street all day long. Oh, how I wish I were a man now!

THE IDLE BOY BECOMES A MAN.

Yes, I am a man; and woe is me for having been such a little fool when I was a boy! I hated my book, and took more pains to forget my lessons than ever I did to learn them. What a dunce I was, even over my spelling! Always at the bottom of my

class, and my book thumbed, and dog's-eared. 'Do, Charles, learn your lessons,' said my father, 'or you will be fit for nothing when a man.' 'Do, dear Charles, give your mind to your books, or I shall be ashamed of owning you for a son,' said my poor mother. But no; I must give my mind to whipping tops and eating cakes; and a fine scholar they made me! Now, there was Fred Jones; he liked play well enough, but he liked reading also; and he learnt more out of school hours than I did in them. Fred Jones is now like myself, a man, but a very different kind of a man. He has made friends among the wise, the honourable, and the learned; I cannot be admitted to their acquaintance! He can interest others with useful information; I am obliged either to be silent, or talk only about the weather or my neighbours. I see my error now, but now it is too late. I have no time to read, for I must work for my daily bread; and if I had time, I could not turn my mind to it.

I now suffer the fruits of idleness in childhood.

Chatterbox.





THE LITTLE COLPORTEUR.

ALAD of fifteen, laden with a heavy pack of wares, went about hawking them from village to village. He arrived one day at a castle and was introduced into the drawing-room, where, upon one of the tables he noticed a heap of gold. The poor boy exclaimed, 'Oh! if I had only two of those louis, I would make my fortune!'

The mistress of the castle was a charitable lady and struck with the lad's pleasing appearance, she asked him what he would do with these two louis if he had them. He

at once explained his projects, how he would purchase wares, how he would sell them again, and the profits that he should be able to make by living with care and economy. 'Well,' said the lady, 'there are two louis, God grant that they may increase in your hands.'

Ten years passed away. This good lady had quite forgotten the little colporteur, when one day a hawker presented himself at the castle door. He looked like a well-to-do man. He inquired if they wished to buy anything there, and when he was told they did not, he requested to be allowed to speak to the mistress of the castle. He was introduced to her apartment, and, advancing towards her with a beautiful piece of silk in his hand, he begged her to accept it.

'Sir,' said the lady, 'I have just sent word to you that I do not want to buy anything.'

'No, madam,' he replied, 'my intention is not to sell it to you, I shall be only too happy if you will receive it, for it really belongs to you.'

'What do you mean?' replied the lady, astonished.

'Do you remember,' answered the hawker, 'a boy of fifteen, to whom, ten years ago, you gave two louis which he considered would make his fortune? That young lad was myself. Your generosity brought me prosperity. The two louis produced many others. I am rich now, and it is to you I owe my wealth.'

J. F. C.

INCHBROOK.

(Continued from page 356.)

CHAPTER III.

EVERY year that went by increased the distance between Mrs. Jameson and her son. She paid Mrs. Waite regularly, and came to see him at certain times, but the quick eye of the child saw that all her love was given to her foster-child at the Park. Ben would watch and admire her, and yearn for her affection, but he felt that he could not gain it. He saw young Lord Vyner's beauty and strength too; and as he stood at the Lodge gate on his crutches to let him and his young pony through, he found it hard to see why such different measure of happiness had been dealt out.

Mrs. Jameson had done as she intended, and by making herself necessary to Lord Vyner, she had established herself at the great house, acting as house-keeper after her duties as nurse had ceased. No tyranny or hard words could drive her from this position, for her love seemed to have centred in the boy, who, after all, only cared for her because he could manage her and make her yield to every selfish wish of his. Lady Durnford was getting old and infirm, and kept her room very much, and the Earl was constantly abroad, so that everything was left a good deal under the dominion of the head-servants. There was first an English governess, then a French one, then a tutor, but during all this time Mrs. Jameson kept up a certain sort of influence.

If Lord Vyner were in disgrace or out of temper, or if he wanted to contrive anything for which he did not dare to ask leave of the other powers, he was tolerably sure of a favourable hearing from Martha. Her appearance and manner were so superior too, that she gradually assumed a higher position than that she had at first sought to attain; and, above all, she could never think without shame of the short but miserable time of her married life.

But still, now and then, an uncomfortable feeling would come across her mind about her son Michael. What, if by-and-bye she should find herself without any love at all.

One evening particularly, she was troubled by such thoughts as these, when Lord Vyner, then about thirteen years old, burst into her room, as his custom was, though nobody else dared to enter it without permission. 'Look there,' he said, flinging a letter on her lap, 'I'm going to school at last. I've bothered my father for a whole year, and now he's settled it. Hurrah! We'll send old Griffiths to the right about now, and you'll get my things ready. Nothing but Eton-blue for ties, mind! The week after next! Oh, don't I wish it was next week, or to-morrow. I hate Inchbrook, except, of course, it was all very well as long as I was a baby,' added the boy, in a softer voice as he saw the tears in Mrs. Jameson's eyes. 'I shan't mind coming back for the holidays, but there's nothing for a fellow to do here. If I was the blacksmith's boy I could go and play cricket on the Green down there, but because I'm Lord Vyner, I can't go anywhere, and it's a horridly dull life. Nobody to speak to but my grandmother, and she's as deaf as a post, and old Griffiths, who can't talk anything but Latin Grammar, and nobody to bully but you, and you're no fun, because you always give in.'

'I shan't stop here when you're gone,' said Martha.

'What do you mean to do then? I shan't take a nurse with me to Eton if you mean that.'

'I don't know what I shall do. I don't believe you care for me a bit, and I've been like a mother to you. You don't mind leaving me, and as long as you live you won't find anybody that will love you as much as I do. And as for me I shall have no one left to care about.'

'Why, you've got your own son, Jameson. Don't you care about him?'

But Mrs. Jameson had worked herself up into such a sorrowful state that she could only sway her-

self backwards and forwards in her chair while she sobbed aloud.

'I've often thought,' continued the boy, 'that if I were away you would have him more with you. And he is worth ten of me. Mr. Whitby said the other day he was a credit to the place, and was the cleverest boy in it. I think it's rather a shame that you don't love Ben.'

'I have not been unkind to him once in my life,' answered Mrs. Jameson; 'and I daresay he is clever and good, but it sends a shiver through and through me when I see him coming along with his crutches and his hump-back. I think I should be happier if I were never to see him any more.'

'Well, then, I say it's a shame of you. But, look here, I want to talk to you about lots of things. You may send me fruit of course, but not cakes and that sort of stuff. And you're to be quite sure to feed the hawks and the rabbits yourself. I'll never speak to you again if you don't.'

Mrs. Jameson dutifully promised, and in a few days she had to part for the first time with the boy to whom she had devoted the best years of her life, and when he left her she felt that she had nothing left. It was all very well for people to talk to her about Ben, she never had loved him with a mother's love, and she said to herself that she never should. When she went to see him she kissed him certainly, but the kiss conveyed no tenderness, and the boy stood aloof looking at her with his great earnest brown eyes, full of eager admiration, and craving for the crumbs of love which Lord Vyner threw away. Mrs. Waite saw this and chafed under it. Why could not the boy be satisfied with her affection for him? She had never given him a cold word or look; and yet, though he was always obedient and dutiful, she felt that he did not value her years of kindness as much as he would have done one minute of tenderness from his mother, and she learnt the strength of this feeling when Lord Vyner went away.

One evening Ben had been busy over his sums and school-lessons which he prepared at home, but he did not seem able to keep his mind fixed on them so intently as usual, and presently he spoke, not knowing that Mary Waite had long been watching him over her spectacles, and guessing what was going on.

'How mother will miss Lord Vyner!' he said.

'She couldn't expect him to be always at Inchbrook.'

'Brooks the butler told me she said she wouldn't stay at the house without him.'

'That's all nonsense,' Mary replied, impatiently. 'She must stay. What good will she get by going? She can't tie him to her apron-strings. She'll get over that fast enough, and mayhap it will lead her to see her faults and mend them.'

'It won't make her love me if you mean that,' said Ben.

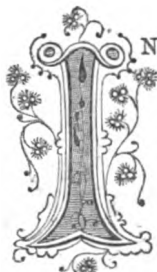
'Well, I don't suppose it will. If she's been so neglectful all these years, it isn't very likely she'll turn round and be a good mother now. I wouldn't care about having her love so much if I was you, Ben, I'd be too proud to ask for what isn't given me.'

Ben sighed, and felt that he did care very much. He never said his prayers without asking God to turn his mother's heart to him, and he chiefly regretted his deformity because he knew that it separated him from her. He had one never-failing friend in the vicar, and had been taught by him that if it were good for him his prayer would sooner or later be granted, but that it might be necessary for him to learn the lesson, that this world was not to give him the happiness he so longed for, and to make him fix his heart more earnestly on his Heavenly Home.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH HAYDN.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.



IN the village of Rohrau, in Bohemia, there dwelt, about a century ago, a wheelwright and his wife, both somewhat advanced in years. They had one son, named Joseph. The wheelwright, like a true Bohemian, had the love of music in his breast; and as in his youth he had learnt to play the harp a little, it was his delight on Sunday and holyday evenings to accompany his wife, as she sang the songs of her youth on an old harp, an heir-loom in the family. On these occasions their boy, Joe, who was then only five years old, amused them much, for as soon as his father struck the harp, and his mother, affectionately leaning on his shoulder, began to sing, Joe's excitement knew no bounds. He ran and fetched a piece of wood and a stick, with which he fiddled away as if he was playing on the violin. Naturally enough, the most pathetic song was often interrupted by a burst of laughter from the parents at the comical sight; but to Joe this made no difference whatever.

In the neighbouring town of Haimburg there lived a cousin of the wheelwright, who was a village-schoolmaster and organist, and he came to Rohrau to see his cousin, who felt much honoured by the visit. Nothing, however, would please this gentleman but that the wheelwright and his wife should play and sing to him. He listened attentively, and remarked how Joe fetched his board and stick, and how, in capital time and with correct movements, he handled his board as if he were an experienced musician playing on a first-rate violin.

The cousin was astonished at the child and his wonderful ear, and gave it as his opinion that Joe would become a great musical genius. He proposed to his parents to take Joe to the town with him, where he would teach him to play the violin and piano, and in time make something out of him. The wheelwright sighed, for he was very poor, and had hard work to earn his daily bread. He thanked his cousin for his kind offer, but sadly said that he must decline it, for he was too poor to pay the expenses of Joseph's instruction. At this the cousin burst out laughing.

'If you have no other reason than that, all will be



well,' said he. 'I have no intention of asking you for anything, cousin, and Joe shall not cost you a farthing for his teaching. Give me the little fellow, and you won't repent it.'

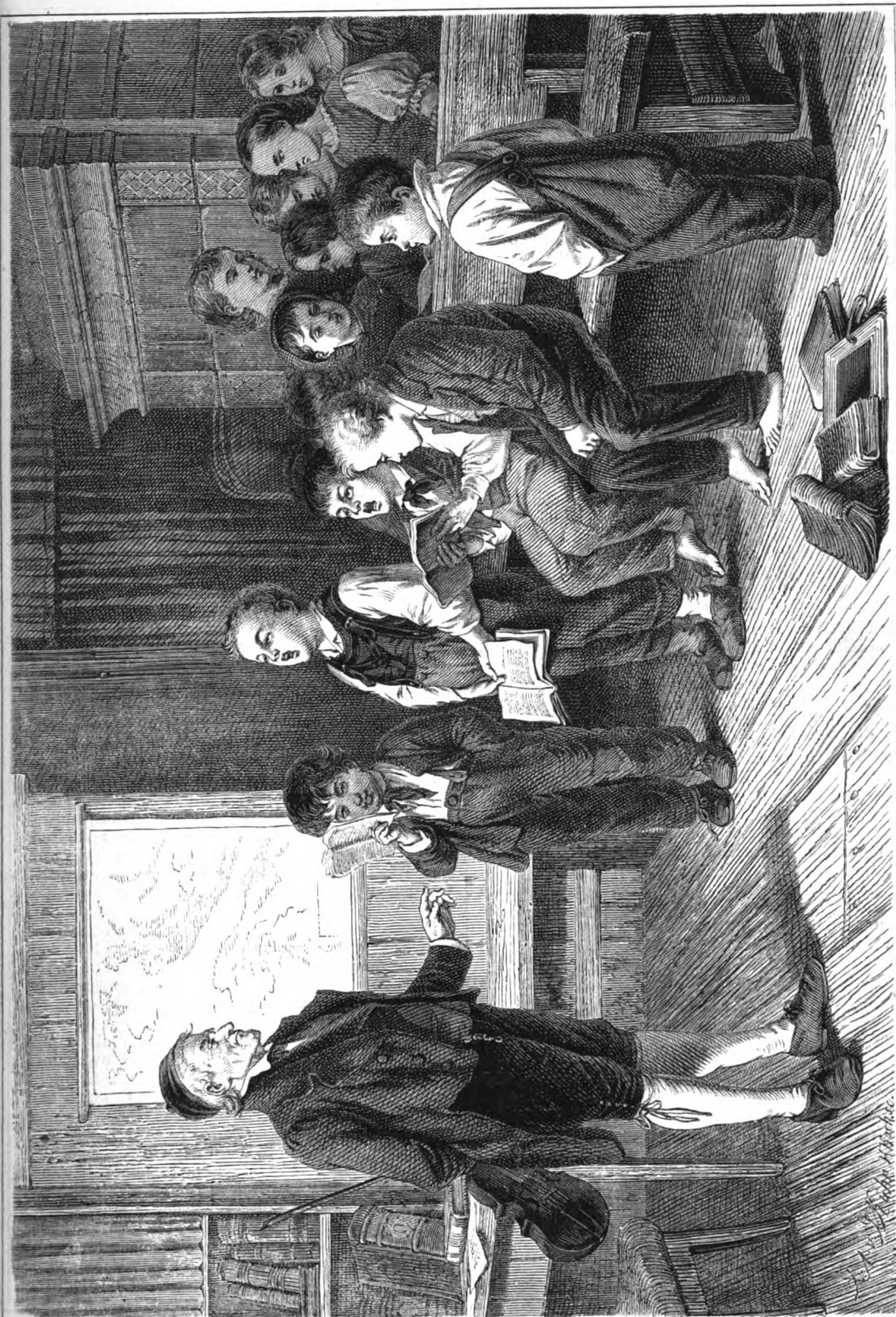
The parents were overjoyed: they already saw their little Joe on the road to high honour. And if sometimes their hearts beat heavily and their tears flowed at the thought that they must give up their only child, they felt, nevertheless, that it was really for his welfare.

The cousin was an honourable man, but rather hot-tempered. He taught Joe in his school to read, write, and cipher, and gave him also instruction in singing and music. But the poor boy's time was not a very happy one; for though food was scarce, floggings were plentiful. Joe endured it all. The love of learning was great in the lad, and the love of music had still more power with him. He would not have been able to live without music. Though his cousin was a strange fellow, and more ready with

the stick than with words of love, yet he was sometimes kind and good-tempered, and really rejoiced at the progress his little scholar made.

Thus two years passed, in which Joseph had got on bravely, and sang his soprano with a lovely voice, clear-toned as a bell. Now and then he came to Rohrau, and sang, with his father and mother, to the harp; or he borrowed an old fiddle of a neighbour, and accompanied his mother's fine voice and his father's stiff notes on the harp with his beautiful playing.

The Dean of Haimburg had often during service in church been charmed by Joe's beautifully clear voice; he understood something of music, and his praise rather softened the harsh cousin's heart towards Joe. Now the Dean had a friend in Vienna who stood high in the musical world, for he was choir-master of His Imperial Majesty's Chapel; his name was Von Reuter, and once he came to Haimburg on a visit to the Dean.



Joseph Haydn at School.

The Imperial Chapel-master was also director of the choristers of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, and just at that time was seeking everywhere to find a good voice for his choir; so he inquired of the Dean if he knew of a good, clear, and silvery boy's voice.

The Dean named Joseph, and the Chapel-master sent at once for the boy. His cousin was only too glad to present his pupil—and himself also—to the great Vienna music-master.

Von Reuter looked compassionately on the meanly-clad boy, whose starved figure must have touched any heart. He scarcely took any notice of the deep obeisance of the cousin. The boy's eager, longing eyes were fastened on a plate of cherries, which had just been brought in from the Dean's well-kept garden, where they had often attracted Joe's wistful gaze. The Chapel-master, taking Joe by the hand, drew him towards him, and emptying the plate into his hat said to him,—

'Now then, sing away as well as you can.'

Reuter had completely won Joseph's heart. He sang him a few stanzas, and the tones of his voice rejoiced the heart of the Chapel-master. 'Well done!' said he, passing his hand through the boy's curly hair: 'but can you sing a trill?'

'No,' replied Joe; 'why, even my cousin cannot do that!'

This was so comical, that both the Chapel-master and the Dean burst out into a loud laugh, while the cousin turned first as red as a cherry, and then white as a sheet with rage, at the simplicity of the boy, who had thus exposed him. Both the gentlemen laughed all the more when they noticed the effect which the boy's reply had on the cousin. At last the Chapel-master said, 'Listen, my lad; if you like we will try a trill.'

Joe nodded a willing assent, and the Chapel-master taught him how it was done. Joe took care not to lose a single word of the kind man who had given him the nice cherries. He tried—tried again—and after a few unsuccessful attempts he succeeded at last.

The Chapel-master, much pleased, expressed to the cousin his approbation of the boy, and endeavoured by a few words of praise to pour oil into the trill wound and make all right again. He then requested that the lad's parents should be invited next day to Haimburg. They both came, and were soon persuaded by the Dean and Chapel-master to consent to Joe's going to Vienna. The boy was delighted at the good news, for his cousin had on the previous evening unmercifully knocked into him the trill which he could not sing. So the Chapel-master took him with him, after he had provided him with good clothes; his parents blessed him with many tears, and Joe became in due time an ornament to St. Stephen's choir in Vienna.

A man like Reuter soon discovered what a talent was concealed in this boy of eight years old. He arranged, therefore, that Joe should have the best masters, not only in singing, but also in violin and pianoforte playing. Joe was now on the highroad to success, for not only had he much time to practise music, but he heard nothing else the whole day;

he never had any more floggings; he always had enough to eat, and every one was kind to him. His progress was extraordinary, and his beautiful voice developed itself splendidly.

Reuter fully estimated the prize which he had in Joseph, as his wonderful genius became more manifest; but with his sixteenth year Joe's time of trial began, for then his voice suddenly broke, and the glorious notes were gone.

A sad hour was it for him when he was dismissed from the choir. His tears choked his voice; he staggered out like a drunken man, and trouble filled his soul.

What was he to do? Go back to Rohrau and become a wheelwright? Give up all the musical pleasures which he had everywhere enjoyed in Vienna? Return to his cousin at Haimburg? The unfortunate lad's head was quite bewildered. Certainly he had saved a little money, but how long could he make that last?

He hired a garret in a lofty house, six stories high. With a prayer of faith he commended himself to his God, to whom he had always clung with child-like trust; but the future stretched darkly before him, and no loving hand was held out to strengthen and comfort him.

To get a little money he gave a few lessons in music, and by this means he satisfied the cravings of his appetite with bread and water. Now and then he got employment in an orchestra, which brought him in a little more. He bought an old, worm-eaten piano, and it was wonderful to hear the tones which he brought out of this crazy instrument, and how touchingly he played on a very inferior violin. He was unwearied in studying the works of the great masters. He composed melodies which seemed almost divinely inspired, and in the composition of which neither hunger nor poverty affected him; for in such hours he forgot everything, and often exclaimed, 'Here, with my broken old piano, I do not envy the happiness of the most exalted people in the world!' And even with his dry bread he felt himself happy in his quiet, solitary garret, where he lived only for his beloved music.

Thus years passed away. Father and mother had gone to their grave: Reuter, too, who had long ago brought him to Vienna, was dead. And now, by the providence of God, the hour was approaching when the doors of a happier future should open to him.

His beautiful violin-playing and musical talents had been noticed by the masters who employed him, and they soon became acquainted too with his pure, pious spirit, and also with his poverty, which he had long borne in silence, and he was offered a place as first violinist in the concerts of Prince Esterhazy. Now prosperity began to dawn upon him. He could dress respectably, live comfortably, hire a better lodging, purchase better instruments, and his classes were well attended and properly paid for. How heartily he thanked God, who had thus removed his troubles! He felt that he was deficient in much still, and this stimulated his zeal to gain more knowledge. His time was fully occupied in teaching,

studying, and learning. He made himself master of the Italian and Latin languages, that he might study the Italian and the old Latin church melodies.

In the two churches in Vienna most renowned for their fine music he was chosen organist and conductor. The path of fame and honour was now opened to him. The music-loving Viennese, and the best judges of good music, soon learnt to appreciate his glorious compositions. His reputation became world-wide, for far beyond the boundaries of Austria his works bore his now celebrated name, which future ages will never cease to honour. His oratorios, 'The Seasons,' and especially 'The Creation,' insured him a lasting fame. And the child who went with his cousin from Rohrau to Haimburg to be starved and flogged, and the boy of eight years old who was won by Reuter with his gift of cherries, and the youth who struggled and yet persevered full of trust in God, and lived for his art, was—Joseph Haydn.

We have now followed him through his younger years, and have briefly glanced at his better days; let us take one look at him in his old age—one glance into his pious soul.

Haydn was already advanced in years, and near the end of his earthly pilgrimage, when it was proposed that his great oratorio, 'The Creation,' should be performed with the assistance of all the musical talent in Vienna. The whole city eagerly looked forward to the prospect of hearing this composition in its greatest perfection. The author of the work was invited to be present, and on the seat of honour the grey-haired composer sat, with clasped hands, in touching humility and modesty. As the tones of the overture burst forth with over-coming power, performed by masters in the art, he was filled with deep emotion, and tears rolled down his wrinkled cheeks. When the singers came to that part in which the power of music endeavours to produce the Almighty words, 'Let there be light,' he raised his hands to heaven, weeping, and exclaimed, 'Not from me, but from above it all has come.' But the impression it made was too overpowering for the sinking strength of the old man. He fell back fainting into his chair. All who so highly honoured him were filled with deep anxiety, and a physician ordered that he should at once be carried home. He rallied again, for happiness like this is not often fatal; but his end was not far off. His spirit loved to dwell with particular delight on this brilliant event in the evening of his life.

Haydn twice visited London, where he presided at the performance of some of his best compositions, and was most warmly received. His death is supposed to have been hastened by the bombardment of Vienna by the French, which agitated his weakened frame, though it must be mentioned to the honour of Napoleon that he issued strict orders that the abode of Haydn should be respected; and when the troops entered the city a French guard was placed at his door, to protect him from any kind of injury. He died on the 29th of May, 1809, while his country was suffering all the horrors of war, and when the capital of the empire was in the hands of the enemy.



THE SQUIRREL AND THE MAGPIE.

WE love our squirrels so well because they are such pretty and comical little creatures, that we take no heed of the dark side of their character; in truth, however, it must be said, that our favourite is a cunning rogue, who has performed many a theft, and alas, has many a murder, too, on his conscience. But for the magpie we have very little respect, she is universally condemned as a freebooter. The magpie, indeed, is a robber by profession, whose delight is to steal, plunder, murder,—and, thanks to its boldness, cunning, and sly caution, it does so with great success. 'As great a thief as a magpie,' has become a proverb. Our picture represents the magpie, more as a murderer than a thief, in the very act of executing one of her boldest evil deeds. Here she has not to contend with a weak and defenceless bird, but with the clever squirrel, who is not at all afraid of shedding blood, and whose valour when the lives of his children are in danger, is not to be despised. But even here very often the magpie gains a victory by cunning if not by strength.

It is a glorious summer day. The young squirrels must come out of their nest. The sun shines invitingly through the door, and there is not a breath of air. But the little ones have become too fond of their warm cradles, and not yet learned to trust their strength. Tenderly does their father entice them; their mamma helps her children on to their legs, and then gradually pushes the timid little things out at the opening. One bold spring and the little darlings are sitting at the edge of the nest. Their parents encourage them while they hop merrily around, show them that there is no danger in taking a bold jump, and that it only needs courage. They do not go very far at first from their dwelling, and it is a good thing too, for they need their parent's care. Hark! a shrill, harsh cry sounds forth, all the little birds and animals know and fear it. Hovering over the top of that oak, the magpie, with her sharp eye, has spied out the little squirrels; and now she darts down to their play-ground, close to their cosy nest.

The parents have scarcely recovered from the terror of this sudden surprise, before the bold bird has already seized one of the children, stunned it with her strong beak, and now holds it under her claw. But now, nest-robber, prepare for a battle! Both father and mother rush to the attack, for their child must be saved.

But the bird still keeps her position; the angry squirrels dart upon her, but at that moment the sly robber succeeds in escaping, though she lets her prey drop to the ground. Terrified by the scene which has just taken place, the little squirrels have all fled into their nest; the parents are counting the heads of their darlings; then the magpie slyly



hops up to the foot of that tree where she had dropped the still warm body of her victim, hastens off with it to her nest, and divides the prey; in a very few minutes all traces of it have disappeared. Not little squirrels only are victims of this impudent bird, she thinks nothing of carrying off a duckling even when close to its mother's side.

The thieving nature of the magpie is well known; she is particularly fond of anything bright and shining. How many innocent people have been suspected, and even punished for her thefts! A case of this kind once cost a poor servant girl her life. A number of silver spoons had vanished from her master's room, and, as no one except this maid had been in that room, the suspicion naturally fell upon her. To put her honesty to the proof, many valu-

able articles were placed in that room, and as these also disappeared, she was summoned before a court of justice, and condemned to death—as was the custom for theft in those severe times. Not long after her master, who was a bell-founder, had to work in the belfry of a church, and, to his great astonishment, there found all the spoons and other articles—a magpie, which he had tamed when young, and which had long ago escaped from him, had stolen and carried them all up here. To atone for the death of the innocent girl, a service was held annually in this church at his expense—so the story relates—and attended by all the young girls in the parish. It was called the 'Maggie Mass.' The tale formed the foundation for a play, which was once very popular in France and England. J. F. C.

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Chatterbox.



A STRANGE PET.



HERE is hardly any one who does not make much of some creature or another, whether it be a dog or a cat, or a bird, or a mouse, or, best of all, a little child, we are all the happier for something to pet. So thought the American gentleman, Dr. Hayes, when he found himself in his little vessel on the coast of Greenland, tightly frozen in for the whole long Arctic winter. It is not about his adventures that I am now going to tell you, but simply about his strange and pretty pet, the Arctic fox Birdie! How she was first caught we are not told, but people in these cold regions are very clever in devices for trapping animals, their fur and flesh being useful both for clothing and food, Birdie, however, was caught purposely for a pet.

Not much bigger than a well-grown cat with long fine grey fur, which looked blue as contrasted with the snow, Birdie was the prettiest little creature imaginable, and after a time the best behaved. At first she was very shy, and would sit coiled up in a tub of snow in Dr. Hayes's cabin, listening to the scratching of his pen as he wrote his journal, and wondering, no doubt, what it was all about. Perhaps you think that a tub of snow must have been a very uncomfortable place to sit in, but I assure you it was brought there specially for Birdie's enjoyment, for Arctic foxes spend nearly their whole life in the snow, and are neither happy nor healthy without it. This, too, is her bath, in which she tumbles about, whisking the snow all over her, and wiping her face with her soft paws, and when she has quite done she puts her front paws on the edge of the tub, looks all around, and gives a short little bark which certainly means, 'Now I am so clean and neat, don't you admire me?'

Dr. Hayes certainly did admire her very much, and in spite of being a prisoner, Birdie, I think, was perfectly happy and comfortable. At dinner-time she sits on his lap with her paws on the table, behaving as properly as any little child could, with her own little plate and fork, which, as she cannot quite use herself, her master kindly feeds her with. She takes the little morsels in her mouth with delight, her eyes sparkle and she looks up in her master's face, as much as to say, 'That was nice! If she at all forgets herself and is impatient for the next bit, Dr. Hayes gives her a tap on the nose with the fork, when she becomes good and patient again.

In a fortnight she became so tame that Dr. Hayes allowed her to run loose about his cabin, when she soon found out the little window on 'bull's eye' high in the cabin wall; the whiffs of cold air which came through its cracks delighted her so much that she would constantly take up her abode on the shelf near to it, without regard for the valuable or perishable articles among which she clambered. Dr. Hayes did not seem quite to approve of this, so he had her tied up again by a chain of iron wire. Little petted Miss Birdie did not like this at all, she set all her wits to work to break the chain, and

once she succeeded. It was mended, however, and the cunning little thing knew quite well she ought not to try to break it again, but the love of liberty was too great. As long as Dr. Hayes was looking at her she was quite good and quiet, coiled up in her tub on her bed, but the moment his eyes were off her, or she thought he was asleep, she began her efforts to get free. She would jerk the chain violently till she rolled over herself with the shock, and finding that did not do, she would sit quietly down, follow the chain with her eye till it rested on the fastening in the floor, then walk deliberately up to it and make a tremendous plunge.

Dr. Hayes's heart was touched at last with her perseverance, and he let her once more have the run of the cabin. Of course Birdie went straight to her cool shelter on the shelf, from which, doubtless, Dr. Hayes had removed his treasures and books in expectation of her visit. Nothing tempted her down from this favourite spot but her dinner, that she could not resist; and as soon as she saw the bits of reindeer brought out (her usual food) she crept gently down, sneaked into her master's lap, looked up longingly into his face, put out her little tongue as if in readiness for the feast, and then if he was not at liberty to feed her she barked in the plainest fox-language, 'Come now, I want my dinner.' No doubt she thought this a very easy and pleasant way of being fed, for outside the vessel she had hundreds and thousands of little brothers and sisters scampering about anxiously sniffing in the track of the big bears for something to eat, for the foxes chiefly live on the remains of what the bear kills, with a hare or grouse now and then, which Master or Miss Fox is clever enough to spring on and kill. In the summer they have a change of food in birds' eggs, of which they eat a great many. The farmers in England will easily believe this, as one of their greatest plagues is a visit of our red-coated fox to their farm-yards just when the hens are laying. The Greenlanders believe that their foxes lay up stores of these eggs against the winter, but as Dr. Hayes, who travelled about a great deal in that country, never came upon these larders or store-houses, he does not think that they really exist.

I wish I could tell you what became of Birdie when the ice melted, and Dr. Hayes's vessel left its winter home, but he does not tell us. I think it most likely he would set the little creature free. I am sure he would be sorry to part with it, for it had cheered and amused him in many a long dark day. I only hope that no Esquimaux hunter caught the poor little thing to make a fur coat for his wife or child. So ends the short story of a strange pet, which any of you who like may read for yourselves, together with a great deal more that is very interesting, in Dr. Hayes's book called *The Open Polar Sea*.
H. A. F.

It is good to know much, but better to make good use of what we know.

INCHBROOK.

(Continued from page 363.)

CHAPTER IV.

IT never seemed to occur to Mrs. Jameson, or even to Mary Waite, that a lad of fourteen, as Ben now was, wanted amusement, or that he found the society of two elderly people dull. Everybody was so accustomed to see him only a looker-on at various sports, that it did not enter their heads that it might be a trial to take no part in them. And so long as he had a book, and could sit under the trees on the village green undisturbed, Ben could make himself tolerably happy. He had one or two friends, but they were hale and well, and soon left him for more active pursuits.

During the first of Lord Vyner's holidays he began to hunt, and at first his quiet pony carried him safely as far as he cared to go, but the following year the pony did not satisfy him, and his father, who was then at Inchbrook Park with him, consented to his riding a spirited hunter. The lad did not know what fear was, and very soon he was noted for his venturesome and bold riding, and more than once Lord Durnford was cautioned that his boy would certainly have an accident.

One morning Ben had seen him pass the school looking the very perfection of health and happiness. The groom who followed him would have no easy task to-day to keep near his master, judging by the difficulties Lord Vyner had to hold in his eager horse. There was something fascinating to the crippled lad in watching all this. He wondered how he should feel if for one hour they could change places. Ah! that indeed was a thought which made his heart thrill. For if he were in Lord Vyner's place, he should have the love and care of Martha Jameson, and, for the first time, Lord Vyner would know the suffering of a lonely, isolated life; and as Ben dreamt on in his own queer way long after all the other boys had left the school, he was conscious of a hubbub and excitement at the lower end of the village. He limped to the gate and saw a figure on horseback flying towards him. A moment more, and he had placed himself in the horse's way, thinking to stop it. In another instant the animal swerved and threw its rider with fearful violence to the ground, rushing on itself at full gallop.

Lord Vyner—for it was he—was carried into the school insensible. The smart, well-appointed lad was now begrimed with dust and dirt, and blood was staining the school-floor. And while gradually anxious and curious faces gathered round him, Ben stood apart bewildered. He had been thrown down by his effort to stop the horse, but he was not hurt, and he was now painfully trying to think whether he had caused the accident. Lord Durnford was not hunting himself that day, and nobody seemed to know where to send for him; but Mr. Brodrick, the surgeon, was soon in attendance, and he decided that Lord Vyner must not be moved until it could be ascertained whether he had received any serious or dangerous injury. A bed was carried into the school, and every one was excluded but those who could be of any use.

Meanwhile the news had reached the house. The runaway horse had given the first tidings, and then the groom's exaggerated statement. In terror and dismay he came to Mrs. Jameson himself, and said he heard somebody say Lord Vyner was killed. The horse had become unmanageable, and when Ben tried to stop it had reared and thrown its rider.

Martha Jameson did not speak. With ashy face and chattering teeth she put on her bonnet and shawl, and flew rather than walked across the Park. At the school-gate she met Ben.

'I didn't mean to do it, mother,' he said, clasping his hands.

Till then she had not realised that he had in any way caused the accident, but now her horror of him seemed to deepen; and thrusting him aside without a word, she went to Lord Vyner's side. Mr. Brodrick was standing with his finger on the boy's pulse, and he commanded silence by a look, for sense seemed to be in some degree returning. An uneasy motion of the head, and a low moan relieved the first agony, for Martha knew he was not dead. Tears at last came to her relief, and she knelt silently by his side, praying earnestly for nearly the first time in her life.

Ben could not help looking in at the window. Even now he would have changed places with Lord Vyner, for was not his mother's arm supporting the sufferer, while from himself she was more than ever estranged? Presently Lord Durnford came in, with a hasty step, which once more roused the boy; for he opened his eyes for a moment, and looked round him without speaking.

'I want to speak to you a moment, Brodrick,' said Lord Durnford.

'Yes, my lord; Mrs. Jameson, you will call me in if there's any change.'

The two went into an adjoining room, and then Ben saw his mother put the matted hair tenderly from Lord Vyner's forehead, and kiss it again and again. Then she put her face down upon his hand, and Ben felt that his anguish was more than he could bear. If only he dared go and comfort her?

For two or three days Lord Vyner was in an anxious state; but then he was moved to the house, and gradually got better. When once the great anxiety had passed, it was a happy time for Mrs. Jameson, for the lad was more under her care than he had been since his early childhood. She had to dress him again, and wait on him, and for this happiness she was indebted to the accident. The share which Ben had had in this brought him under Lord Durnford's notice. He had been so little at Inchbrook of late years, that he hardly knew the various circumstances of the people, and as Mrs. Jameson never mentioned her son, he had forgotten his existence. After the accident, however, she was summoned to Lord Durnford's room, to receive orders as she supposed. She was much surprised at the first words:—

'What do you mean to do with that crippled boy of yours, Jameson?'

'I pay Mary Waite for him, my lord, and he goes to school.'

'But he can't go to school all his life: he ought



‘Their poor horses longed to enter too.’

to be taught a trade. What do you want him to be? you must be very anxious about him.'

'I think he wants to be a schoolmaster, my lord.'

'Well, I'll keep him if he does. They all tell me he's one of the best and cleverest boys of the place. You ought to be proud of him.'

Mrs. Jameson looked up as if she hardly thought Lord Durnford could be in earnest.

'I was afraid you would be angry, my lord, about the accident.'

'Angry! why he tried to stop the horse at the risk of his own life. It was not his fault that he did not succeed. It is a happy thing it was no worse. Vyner is getting round again well; and as I wish to make you some little present in return for your good nursing, I will take care that your boy is sent to the proper place for learning to be a master. Let me see, what is his name?'

'Michael, my lord.'

'I thought they called him Ben, why was that?'

'It was some fancy of Mary Waite's. They said there was a name in the Bible that meant the child of sorrow, Benoni; and so they called him Ben.'

'Oh, well, he shan't be Ben any more. He shall have his own name Michael again, for we'll try and make him happy. It will be a comfort to you to have him well out in life when you leave my service. I intend to shut up this house for the present, and to put you in the house in town; but when Vyner comes of age, we shall all be here again. I am glad you have such a good son, Jameson. He does you credit, and you must make the most of him.'

That was certainly a new view of the subject to Mrs. Jameson, and she wondered whether Ben still remembered her bitter words of blame to him. Her saying that if Lord Vyner had been killed, she would never have spoken to him again!

Alas! Ben did not so easily forget.

(To be continued.)

THE GENEROUS SOLDIERS.

An Incident in the Russian Campaign of 1812.

THE march of Napoleon to Moscow, and the terrible hardships which his army endured after the burning of that city and during their fatal retreat through the cold desolate regions of Russia, are well known to all who have read the history of the present century. This disastrous retreat was accompanied by many acts of selfishness and barbarity, but it also had instances of generosity and noble self-sacrifice. The following magnanimous action of some Russian soldiers to their famishing enemies deserves particularly to be recorded.

It was on a terribly cold day, with the piercing wind whistling over the snowy covering of the country through which Napoleon's unhappy army had to retreat, that General Wittgenstein gained a decisive victory over a large force of starving Frenchmen.

The enemy had fled. Large numbers of prisoners had been made. Artillery and ammunition waggons had fallen into the hands of the Russians. The soldiers, weary after the battle, were everywhere seeking for places where they might encamp,

sheltered from the icy north-easter. Some were fortunate enough to find a deserted shed or cottage, from which the inhabitants had either fled in terror at the approach of the French invaders, or from which they had been ruthlessly driven out by them. Their poor horses, who longed to enter too, were tied up outside, protected as much as was possible from the blast by the projecting thatch of the roof. Others were obliged to get what shelter they could in the open air, and to bivouack round their watch-fires, upon which they boiled their kettles containing soup or porridge.

Past one of these groups a troop of prisoners was led. They were pitiable objects, whose hollow-eyed, sunken faces told of the fearful hunger they were enduring. They were scarcely able to walk. Some looked eagerly at the smoking kettles, others imploringly stretched out their hands to those fortunate men who were enjoying that food to which for many days they had been strangers. As the starving soldiers smelt the savoury fumes of the coarse but nourishing food of the Russians, they piteously cried, 'We have not had a morsel of food for many days.'

The Russians looked at them without hatred, compassion indeed began to enter their good-natured hearts. An old bearded sergeant then stood up, and said to his companions,—

'Comrades, in the battle they are our enemies, then we should do our duty, and we have done it honourably to-day; but now they are no longer our foes. Just look at the poor fellows! Why their feet can scarcely carry them! Before they get to their quarters half of them will be lying starved to death upon the field. They are men like ourselves, and we know how Napoleon has kidnapped them to bring them here, tearing them away from father and mother, from friends and home. Truly, indeed, if it had depended upon them, not one of them would ever have come to Russia,—at all events, not as an enemy. Listen, comrades, to what I say! We are well fed and well clothed. Our good Emperor faithfully provides for his children. What harm will it do us if we miss a meal for once? Let us give our porridge to those famishing fellows, and God in heaven will rejoice over our action.'

The words of the pious sergeant fell with heart-stirring power upon the Russian soldiers. They gazed for a moment inquiringly at each other—then they sprang up as at a word of command, and beckoned to the hungry Frenchmen, handing them their spoons, and making room for them.

For some time the prisoners looked at them doubtfully. They did not trust them. Guilty of so much evil themselves, they feared some terribly bitter jest, but when they saw such compassion in the faces of the good-natured Russians, when they perceived that they were really in earnest, they ran off, seized the spoons and began to appease their cruel hunger. With tears in their eyes most of the Frenchmen thanked their compassionate foes, and it was quite certain, as the sergeant said that God in heaven rejoiced at the literal fulfilment of the words of our Blessed Lord in the Gospel, 'If thine enemy hunger feed him.'

J. F. C.

NANASH.

By Rev. John Horden, Missionary at Moose Fort, N. W. America.

I AM going to tell you an Indian tale by way of a change, and that you may see in what kind of fancies the Indian mind seeks for amusement, and also see how great influence the supernatural has over his untutored heart. This tale I have myself translated from the Indian language.

There was once a man who had two wives, and at the time spoken of in our tale, some of his children were grown up. One of his wives was a very wicked woman, and wrongfully accused the eldest son of the other wife to her husband. The old man was filled with anger, but that night concealed his resentment.

On the morrow he said to his son, 'Nanash, I am going to the island to gather gulls' eggs, and you will accompany me.' They accordingly set off in a canoe, but as they approached the island, the father, who was a conjuror, blew, and the island instantly receded farther from the mainland. This he continued to do until the place whence they started was nearly out of sight.

On landing the old man said to Nanash, 'You go to the other side of the island and gather eggs, I will remain on this side, and when we have filled our bark-baskets we will return.' But as soon as he was left alone the father jumped into his canoe and set off homewards.

Some time afterwards, Nanash having collected many eggs, came to seek his father, but he was already nearly out of sight; he cried out and besought him to return, but no notice whatever was taken of him. He now sat down on the beach and cried bitterly. Looking up he saw a large Gull who said to him, 'My grandson, what aileth thee?'

Nanash replied, 'My father brought me here and has returned without me.'

The Gull then said, 'Get on my wings and I will try what I can do for you; if I can carry you twice round this island, I shall be able to bear you to the mainland.'

Nanash mounted on the Gull's wings, but the Gull found him too heavy, and soon put him down again, saying, 'I am unable to do it, but go to the other side of the island, and there you will find some one who will assist you.'

Nanash did as he was bid, and sitting down waited patiently. But he had not sat long before a Sea-horse approached, who said, 'My grandson, what aileth thee that thou art sitting here alone?'

He replied as he had already done to the Gull.

The Sea-horse then said, 'Get on my back, and I will take you across, but take a large stone with which to strike my horns to urge me forward: but should a cloud arise on the horizon, tell me; for if I should be above water when a storm comes on I shall die.'

Nanash at once mounted the Sea-horse's back, and was carried rapidly forward. When about half-way across a small cloud arose, but he was afraid to tell the Sea-horse lest he should be drowned.

Gradually the sky became overcast, and a vivid flash of lightning lit up the heavens. At the first peal of thunder the Sea-horse dived under the wa-

ter, but as it was near the land, Nanash got ashore; on looking at his hand he saw it marked with blood, by which he knew that his benefactor, the Sea-horse, had been killed by the lightning.

Nanash was now at a great distance from his father's tent, but he determined on going thither for his mother's sake, for whom he had great affection.

Having travelled a short distance he came to a small tent, and looking into it he saw two fox-women; on entering, he was well received by them; having partaken of food they told him that they were friends of his mother, and would assist him as far as they could. 'You are,' said they, 'a long way yet from your mother, and have many dangers to pass through, for the road is beset with enemies; but be prudent, and you will at length reach her.'

They gave him a very small kettleful of meat for his journey, and bid him farewell. He said nothing about the kettle, but thought the meat not nearly enough; he, however, found it otherwise; the food was inexhaustible. He went on until he came to a river which he was unable to cross, but at that moment his friend the Gull came to him and said, 'My grandson, what wantest thou?'

He replied, 'To cross the river.'

On which the Gull said, 'If you will trust yourself to me I will try to take you over, but I am afraid I shall not be able, and should you come down you will be drowned.'

He replied, 'I must go to my mother, but if I die before reaching her, so be it.'

They reached the opposite bank in safety; but the Gull cautioned him, saying, 'You are now on the lands of your father's friends, beware.'

He soon came to a tent, and looking in saw two old women quite blind, but armed with long, sharp knives growing out of their elbows. He entered so softly that they did not hear him, and sat down on the opposite side of the tent. They had on the fire a kettle containing a piece of suet, which they were cooking for their supper; he quietly extracted this from the kettle and ate it. The women, unable to find their food, said one to another, 'Surely he is come, he has stolen our food; for they were expecting Nanash, and wished to destroy him with their sharp elbows. Having eaten, Nanash rose to depart, when the women moved to the door to interrupt him; he let a billet of wood fall against them, at which, supposing it to be him, they struck, but instead they killed each other.'

Nanash went on his way, and by-and-bye came to another tent, which he entered, and there found two men with enormous legs. They received him with apparent pleasure, and placed food before him, after which they entertained him with tales, hoping he would presently fall asleep, when they intended to crush him with their legs. But he was aware of them, and would not sleep there, but rose to continue his journey. He next came to a narrow pass, across which was stretched a line hung with every kind of deadly instrument, guarded by two fierce dogs, with a man at each end to set the string in motion. As soon as Nanash appeared, the dogs began to bark, upon which the men set the string in motion, expecting that as Nanash was passing under,

one of the instruments would destroy him. He saw the movement and determined to wait awhile.

He caught an ermine, and then hid himself behind a large tree, where, showing the ermine's head, the dogs barked, and the string was worked. This being several times repeated, the men looked out to see the cause of the dogs' barking. They saw the ermine's head, and taking that to be the cause, paid little attention to their noise. Nanash seeing this, came cautiously from his place of concealment, and throwing his blanket over the line to prevent the movement of the weapons, hastily passed beneath it and so got safely out of that danger.

Still further on in the same pass, he came to a place in which the ground was being hollowed out by a large number of animals; this was to serve as a pitfall, and logs were placed here and there to fall on him and kill him as he fell through. Of this he had been told by the fox-women. But he had now become so great a conjuror he had but to will and it came to pass. He therefore said, 'Oh, that the animals employed here would come out that I might pass through.' They instantly came out, and he passed through the hollowed way until he came to its funnel-shaped termination; this he entered with ease, but it became gradually smaller and smaller—far too small for him to pass through. He now said, 'Oh! that my body could pass through,' and he at once found himself able to do so. He was now on a large plain at no great distance from his father's tent.

During Nanash's absence his mother had been inconsolable, and had daily cried for her son's return. Her husband had said to her, 'He will come yet,' but had cruelly treated her, and whenever she cried he burnt her face with a hot coal. She went to the woods every day to cut wood, and there lamented her son's absence.

A butcher-bird was sitting on a tree opposite to her, she noticed him, and his voice seemed to say to her, 'Your son is coming.' This being daily repeated she felt that such must be the case, and one day on entering the tent she said to her husband, 'Our son is coming of a truth.' He went out, and in the distance beheld his son coming towards him.

He then said to his Indians, 'Take deer-skins and spread them on the ground, that my son may walk on them, for barefoot he has come from far.' They did as they were commanded. But his mother took musk-rat skins as being softer, and spread them for her son to walk on; on these he trod, casting the deer-skins aside with his bow, saying as he walked, 'Barefoot have I come from far.'

He entered the tent in which sat his father, mother, stepmother, and their children. His stepmother at once placed a kettle on the fire to prepare food for him. His mother did the same. The meal cooked by his stepmother was first ready; so taking the kettle from the fire she placed it before him, but he took it up and cast it on the other side of the fire, by which he severely scalded his half-brothers and sisters. His father now became afraid of him, for he felt that his power over him was gone and that he was already stronger than himself, and that ere long he would work him mischief.

That night Nanash was troubled, and he dreamt that both the earth and the sea were on fire. In the morning he said to his father, 'My dreams troubled me in the night, for the earth was set on fire by me.'

To which his father replied, 'My son, the wickedness of your heart prompts those thoughts.'

The next night the spiritual influence became stronger,—quite uncontrollable, and sitting in his tent, and drumming, his song was, 'Let the land and the water take fire.' His father likewise sat and drummed, but it was in fear. His song was, 'Let not the land nor the water take fire.'

Suddenly Nanash rose up and left the tent with his bow and arrows. He at once shot one arrow into the sea, saying, 'Let the sea take fire.' It instantly began to boil. Drawing another arrow from his quiver he shot it upwards, and as it fell, he said, 'Let the land take fire.' Fire at once sprang up and burnt rapidly. His mother now came to him and said, 'Where shall I place your two sisters that they be not destroyed?'

He replied, 'I have prepared a place of safety for them at no great distance, we will go there at once.'

They went there and were saved, but his father, step-mother, her children, and all the Indians of that tribe, were destroyed.

Some time afterwards his mother said to Nanash, 'My son, since the Indians were destroyed I have felt very lonely, and I become more so every day.'

To which he replied, 'Your loneliness shall not last much longer.'

He then covered the breasts of his mother and sisters with a red powder, and they instantly became robins. Then, himself, tired of the life he was leading, he became dissolved into a fluttering haze, which appears on the river in the early spring, and about the time of the first appearance of the robin, and announces the termination of winter and the return of a more genial season.

Such is an Indian tale, in which the Indian characteristics are clearly shown,—the love of the marvellous, superstitious dread, implacable revenge. I think my young Chatterboxes could tell the poor Indian a tale far more marvellous, yet true, exhibiting power, humility, love,—love even for the greatest of enemies, in placing before him the life of One Who was wounded for our transgressions, and by Whose stripes we are healed.

DROWNING THE SQUIREL.

WHEN I was a boy in America, one morning as

I was going to school, a ground-squirrel ran into its hole in the road before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their heads to see if any danger is near. I thought, 'Now I will have fine fun.' As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it would be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough from beside a sugar-maple used for catching the sweet sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said, 'Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now.'

Just then I heard a voice behind me, 'Well, my



boy, what have you got in there?' I turned, and saw one of my neighbours, a good old man with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters. 'Why,' said I, 'I have a ground-squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out.'

Said he, 'Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day, just as you are, drowning a ground-squirrel; and an old man like me came along, and said to me, "You are a little boy; now, if you were down in a hole like that, and I should come along and pour water on you to drown you, would not you think that I was cruel? God made that little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?" I have never forgotten that, and never shall. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while

you live; and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, mind, God does not allow us to kill His pretty little creatures for fun.'

More than forty years have since passed, and I have never forgotten what the good man said. Now you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I believe my whole life has been influenced by it!

Now, I want all the boys, and girls too, when they read this, to keep it in mind; and when they see pretty birds or harmless animals playing or hunting for their food, not to hurt them. Your heavenly Father made them, and He never intended them to be killed for your amusement. The Bible says, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

'TOM'S SUPPER,' a beautiful Coloured Picture, will be issued on November 20, with 'Chatterbox,' No. 1. Vol. IV. The Coloured Picture and Number together, price One Penny.

Chatterbox.



Jack Withers in the Ship's Hold



THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

WHEN I was about forty years of age, I took command of the ship *Petersham*. We were bound to New York, and nothing unusual happened until about the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg. I did not think we had sustained much injury, for the shock was light; but I was very angry, and gave the man on the look-out a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the berg in time to escape it.

My cabin-boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from his widowed mother, and had promised her that I would see him well treated, if he behaved himself. He was really a bright, quick lad; yet I soon made myself believe that he had a desperately bad temper. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever come across. I had made up my mind that he had never been properly governed, and I resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I had done with him. In reply he told me I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizen top-gallant halliards till he could hardly stand.

I asked him if he'd got enough, and he told me I might flog him more if I wished to.

I felt a strong inclination to throw the boy overboard, but at that moment he staggered back against the mizen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself.

When I reasoned calmly about the boy's temper, I was forced to confess that he was one of the smartest and most trusty lads I had ever had. When I asked him to do anything he would be off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the temper with which I found fault.

One day, when it was very near noon, I told him to bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter-rail, and I knew he did not hear me.

The next time I spoke I swore at him, and told him that if he did not move I'd help him.

'I didn't hear you,' he said, with an independent tone.

'No words,' said I.

'I suppose I can speak,' he retorted, moving slowly toward the companion-way.

His looks, words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar.

'Speak to me again like that, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life,' said I.

'Flog away,' he replied, firm and undaunted as a rock.

And I did flog him. I caught up the end of a rope, and beat him till my arm fairly ached; but he never winced.

'How do you feel now?' said I.

'There's a little more life in me; you'd better flog it out,' was his calm reply.

So I beat him again; I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail, and I sent one of the men for my quadrant. When it came, and I had adjusted it for observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and that I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness. Quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down, and swore I would keep him there till his stubbornness was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin.

I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not from any compunctions of conscience for what I had done, but from my own savage temper. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy; that I could not break down his cool, splendid courage. 'But I will do it,' I said to myself; 'I'll starve him into it, or he shall die in the operation.'

After supper I went to the hatchway, and called to him, but he returned me no answer. At ten o'clock I called again, and again got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken away his senses, if some of the men had not told me that they had heard him, not an hour before, talking to himself.

I did not trouble him again until morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway and called to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him. I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called out several times, but he would make no reply, and yet the same men told me they had heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but he would not ask for me.

I meant to break him into it. 'He'll beg before he'll starve,' I thought; and so I determined to let him stay there. I supposed that he had crawled forward to the fore-castle bulkhead, in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to go down and look for him, but I threatened to punish the first man that dared to go down.

At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me, ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came again I began to be startled. I thought of the many good qualities the boy had and of his widowed mother. He had been in the hold thirty-six hours, and without any food or drink. He must be too weak to call out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if he died there from actual starvation, it might go harder with me still, so at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sunset when I had the hatch taken off, and I jumped down upon the boxes alone.

A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might easily have gone down, and to this point I crawled upon my hands and knees. I called out there but could get no answer. A short distance further was a wide space, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I now remembered had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would let anything that might have

been stored there rest directly upon the thin plank-ing of the ship. To this place I made my way, and looked down. I heard the splashing of water. At first I could see nothing; but as soon as I became used to the dim light, I made out the faint outlines of the boy at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting on the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him, and thought he looked up, 'Jack, are you there?'

And he answered me in a faint, weary tone, 'Yes, help me! do help me! Bring men and bring a lantern,—the old ship has sprung a-leak!'

I hesitated, and he added, in a more eager tone, 'Make haste! I will try and hold on till you come back!'

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy, and could scarcely believe my own eyes. Three of the timbers were completely worm-eaten, and one of the outer planks had been broken, and would burst in any moment the boy might leave it, whose feet were braced against the plank before him.

Half-a-dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the skin. I saw the plank must burst the moment the strain was removed from it; so I made my men brace themselves against it, before I lifted him up. Other men were called down with planks, and spikes, and with much care and trouble we finally succeeded in stopping the leak and averting the danger.

The plank which had been stove in was four feet long by eight inches wide, and would let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach before we could have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time.

I knew it must be the place where the iceberg struck us. Jack Withers was taken to the cabin, and there he managed to tell his story, which was to this effect. Shortly after I put him in the hold, he crawled forward, and when he became used to the dim glimmer that came through the dead lights, he looked about for a snug place in which to lie, for his limbs were very sore. He went to sleep, and when he woke he heard a faint sound like water streaming through a small hole. He went to the open place in the cargo and looked down, and was sure that he saw a small jet of water springing up through the ship's bottom. He leaped down, and in a few moments found that the timbers had wholly given way, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the plank and found it broken, and discovered that the pressure of the water without was forcing it inward. He had sense to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go, and the ship be lost, and perhaps all hands perish. And he saw, too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask, and then called for help. But he was too far away; so low down, with such a mass of cargo about him, that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but thought he was talking to himself. And there he sat, with his feet braced, for four-and-twenty dreary

hours, with the water spurting all over him, and drenching him to the very skin. He had several times thought of going to the hatchway and calling for help; but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His limbs were racked with pain, but he would not give in.

I asked him if he should not have given up if I had not come as I did.

He answered, 'Not while I had any life in me.' He said he thought not of himself; he was ready to die, but he would save the rest if he could; and he had saved us—saved us all from a watery grave.

That noble boy fell sick, almost unto death; but I nursed him with my own hands—nursed him all through his delirium; and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I humbly asked his pardon for all the wrongs I had done him. He threw his arms round my neck, and told me if I would be kind to him he would lay down his life for me; and added, as he sat up again, 'Captain, I am not a coward; I could not be a dog.'

I never forgot those words, and from that hour I have never struck a blow on board my ship. I make my sailors feel that they are men, that I so regard them, and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. Nine years I have sailed in three different ships with the same crew. A man could not be hired to leave me, except for an officer's berth; and Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin-boy, one of my foremost hands, my second mate, and the last time he sailed with me he refused the command of a new barque because he would not be separated from me. But he is a captain now, and one of the best the country has ever reared.

Such was my dearly-bought, but now happy experience in the discipline of my ship, and in the government of myself.

INCHBROOK.

(Continued from page 373.)

CHAPTER V.

TIME went on, and Lord Vyner was at Oxford, and Michael Jameson at a Training College. The one was very handsome and very idle; the deformities of the other had not lessened, but his intelligence and industry were gaining him distinctions. At first the authorities had thought that his natural disadvantages were too great to give him a fair chance, but he soon proved to them that this was not so, and that he was all the more determined to excel. His mother was still housekeeper to Lord Durnford, in London, and the Dowager Countess being dead, the great house at Inchbrook remained almost constantly shut up.

Once Mrs. Jameson had consented to marry again, but she had again been cruelly deceived. The man, a butler to a nobleman in town, after persuading her to trust all her savings to him under pretence of investing them at high interest, disappeared, and was never again heard of. She was glad that she

had not married him, for then her pride would have been humbled by having to tell the people at Inchbrook, and her son. As it was, she left them to hear flying rumours, and gave them no information herself. And indeed when she came down for a few days more dignified, and more handsomely dressed, than ever, it was not easy to believe that any great trouble had befallen her.

She still talked continually of Lord Vyner, and how much he was admired for his good looks and winning ways. And strange to say, poor Ben became less attractive than ever before his mother. He shrank into himself, and seemed to Mary Waite to have lost all his brightness in her presence, an oppression, for which he himself could not account, came over him, and made him shy and awkward when she was by.

But religion had struck deep root in his heart, and here was another barrier, for he felt that she did not care for it, and he had not courage to begin the subject. He knew that she often spent Sunday in gossip or newspaper-reading, and only liked the day because she wore her handsome clothes. How then could he hope or expect that he should ever kneel by her side in Holy Communion?

Yet he went on praying. The more coldness and hardness there was between them, the more earnestly he entreated that in God's own good time, the barrier might be broken down, and that he might be able to do his duty as a son. Once, indeed, he nearly gave up in despair, for he found that in the London house no one knew of his existence. Mrs. Jameson had talked of everything belonging to Inchbrook, except her own son.

Lord Durnford faithfully kept his promise, and desired that Michael should have every advantage. He was thus able to cultivate his musical talent, and derived from it his greatest pleasure. Mary Waite's delight was complete when she heard him play the organ in church just like any great gentleman, as she said. He was as dutiful as ever to the Waites, who were dreading the time which was coming when he should have a home and a school of his own.

He was competent to take a good position, both from attainments and character, but he had a great desire to work at Inchbrook, where there was a vacancy at the time he left the Training College.

'You are able to take to much better a thing,' Mr. Whitby said.

'I might get more money, sir, but I should like to work here for two or three reasons.'

'Would you mind telling me what they are?'

Michael hesitated and coloured.

'I think one is that all the people are used to me here, sir, and don't stare at me. But if you think I ought to get over that, I will, for that is not my chief reason. I want to try to do some good to the place, to show my gratitude to you and Lord Durnford; and then they say my father set a bad example here, and I think, if God will help me, perhaps I may set a good one. I hope, sir, you don't think I want to set myself up, but it seems to me as if God called me to work here if you do not object to let me try.'

Mr. Whitby held out his hand to Michael Jameson, and the contract was sealed silently. Two days after, he received the following letter:—

'REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I hear that a very first-rate man has left St. Simon's College, and is resident in your parish. If he is disengaged I have no hesitation, after what I have heard of him, in offering him a school here. The salary is 100*l.* a-year, and there is a good house. I have many applications, but I want the best man. I am aware that Jameson is crippled. Be so good as to communicate with him, and let me have an early reply.

'I am yours faithfully.

'J. L. BONNER.'

'It is an excellent offer,' wrote Mr. Whitby to Jameson, 'think it over well, as I hold you quite at liberty. Mr. Bonner is a very good man, and the place is a delightful one.'

'I thank you very much for your kind offer to set me free,' answered Ben; 'but if you will allow me to do so, I would much rather stay with you with half the salary. I have no one depending on me, and therefore I hope I am not doing wrong.'

Thus it was settled that Michael Jameson should be schoolmaster at Inchbrook, and that Mary Waite, who had lost her husband, should look after him still, though he could not now live with her.

One bright June morning, three years afterwards, Inchbrook was looking as gay as it did when Lord Durnford brought home his young bride. Flags were flying, church-bells ringing, and long tables were being loaded with good things for a village feast. For it was the day of the coming of age of Lord Vyner. He was to tell the people to-day that by-and-bye he meant to be a good landlord, and that, though he hoped his father would live among them many years, he would do his best to help him and them. Friends from far and near came to add their congratulations, and the old people said that never again in their time would such a sight be seen.

Michael Jameson had been very busy. He had the superintendence of the arrangements, and had become in all ways the vicar's right-hand man. He had been looking forward to this day with mixed feelings. His mother, of course, would be at the Park, and on whom would all her pride be centred? Certainly not on himself. They had scarcely met for the last two years, and the letters that passed between them were formal and unsatisfactory.

Mrs. Jameson professed to be glad that Ben was doing so well, but she never seemed to take any interest in his school, or in himself, and entered into no particulars of her own life, so that every meeting was rather looked forward to with dread than pleasure. Ben, however, had very little time to dwell on his own troubles on that 3rd of June. He had been told that his mother would arrive at the station at a certain hour the night before, and he went to meet her. But when he found that she had not come, he concluded that something had delayed her, and hurried back to his work. But neither did she come in the morning, and nobody could account for it. Some said she was out of favour. Others that Lord Vyner disliked her now as much as he had formerly depended on her.

(To be continued.)



THE TITS.

By H. G. Adams.



THE Tomtits are a family of small birds, with rather stout bodies, and heads large for their size; they have short rounded wings, and long toes with strong hooked claws, which can grasp firmly the branches and trunks of the trees amid which they hunt for their insect food. They are lively and courageous birds, almost always in motion, with shrill voices, which have little or no melody in them. They do not fly much; when on the ground they advance by short leaps.

Six members of the family live in Great Britain; let us introduce them. First comes the Great Titmouse, sometimes called the Ox-eye, or the Black-headed Tomtit; he is about six inches and a half long, has a yellowish-green back, black head, throat, and breast, under-parts yellow, and a curious white patch on either cheek. Next we have the Blue Titmouse, sometimes called the Blue Cap, or Blue Bonnet, or Billy-biter; its length is generally about four inches and a quarter, and is, perhaps, the most lively and amusing bird, as it certainly is the commonest of the Tit family: it has a white band running round the blue head, giving it the appearance of a cap, and the white cheeks are puffed out in a very comical way. You may hear the *chicker, chicker, chicker, chee, chee!* of this pretty bird, early in the spring, when the nest is built in some chink of the garden-wall, or under the eaves or thatch of the cottage or outhouse, or, perhaps, in a hollow tree; and sometimes there is a dreadful 'scrimmage' when the thievish magpie or thrush is driven off by the brave little defender of its eggs or young, who has obtained the name of Billy-biter, from the furious way in which he bites at the fingers of the birds-nesting boys.

Next we have the smallest bird of the family, and nearly the tiniest of all British birds—the Coal Tit, which has a head and neck of a glossy blue-black, grey back, white breast, and brownish-yellow under parts; it has a white patch on each cheek, and one on the nape of the neck, and its wings are barred with white, giving it a very lively appearance. It is generally found in the pine, and other thick woods, moving sociably with the gold-crests, and its larger relatives: few, therefore, have seen it, and observed its habits; its shrill cry, *Che-chee, che-chee!* may be heard a long way off. Wordsworth calls it,

'The tiniest tumbler that ever was seen.'

Next we have the Crested and the Bearded Tits, the former distinguished by the long feathers on the head, raised into a pointed crest. These feathers are black, with white margins; the cheeks are greyish-white, and a space behind the eyes, a downward-curving band over the head, the throat, and a triangular spot on the forehead, are black; the rest of the plumage is grey, and yellowish-brown. The last-named of the two birds is sometimes wrongly called the Reed Bunting; the general colour of the plumage is light red with black and white variegations on the wings; the head is grey, and beneath the eye is a tuft of black feathers like a moustache: hence the name 'bearded.' The tail is longer than that of either of the before-named species, but not so long as that of the Long-tailed, or Bottle Tit, which builds a large nest like a bottle turned upside down, and covered with moss, dead leaves, and other vegetable substances knit together with spiders' webs, and fastened firmly under a branch or against the trunk of a tree. It is a very wonderful structure, and its builder is a very beautiful bird, about six inches long, the tail more than half that length, so there is not much left for the body; the soft and downy plumage of the bird is black on the sides of the head, shoulders, back, and wing-coverts,

and white on the top of the head, throat, and breast, as are also some of the tail-feathers. When sitting quiet, this Tit has a lumpy, heavy appearance, so the country people call it Huck-muck, Poke-pudding, Mum-ruffin; which elegant names, however, may have some reference to its curious motions or mode of building. But we have said enough about the Tita, and must just add, that those in the picture are the Great, the Blue, the Coal, and the Long-tailed Tita, and then finish our account of them with a song,—

The little Tomtit! the little Tomtit!

Oh, a joyous bird is he!

He loveth about in the sun to flit,

And to perch on the orchard tree;

When the shining buds begin to peep,

With his sharp *twit, twit!* and his shrill *cheep, cheep!*

From morn to night 'tis his to keep

As busy as busy can be.

The little Tomtit has a little black cap,

And, oh, such a twinkling eye!

And his tiny wings they go flip-flap,

As he utters his shrill, sharp cry;

And he looks as proud as an eagle can,

That sits on a rock the sun to scan,

And he says to the gardener, 'Come, my man,

We ought to be friends—you and I.'

But the gardener loves not the little Tomtit,

For he sees the ground beneath

With buds bestrewn; and he vows at noon,

Ere night he'll be his death:

Yet surely this is a cruel speech,

For a worm hath eaten the heart of each;

If the fatal shot should the poor bird reach,

The innocent suffereth.

MONEY WITHOUT SILVER OR GOLD.



many savage and uncivilised countries, commerce is still carried on, as it was in primitive time among all people,—namely, by barter. Most nations, however, have adopted something to take the place which money has among us as a medium of exchange. Metal, or such articles as shells, salt, fruits, or spices, have been used in places where coined metal was unknown.

Over a large portion of the Indian Empire, shells of a peculiar kind, brought from the Maldiv Islands, have still a circulation under the name of *cowrie*. Sixty-five cowries are required to make up a half-penny. The inhabitants of Congo use for money another sort of shell called *zimbi*. 2000 zimbis make a *maconti*. A traveller relates that in Congo they offered him ten macontis or 20,000 zimbis for his gun. Certainly shells enough for one man to carry!

In many parts of Polynesia the natives use for their money dealings the teeth of whales. The North American Indians, those brave hunters, employ for the same purpose the skins of the

beasts which they have killed. While the fishermen of Iceland and Newfoundland use dried fish, especially prepared for the purpose. Elsewhere salt cut up into bricks is used; in other parts, sugar. Some Indians, who are ignorant even of the use of cowries, are content with almonds. Their value varies naturally according to the year's produce. In ordinary times twenty almonds equal a half-penny.

There are few countries where regular money is less employed than in Mexico. In the last century maize and cocoa were used there; now each proprietor of a *hacienda*, or large farm—it must be remembered that their farms are almost like villages—coins his own money, this money having a currency only upon his possessions. It consists commonly of simple plates of white iron, round, square, triangular, or oval, marked with the master's initials.

At Huatusco the money is of wood cut in small blocks.

When the French troops passed through Orizaba, in 1864, the industrious inhabitants, deprived of their brass money which had been confiscated, and not being able to make any more from their bells, which had also been taken away from them, hit upon a strange idea—you would be some time guessing it—they made money of soap! Little oblong rolls of white soap of two different sizes and marked with a stamp took the place in commerce of the brass and copper claquos and quartillos. Some were worth eight centimes, and others sixteen (about 2d. and 4d.).

In other parts of Mexico it is leather money which circulates. This sort of money, too, is found at Aden at the south of the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb. The inhabitants cut it out of ox-hides and of the size of a sandal. With this tawny leather they buy white-skinned slaves.

They use salt, too, in this infamous traffic. An ordinary slave costs from two to three pounds, or as much salt as two camels can carry; but the price of a young slave of from fifteen to sixteen years of age is four or five times as much.

As to leather money, we must not imagine that it never circulated except among distant nations. There are proofs of its existence in England during the reign of Edward I. Old chronicles allude to the leather money of this sovereign bearing his name, his arms, and his crest. According to them, the king, wishing to keep his silver uncoined, used his leather money to pay for the expense of the construction of the castles of Caernarvon, Beaumaris, and Conway.

There is an old saying about a miser who wished to have his gold buried with him, viz.—'Bury his gold with him! truly it is a great pity that his old shoes were not added to it in case that the happy days of England should return, when money was made out of leather.'

Adam Smith, in his 'Wealth of Nations,' relates that in his time there was a village in Scotland where everybody carried a bag of nails about with him instead of a purse, wherewith to pay his way.

J. F. C.

CHARLIE ON THE BRIDGE.



OW,' said Charlie Piper's mother to him, as he went out of the door to go to school, 'do not harbour that thief to-day: remember!'

'No, mother, I will not,' boldly answered Charlie Piper.

What! a boy like Charlie Piper harbour a thief! One would think he could have nothing to do with thieves. Yes, one would suppose

so, and yet there was one thief so sly that he used to get himself into Charlie's good graces, and Charlie used to go with him; and although he well knew that it grieved his mother, and certainly hurt his character, yet it was some time before he had firmness enough to make a stand against him.

As he went off to school, his mother bade him 'Remember!' On he goes until he gets almost over the bridge, when he stops a minute to watch the little minnows darting about in the water below. He almost wished he was a minnow, that he had no grammar to learn, or copy to write; he was sure minnows must be very happy, with nothing to do the livelong day but play in the water.

Charlie well knew he had not a moment to spare on the bridge: he knew that precisely five minutes after nine the master fastened the door for prayers, and no tardy boy could get in; he knew it was too bad thus to lose a whole half-day's school, but for all that he kept stopping and delaying. In fact, his old companion the thief was by his side ready to steal his precious moments; so the boy kept stopping and stopping, thinking about the minnows, and saying, 'Oh, it is so dull to be cooped up in that old school-room,' until, all at once, his mother's word, 'Remember!' rushed into his mind. It seemed as if she spoke it again in his ear. He started up from his lounging attitude, threw back his arms, as much as to say, 'Hands off, Mr. Thief!' and took to his heels in the direction of the school-room. Charlie ran with all his might. He arrived just at the moment the master was going to lock the door, and happily got in.

'Good!' said Charlie, looking as glad as could be; 'Good! I made my escape that time—I did!—Good-bye, Mr. Thief; you and I have done having any more dealings together.'

Charlie was as good as his word; and from this time, instead of being a boy always delaying, always behind-hand, he became the very pattern of promptness. Hereafter, 'procrastination,' which the proverb calls the 'thief of time,' kept at a distance, and at last ceased to trouble him altogether.

Now, do the children think what a bad thing this procrastination is? Procrastination, you know, is the spirit of delaying, of being behind-hand in all your undertakings and engagements, and duties. It is aptly called a thief, for it robs us of one of our best treasures—Time. Did you notice how it was trying to steal Charlie's time on the bridge? Avoid this thief. Say 'Hands off!' whenever he tempts you



to dally in your duties; and do resolutely and promptly whatever you have to do, or, as the Bible finely expresses it, 'Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily,

as to the Lord.' Such a course will certainly rid you of this troublesome and dangerous enemy for ever. Will you try it?—*The Christian Treasury.*

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Chatterbox.



THE LITTLE FOSSIL-GATHERER.



LONG the coast of Devonshire are high cliffs washed by the sea, in which strange bones and shells are often found buried. People used to wonder what animals they belonged to, and they would pay money for the curious-looking fragments.

About seventy years ago there lived in one of these villages near the sea-shore, a carpenter who used to spend his leisure time in wandering along the coast and picking up fossils and stones, which he sold to the strangers, who came to visit the place and to see its beautiful

scenery. His little daughter Mary often accompanied him, for she was, like most children, very fond of going out with her father. This little girl was a heavy, dull child, who did not care to amuse herself or to play with other children; she was slow at learning her lessons in the little village-school, and found reading a very difficult task. But a change suddenly came over her, brought about by a strange event.

She had been taken for a treat to see some horse-riding in a field, when a heavy thunderstorm came on, and to escape getting wet she was taken by her friends under the shelter of some tall trees. Most young people now know that it is very dangerous to take refuge under high trees during a thunderstorm, for the lightning is always likely to strike the tallest objects. In this case the lightning was attracted to the lofty tree, and passing down its trunk rendered little Mary and her companions insensible; she was taken up by some persons who had seen the accident, carried home in an unconscious state and placed in a warm bath; and, strange to say, from that time she became a different kind of child to what she had been before, and instead of always appearing dull and slow, she was lively and animated. Her rambles with her father became doubly interesting; he taught her all he had learnt from his long experience in fossil-gathering, and she soon showed a singular quickness in selecting the stones that contained curiosities. Many a pleasant walk they took together amongst the cliffs and crags of the rock-bound coast, within hearing of the murmur of the sea, or deafened by its furious roar. Mary's father carried her over the deep pools, or helped her to climb up the steep rocks that sometimes crossed their path. With his hammer he broke the stones and pebbles, which her quick eye chose out as the most likely to contain the objects for which they were seeking.

A sad stop was at length put to these happy rambles. Mary Anning's father fell ill of that sad lingering sickness consumption, and died and left her a poor little orphan of ten years old, without any one to take care of her and provide her with food. But her Almighty Father did not forget her, and just when she knew not where to turn for food

and shelter while passing sadly along one of the pathways which she used to traverse so merrily with her father, she caught sight of a fossil ammonite, one of those curious shells which were the habitations of creatures like the Nautilus, that raised their tender membranous sails and floated on the mighty ocean. She knew it was a particularly fine one, and therefore offered it for sale to a lady who happened to be visiting the town of Lyme. It was bought for half-a-crown, and encouraged by this success Mary Anning set diligently to work to gather these curiosities for sale and thus obtain a livelihood.

By degrees the fame of the little fossil-gatherer spread abroad, and wise men in London and other places who were studying the science of geology, or what is found within the earth, were glad to buy the curious specimens of bones and shells collected by the young girl.

One day her eye trained by long practice detected some bones sticking out of the side of the cliff. With her hammer she traced the outline of some huge monster, whose existence had never before been recognised; she employed men to dig away the earth which was around it, and at length the entire skeleton was made clear. From the end of the jaw to the tip of its tail it measured thirty feet, the socket of the eye was as large as a huge saucer. It was like a creature made up of parts of many other animals, the head shaped like that of a lizard, the teeth were those of a crocodile, the trunk and tail resembled that of an ordinary quadruped, but it had the paddles of a whale, the ribs of a chameleon, and a long slender neck.

Many persons came from all parts to see this wonderful creature, and it was at length bought by a Mr. Henly for twenty-three pounds. This huge fossil, with many others discovered by Mary Anning, may now be seen in the British Museum. No one knew at first what it could be; one geologist called it a crocodile, another a lizard, till at last the long and difficult name of *Ichthyosaurus*, or Fish-lizard, was given to it. From this time the name of Mary Anning became widely known amongst geologists, who awaited with impatience the discoveries of strange remains that were frequently made by her.

The next animal whose skeleton was made known was the *Pterodactyle*, a great creature with wings like a bat, a long tapering bill resembling a woodcock's, armed with crocodile's teeth, and strong armour over a body shaped like a bird's.

Mary Anning went on her quiet way constantly finding fresh treasures embedded in the blue lime, while her friends made out after a great deal of puzzling what they belonged to. The long thin bones commonly called ladies' fingers were discovered to be the back-bone of the cuttle-fish, and some were so perfect that the ink-bag was made use of, and sepia drawings shown, drawn in ink taken from the little ink-bag of a fish that had been buried in the earth for thousands of years.

As Mary Anning grew older she made a large collection which attracted many visitors, and in 1844 Dr. Carus accompanied the King of Saxony to see it, and bought six feet of the skeleton of a

reptile for fifteen pounds. He asked her to write her name in his pocket-book, which she did, and he said that it was well known throughout Europe.

Professor Owen procured for her a pension of forty pounds a year from the British Museum, as a slight acknowledgment of the value of her labours in advancing the science of geology; and at her death, in 1847, of cancer, the Geological Society set up a memorial window in the church at Lyne Regis. The inscription bears testimony to her usefulness in furthering the science of geology, and also to her kindness of heart and integrity of life.

This short account of a life is written to show other children what has been done by one of themselves, who made use of the talents entrusted to her, and who by diligent observation not only secured an honest livelihood for herself, but aided in establishing the foundations of science whose records contain all that is known of the condition of the earth in the countless ages before men were created.

ISABEL THORNE.

INCHBROOK.

(Continued from p. 380.)



UT those who ought to have known what was the cause of her not appearing had received no tidings. The day wore on and the dancing was just beginning when Lord Durnford sent for Michael. He had received his second-post letters, from a bundle of which he selected one and put it into Michael's hand.

It was from the under-servant of the London house, and it informed Lord Durnford that Mrs. Jameson had sickened with small-pox three days ago, that the doctor had ordered her to the Hospital, and that no hope whatever was given of her recovery.

'I suppose I can be spared at once, my lord,' said Michael, folding and returning the letter.

'Well, yes, I suppose you must go, Jameson; but it's rather serious you know with your school. You are not afraid for yourself?'

'I should be sorry to bring the disease to the children, but I suppose the doctors would know if there would be risk. If they say there is, I can stay away till it is safe for me to return.' But even as he spoke he could not help remembering how utterly friendless he was. He had heard of relations in London, indeed, but if his mother kept up any intercourse with them herself, the friendship had never extended to him.

He had but short time left in order to catch the last train to London, and every moment was of consequence.

'Jameson,' said Lord Vyner, who was in all the excitement of the dancing and amusements, 'just lend a hand here. We want to get all these forms out of the way, and make more room.'

'I am afraid I can't stop, my Lord,' said Ben.

'Can't stop? Why not?'

'His Lordship has just told me that my mother is dying, and I am going to London now.'

'Your mother dying? dear me! she was to have been here, and I had forgotten all about her. What's the matter?'

'Small-pox,' said Michael, shortly.

'Well, don't catch it, and bring it here.' And Lord Vyner turned to his dancing and fun, not bestowing a thought of anxiety on Martha Jameson. He had always been kind to her,—but affection was not to be expected of him, he thought. Those days were over.

Ben caught his train, and as he travelled he felt more than ever his own isolation. At every station he saw people parting, or meeting with those they loved. Sisters with brothers, fathers with daughters, whole families of little ones depending on some elder for care and help. It was a long while since a murmur, even in thought, had escaped him, for his life at Inchbrook had latterly become more full of interest. Children were growing up and showing marks of his training, and he knew that to Mr. Whitby he was a help and a comfort. It was only that deep inner yearning for love which he generally could stifle, but which to-day seemed to take stronger possession of him. Perhaps, till now he had cherished the fancy that, sooner or later, his mother would give him that love, and now that hope was dashed; for the letter had said there was no hope, and she was probably out of the reach of earthly ties. As the twilight settled down, there came into his mind some words which often seemed to him to have been written for him. Mr. Whitby had given him a *Christian Year* on the last Monday before Easter, and he thought he must have known what a comfort that hymn would be to him:—

'There are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None loves them best. O vain and selfish sigh!
Out of the bosom of His love He spares—
The Father spares the Son, for thee to die.
For thee He died, for thee He lives again,
O'er thee He watches in His boundless reign.
Thou art as much His care, as if beside
Nor man nor angel lived in heaven or earth:
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide
To light up worlds or wake an insect's mirth:
They shine and shine with unexhausted store,
Thou art thy Saviour's darling, seek no more.'

CHAPTER VI.

IF Michael Jameson felt his loneliness on the journey, he felt it still more in London, and especially when he stood in the stone portico of Lord Durnford's grand house. It was the height of the London season, and some great entertainment was going on at the next mansion. Carriages were setting down gay ladies and gentlemen, and powdered footmen shouted their names up the wide staircase. Gaping crowds stood round, and Jameson, who sometimes felt himself looking quite respectable at Inchbrook, stood there dusty and travel-stained,—a shabby kind of tramp in the eyes of the bystanders.

Twice he had rung the bell, and, though he heard it ring far away in the basement, nobody came. Another peal, and another weary waiting, and a surly-looking old man came and opened the door.

'I want to know where Mrs. Jameson is,' said Michael.

'That's more than I can tell you,' was the answer. 'Wasn't she the housekeeper here?'

'Perhaps you'll tell me what you want, young man. It isn't my business to answer questions.'

'Mrs. Jameson is my mother, and Lord Durnford gave me leave to come and see her.'

'Then his leave isn't much use to you,' said the man, in a softened voice, 'for she died this morning.'

'Where?' asked Ben.

'At the Western Hospital. You had better go there if you don't believe me.'

So Michael set out again. He was faint and hungry, but he was hardly conscious of it, and had forgotten that in the excitement of feeding other people he had not eaten since morning himself. Lord Durnford had exhorted him to be quite sure not to expose himself to the infection with an empty stomach; and here was he on his way to the Small-Pox Hospital, having tasted no food for hours.

Another peal at another big house,—but no waiting this time. Long light corridors stretched about in every direction. It was an unusual hour for visitors, for whom rules, as strict, were laid down, as those for patients; and Ben, turning his head, caught sight of a coffin on the shoulders of two men. Was that intended for his mother?

The explanation once given that he had come up from the country, and had no home in London, seemed to satisfy the first official to whom he spoke, and he was desired to wait till the Matron could see him.

Presently she came with a calm, decided step.

'I came to London, hoping to see my mother,' said Jameson; 'but I heard at Lord Durnford's just now that I am too late.'

'You do not know her number? We go here more by numbers than by names.'

'I think the porter said it was Number 10.'

'Number 10 is dead—died this morning. But,'—and here the Matron unlocked a drawer, and took out a book—'you said it was your mother. Number 10 was a girl. Here it is you see: Mary Graham, age 17.'

'There must be some mistake then,' he said.

'Yes, there is a mistake; and I think there was a move of some of the patients, which may account for it. I will see a nurse if you will stay here.'

Number 10 had been moved, and was now Number 8; and Number 10 was alive and somewhat better, but still in great danger.

The Matron asked him many questions about his own health, and the chances of his conveying the disease, but she failed to shake him in his determination to see his mother, whose case was most malignant.

'You won't know her again,' said the nurse, as she opened the door; 'and she won't know you, for she's quite blind.'

Michael certainly would not have recognised her. The face was swollen and discoloured, and the eyes sightless. It was difficult to believe that the handsome regular features had come to this.

(Concluded in our next.)

BRAVE FIDÈLE.



OME time ago I was staying in one of the pretty and picturesque villages in Switzerland. I liked to talk to the people, and knowing their language perfectly, I had no difficulty in doing so. In the long and solitary walks which I frequently took there, I often met an old man whose snow-white hair and simple but refined manners inspired me with a wish to know something more about him. One day we had gone further than we intended, never noticing the clouds which for the last half-hour had continued to gather darker and darker over our heads; at last the rain began to fall fast, and as the old man's cottage was much nearer than the little hotel where I had taken up my abode, I did not resist his kind invitation to come in and to share the humble meal which he said would be ready by this time.

'Sit down here, sir,' said the old man, bringing a chair to that side of the table where his daughter had laid a plate for me; 'this used to be my poor Frank's place.'

He had several times mentioned his son to me, and I knew that he was dead.

'Thank you, father Jacques,' said I; 'and how long is it since your son died? Do not think me rude for asking you so sad a question, but as a true believer, you know that he has only left you for a little while alone upon earth, to welcome you, soon perhaps, in heaven.'

'You are quite right, sir,' said the old man, 'and I shall be glad to talk to you about my son; when we are alone, we three, my daughter, Fidèle, and I, sometimes forget or seem to forget him, so as not to remind each other of the old grief; but whenever a stranger enters the house who appears to be about the age he was, and puts his stick where poor Frank used to put his gun; or if any one takes his place at the table or his chair by the fire, then we have only to look at each other, to feel that the old wound is not healed yet, and that we shall never cease to think of him: is it not so, Marian? Is it not so, my poor Fidèle?'

The young widow and the dog crept closer to the old man, she laying her hand silently upon his snowy hair, the dog laying his head upon his master's knee. Tears rose to the eyes of the father and the daughter, and Fidèle began to whine plaintively.

'Yes,' said the old man, 'one evening Frank came home from Fëringen, a village about five miles from here, close to Altorf; he carried Fidèle, who was then little bigger than my cat, in his arms; he had found the poor dog in a ditch where, with some other puppies, it had been thrown to die. The others were drowned, but him he brought home; some milk was made warm, and we began to feed the dog like a child, with a teaspoon; it was a tiresome business enough, but the poor creature was there, and we could not let him starve to death. In the morning when Marian opened the door she found a beautiful dog lying quietly on the steps, which looked at her inquiringly, wagged its tail, and walked



into this room as if it had been at home there all its life; it ran straight up to the basket in which Fidéle had been made snug and comfortable for the night, and it was a pretty sight indeed, to see the little creature's delight when he recognised his mother; for his *mother* it was, who, guided by instinct, had come all the way from Féringen, taking the same path over the mountain by which Frank had returned the night before. The poor beast knew, as well as we did, that her two other puppies were dead, and the delight with which she licked and fondled Fidéle was unbounded. After having spent a very happy half-hour with him, she got up, went to the door, looked to us to open it for her, and then trotted quickly and steadily away on her way to Féringen. At five o'clock in the afternoon she came and went away again as before; the next morning Marian found her again waiting quietly and patiently on the door-steps; she never whined nor gave a

scratch at the door in the morning, as if she thought that it would be more considerate not to disturb us, whilst she announced herself in the afternoon with a joyous, short little bark, which Fidéle used to answer from the inside with queer little noises, which I am sure must have delighted his mother's heart.

'This went on regularly for six weeks. Twice a-day did she come the whole way from Féringen and back, a run of some miles, for her master had left her one of her little ones, whilst Frank had brought the other one here, so that she thought she must divide her cares between the two; what a wonderful and sublime thing a mother's love is! At the end of these six weeks, Fidéle began to be able to eat alone, and from that time his mother came but every other day, and by-and-by only once a-week, and at last she no longer appeared regularly, but came now and then to pay us a visit, much in the same manner that a country neighbour might do.

'Frank was a clever, enterprising chamois-hunter; with his gun slung across his shoulder he would climb up the highest mountains, and it was seldom indeed that he missed a shot. Almost every other day he brought us back a chamois; we sold three out of four and kept one for ourselves, and they yielded us an income of more than a hundred louis'd'or every year. We should have preferred his earning half that sum in a less dangerous profession; he had not, however, chosen this one from necessity, but because he was passionately fond of hunting, and you know what *that* means in our mountains. One day an English gentleman came to see us. Frank had just killed a splendid "Lämmergeyer," the most beautiful kind of eagle found in the Alps. The bird measured full sixteen feet across the wings. After having admired it for some time, the Englishman asked whether it would not be possible to obtain a specimen like that alive; Frank answered that it would have to be caught almost in the air, as eagles generally built their nests in the most dangerous places, where it was often impossible to get near them, and if done at all, it would have to be done in the month of May, when tending their young ones. The Englishman offered twelve louis'd'or for a couple of eaglets, gave us the address of his agent at Geneva, with whom he said he was in constant correspondence, and who would send them safely over to England, and also pay us the other ten louis'd'or; he made Frank accept two of the twelve in advance as a pledge that he should keep his word. To our great regret Frank, attracted by the very danger of the undertaking, had promised to get him two. Soon after winter set in, the long, dreary winter of our mountains, and our little village was for many months almost buried in the snow! Marian and I had forgotten all about the eaglets before the winter was over; but Spring came at last, when one evening Frank told us that he had found an eagle's nest. There was nothing at all strange or alarming in this piece of news, and many times before we had heard the same without thinking anything of it, but this time Marian and I could not help looking sorrowfully at each other. I asked him, Where? "In the Frauen Alp," he answered.'

The old man turned towards the window and said, 'You can see it from here; it is the highest of those mountains over there, and you can distinguish its snowy peaks quite clearly;' and so indeed I could.

'Three or four days after, Frank left us as usual, with his gun over his shoulder; I accompanied him part of the way, for I was obliged to go to Zug on business of my own, and did not intend to return until the following evening. Marian stood looking after us. Frank turned round several times and waved his hand to her; he had promised not to be late as she was all by herself. Soon we parted. he to take the mountain-path, and I the road to Zug. Alas! I never saw my poor lad again alive. The evening came and Frank did not return, but Marian did not feel very anxious about him, for it often happened that he remained away all night, sleeping somewhere in the mountains.'

(Concluded in our next.)

THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND THE HOUSE.

From Dasent's Norse Legends.



NCE on a time, there was a man, so surly and cross, he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So one evening in haymaking-time, he came home scolding and swearing, and showing his teeth, and making a dust. 'Dear love, don't be so angry, there's a good man,' said his wife; 'to-morrow let us change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home.'

Yes! the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning, his goody took a scythe over her neck, and went out into the hayfield with the mowers and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and do the work at home.

First of all, he wanted to churn the butter; but when he had churned awhile, he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. So, just when he had knocked in the bung and was putting the tap into the cask, he overheard the pig come into the kitchen. Then off he ran up the cellar steps, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn; but when he got up and saw that the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there routing and grunting amongst the cream, which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale-barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick, that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; but when he got down to the cellar every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy, and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have for dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that their milking-cow was still shut up in the byre, and hadn't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought that it was too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just get her upon the house-top—for the house you must know was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep grass bank, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he couldn't leave the churn, for there was his baby crawling about on the floor; and 'if I leave it,' he thought, 'the child is safe to upset it.'

So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch, so he took up a bucket of water out of the well; but, as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream

ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well!

Now, it was getting very near dinner-time, and he hadn't even got the butter yet; so he thought he had best boil the porridge, and he filled the pot with water, and hung it over the fire.

When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs; so he got up on the house to tie her up; he made one end of the rope fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal. So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house-top, and as she fell she dragged the poor man up the chimney by the rope! There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung halfway down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down nor up!

The good wife had waited an hour for her husband to come and call her home to dinner, but as he did not come she thought she'd waited long enough, and went home. But when she got there, and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe; but as she did this, her husband, who had been pulled up the chimney by the rope, of course tumbled down again; and so, when his old dame came into the kitchen, there she found her husband standing on his head in the porridge-pot!!

THE TWO WEAVERS.

AS at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce would eat.

'What with my babes and sickly wife,'
Quoth Dick, 'I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

'How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree:
Why all to him? why none to me?

'In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

'Where'er I look, how'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppressed,
And all the wicked are the blest.'

Quoth John: 'Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of His ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

'See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there!
So rude the mass, it makes one stare!'

'A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, "No meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder.'"

Quoth Dick: 'My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout;
Why man, that carpet's inside out!'

Says John: 'Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

'As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

'No plan, no pattern can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace!
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

'But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine.

'What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then the carpet shall be turned.'

'Thou'rt right,' said Dick; 'no more I'll grumble,
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right.'

HANNAH MORE.

IT STINGS!



OW pretty!' cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking, 'It stings! it stings!'

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful, and sweet-smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A jolly little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms, and was sucking nectar from it most heartily when Sammy's fat hand disturbed him. So, being vexed with the child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with harts-horn, and when the pain was gone she said, 'Sammy, my dear, let this teach you that many pretty things have very sharp stings.'

Let every child make a note of this—Many pretty things have very sharp stings. It may save them from being stung if they keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty. A



boy once went to a circus because the horses were pretty, and their riders gay; but he learnt to swear there, and thus that pretty thing, the circus, stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty thing. He drank it, and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket, and ate it.

'Have you eaten one?' asked her mother.

Fearing she should not get another if she said,

Yes, she said 'No,' got another pear, and then felt so stung that she could not sleep that night.

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it looks, *stings*. It stings sharply, too. It stings fatally. The Bible says, 'The sting of death is sin.'

If you let sin sting you, nothing can heal the wound but the Blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting, go to Jesus with it, and He will cure it. After that, never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things.

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Chatterbox.



'Baby is King.'

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BABY IS KING.

A ROSE-CURTAINED cradle, where nestled within
Soft cambric and flannel, lie pounds seventeen,
Is the throne of a tyrant—that pink little thing
Is an autocrat ruler, for baby is king.

Good, solemn grandfather dares hardly to speak
Or walk lest the sleeper should hear his boots creak;
Grandma is a martyr, in muslins and cap,
Which the monarch unsettles as well as her nap.

Papa, wise and mighty, just home from 'the house,'
Grows meek on the threshold, and moves like a mouse,
To stare at the bundle; then outward he goes,
Like an elephant trying to walk on his toes.

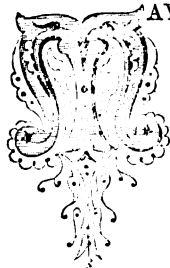
Good aunties and cousins before him bow low,
Though he rumplestheringlets, twists collar and bow;
He bids the nurse walk with his majesty's self,
And cries when she stops like a merciless elf.

He flings right and left his saucy fat fist,
And then the next moment expects to be kissed,
He demands people's watches to batter about,
And meets a refusal with struggle and shout.

Then failing to conquer, with passionate cry
He quivers his lip, keeps a tear in his eye;
And so wins the battle, the wise little thing,
He knows the world over, that baby is king.

INCHBROOK.

(Concluded from page 388.)



AY I speak to her?' he whispered to the nurse. She nodded.

'Mother, I have come.'

'Who is it?' asked the sick woman, eagerly.

'Michael, your son,' he said.

'Is Lord Vyner come? I thought I heard his step.'

There was no answer, for Michael Jameson had fainted. The long fast combined with the previous fatigue had been more

than he could bear, and now the shock had overpowered him.

Martha Jameson mumbled on, but no one listened. Michael was not sensible, and the nurse was gone for restoratives.

'It is nothing,' said Ben, when he came to himself; 'I am tired.'

The Matron, seeing Michael's state, gave him food and lodging that night; but as she had promised him that he should be called if his mother became worse, he had not many hours' rest. The long summer daylight had hardly given place to the dawn of the early morning when the nurse again stood beside him.

'You had better come,' she said. And now Michael noticed that the nurse's speech and manner were those of a lady. He was quite right, for

she was one, and she had devoted a life which might have been spent in luxury to the work of nursing in Hospital wards. Her dress was plain and somewhat coarse, but the delicacy of the hands and throat told of refinement.

'Is she worse?'

'I think so; and quite sensible. She will be glad to see you, I think.'

The young man shook his head mournfully as he followed his guide past innumerable doors,—once more to Number 8.

'He is come, Mrs. Jameson,' said the nurse; 'I have been telling you how he came up all the way from Inchbrook directly he heard you were ill, and how he fainted when he saw how ill you were.'

The sick woman clutched nervously at the bed-clothes. She knew quite well that in the silent hours just past the nurse had been trying to set before her the mistake of her life.

'He has no reason to care for me,' she said; 'I never gave him a mother's love.'

'Never mind that now, mother. If you could only feel just a little comfort in me, that is all I want. But I don't care even for that as much as I care to know whether you love God at all. Oh, mother, perhaps you will die,'—and here his voice rose to agony,—'and if you have not made your peace with God, you cannot go to heaven.'

'I know all, Ben. They have all been telling me that; but I cannot, my heart is too hard. It is too late.'

'Oh, no!—not too late while you live. Think of Christ upon His cross—of the penitent thief. Will you see a clergyman? He will tell you.'

'He has told me,—he was here to-day, but it is too late. I have had an idol, and have worshipped it.'

Ben could have told her that her idol cared as little for her worship as any idol that ever was made. But to grieve her about Lord Vyner, he felt was not the way to open her heart towards himself.

Presently she spoke again, but with increasing difficulty, while her son had been silently praying. 'I had some money once, Ben; I suppose you know, but I lost it all. I have hardly got more than one quarter's wages saved.' She paused, expecting an answer.

'I have some,' said Ben, 'if you want more. I live very cheaply at Inchbrook, and have always put by for a rainy day.'

'Don't let Mary Waite turn out my things if I die.'

'No, I will not. But, dear mother, don't trouble yourself so much about all this. It will not signify to you when you appear before God.'

Mrs. Jameson was silent, but very restless, and the nurse told Michael that any moment might end the struggle. Once they thought she was gone, and then life seemed to flicker back.

CHAPTER VII.

'WHAT an object she is, though, Ben!' was Lord Vyner's exclamation as he left the schoolhouse one autumn morning.

'Hush! my lord, the window is open!'

'Well, look here,' continued the other, walking

away, and speaking in a lower tone. 'I can't come much to see her, you know; there are such heaps of things to do; but I'll help you, Ben, if you will let me. Will you have this bit of paper? It is only ten pounds, but I can give you another soon, for I heard of all you did for her.'

'I would take it if she wanted any single thing that I cannot get her,' said Ben; 'but, you know, I have no one else to support, and never shall have, so that we are very comfortable. If anything were to happen to me it would be another thing. She would have no one to take care of her then.'

'Well, I see you are too proud to take money, so there is an end of it.'

And Lord Vyner walked away whistling gaily, and thinking that he had done a very generous thing, and one which absolved him from any further attentions to Mrs. Jameson.

Michael went on training his roses, and potting his geraniums, till he thought his mother might be wanting him, and then he went in.

'Mother, did you see Lord Vyner?' he asked through the open door which led into the little sitting-room.

The only answer was a deep sob.

'It was too much for you,' he said, 'you had not met for so long.'

'It is not that.' And here the sobs broke out again. 'O Ben, I heard what he said about me, and before that I knew he never cared to see me again. And when he called me "an object," I knew that God had sent me my punishment. May He forgive me, my son, that I called you one years ago!'

'Never mind that, mother,' said Ben, kissing her. 'I was all that you said, and it was no wonder you were so proud of Lord Vyner. I thought just now as he stood talking to me that I had never seen anybody so handsome. And he was very kind too. He wanted to help us with money. But I told him that we should not want that while I could work for you. You would not have wished to take it?'

'Certainly I should not. Only I don't like being a burden on you. Ben, do you know I think sometimes that you really cannot in your heart forgive me. Do you remember how I sneered at you, and provoked you? I cannot believe that you went on loving me all that time.'

'I am not sure. I don't know whether it was love,' said he, slowly; 'but my great desire and prayer was, that some day we might love each other, and that I might be a comfort and help to you.'

'God has answered that,' she replied, 'and the other too. For I feel now that my love for Lord Vyner was a shadow of what I feel for you. It was a craving for something which if I seemed to get it, did not satisfy me. Besides, he gave me trouble, and you have never done a single thing to vex me. The only thing I fear is, that you are doing it because you think it is your duty.'

'Once I did it for that reason,' he answered; 'but now I do it because I love you dearly, mother, and because there is no pleasure half so great to me as to make you happy.'

The following Sunday Mr. Jameson was seen

leading his mother up the steep hill on which the church stood, and side by side they received the Blessed Sacrament of Communion, thus realising a vision which Ben had sometimes dreamed of, but which for years he had never dared to hope for. A casual observer might have pitied them. The poor crippled man with his blind mother on his arm, disfigured as she was by the marks of the awful disease she had passed through. But then he would not have known their history. He would not have guessed that a deep abiding love had sprung up between them, and that it had just been sealed by the Saviour Himself.

Mary Waite, a tottering old woman, was there too, and she also had learnt to be contented that her Ben had found another mother.

'Nay,' she said that morning, 'I'll call thee Ben no more. We called ye that when sorrow was thick upon ye. But it's gone now, for the Blessed Lord has called ye both together to the Feast of Love. God bless you, Michael, for the goodness you showed to me, and may He prosper you in all your ways.'

'Thank you kindly. We owe a good deal to you.'

Michael's way was not always a smooth one. It could hardly be supposed that a selfish character like Martha Jameson's could bend at once under the affliction which made her so dependent on others. She was often irritable and exacting. Sometimes she craved for her old luxuries, but these relics of the past died out gradually; and when last we saw her, she was teaching the little girls of her son's school to knit stockings, an accomplishment which Michael had persuaded her to learn in the early days of her blindness.

Rumour of a wife for Michael have now and then been gossipped about, but he shakes his head. He will never put any one before his mother; and as year by year goes by, she becomes more and more his care, and he her only stay and support.

THE LITTLE FISHERY.

By Rev. John Horlen, Missionary at Moose Fort, N.W. America.



'NOW who will go a-fishing?' said I one fine, cold, frosty morning; so cold, indeed, that my dear little friends in England would think it far too cold to stir out of doors. Not so, however, those to whom I addressed myself, for no sooner had I spoken than 'I, 'I, 'I will,' proceeded from three young chatterboxes of different ages.

'Well, then, prepare at once, for we must start almost directly.'

This was a work of pleasure, and was quickly performed. A long flat sled was brought to the door, and on it we placed frying-pan, kettle, axe, bread, tea, sugar, and all the little odds and ends which would be useful for our winter picnic.

And how is a little chatterbox dressed for such a picnic? You wish to know. She has the ordinary



English dress, but instead of a bonnet she has a good fur cap coming well down over the forehead, and fastened under the chin; a thick blanket over her shoulders reaches almost to her feet; her hands are encased in deerskin mittens, lined with flannel; her feet, besides the ordinary stocking, are covered with two pairs of thick blanket socks, and over those a pair of soft mooseskin shoes; then a large pair of snow-shoes, to prevent her from sinking in the deep snow, and a warm muffler around the neck, and she is ready to start.

Putting on my own snow-shoes, and taking the line of the sled over my shoulder, I set off, followed by the juveniles. It is a long walk before we reach the fishing-place, so we walk on briskly, getting a fall now and then from the snow-shoes catching in a stump. How cold it is as we cross the river; take care of your noses, my little ones, or else Mr. Frost will come and take off a piece of them; give them a good rub.

Ah! here we are; our walk has given us a good appetite, so we go up into the woods, dig out a large hole in the snow with our snow-shoes, line it with pine-branch, cut down some trees and make a good fire, press snow into our kettle, and thus get water to make our cups of tea.

Breakfast is over, and now for the fishing. Who would think of fishing when the ice in the river is two or three feet thick? Well! we shall see. I take a sharp chisel, fastened to a long pole, and go to the river, where I cut out four holes; presently the little ones, who have not been idle, come trudging down the bank with bundles of brushwood on their backs; a few branches are set by each hole for a seat, and each of us, taking out his hook, fastens it to a long line, baits it, weights it with a small piece of lead, and drops it into his hole; and there we are, crouching down, bobbing our hooks up and down, waiting for a bite.

'Here is a bite!' cries one; 'but he's off the hook again.'

'I can't get a bite at all,' says another. And now I am aroused from my own work, for the smallest of the party has called out, 'Papa, papa, come and help me; a large fish has got hold of my hook, and I can't draw him out.' I run to her assistance, and, after a little coaxing, we succeed in landing a fine trout, quite two feet long. What a fine prize! I return to my hole, but meet with no success; a few small trout only reward my exertions.

But the little ones are cold; up again to the woods, heap on the logs, make some more tea, fry some more pancakes, take a hearty dinner, and then down we'll go again for another hour or two. Well! well! we have not done so badly; we have, between us, caught nearly twenty fish. And now it is time to think of returning; so we pack our sled again, taking care to place the fish in such a position that they may be seen by the good mother at home as she looks out of window to watch our arrival.

As the successful little chatterbox appears rather tired, we seat her triumphantly above the kettles, dishes, and frying-pan, and cover her up with blankets, and march homeward. The snow is beginning to fall: we must get home before the storm comes; the wind is already rising. We do get home in time, and what romantic narratives are given by the chatterboxes; but as everybody is talking, it is rather difficult to make out what is being said; but one catches words now and then as 'good tea,' 'fish ran off with my hook,' 'frozen nose.' And now all are dressed, and sitting down to supper; the fine trout are smoking on the table; the events of the day are again discussed, when we rejoice too that we got home when we did, for the wind has increased, the snow is falling thickly, one of our fearful snowstorms has begun, and I fear that days, perhaps weeks, must elapse before the little ones can engage in another fishery.

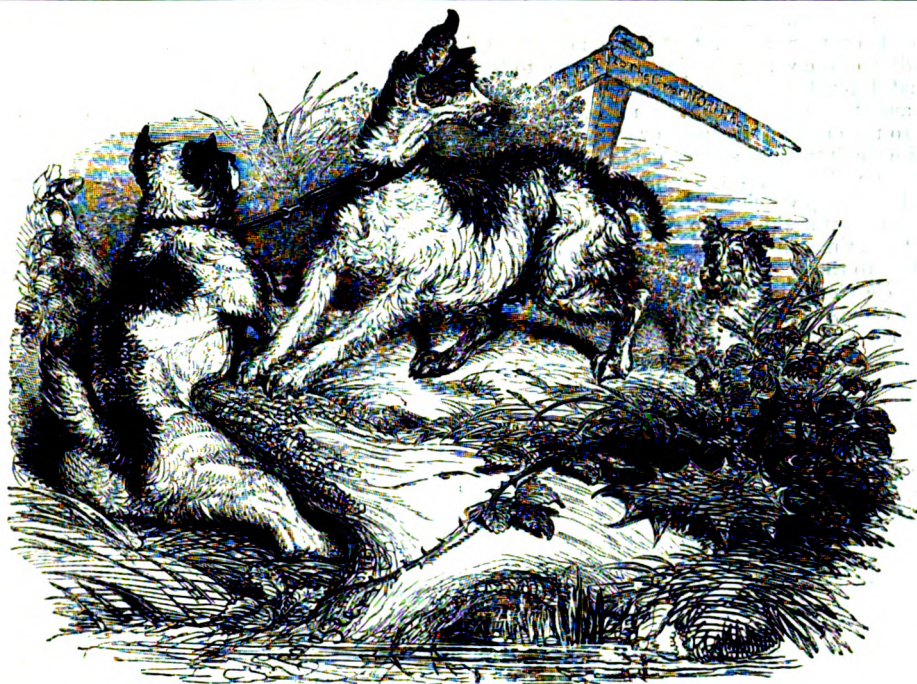


THE TWO DOGS.

HERE are two foolish dogs! They are coupled together by a chain, so that their only chance of getting along comfortably is by agreeing to go the same way; but instead of this, each dog wishes to go his own way, and so they are pulling against each other to see which is to give in; and as they are nearly matched in weight and size, it is likely to be a long tussle, and both will have the skin nearly rubbed off their necks before the matter is settled, even if it does not end in a regular fight.

'Of course one of the dogs ought to give in,' you say, 'and go as the other dog wishes.'

No doubt that would be the proper thing for a dog of sense and right feeling to do; but then dogs have not minds, they have only what is called 'instinct,' which often leads them to act very cleverly,



but it also makes them always like to have their own way, if they are strong enough to get it.

And how can we wonder at a dog not giving up its own will to its companion, when we see how many men and women, and lads and maidens, to whom God has given hearts and minds, are just as silly as these two dogs? They are linked together perhaps as man and wife, or as brother and sister, or as class-fellows, or in some way they have to journey along the road of life in company. Their only chance of being happy is to go cheerfully along *the same way*, but instead of this, they each will struggle to get their own way, and so they make themselves and those around them wretched.

It is quite true that just as the two dogs in the picture *wished* to go on different sides of the post, so differences of opinion will sometimes arise between husband and wife, or brother and sister, or between class companions, and then the contest ought not to be which can show most 'spirit,' as it is foolishly called, not which can pull the hardest, but the trial ought to be which can yield the most gracefully and pleasantly.

Since a person cannot quarrel with himself, or with a companion who is resolved not to quarrel with him, this plan of giving up one's own way, puts out many a spark of angry feeling which would otherwise blaze into strife. A wise man says in the Holy Bible, '*Yielding pacifieth great offences.*' Will our young readers try to find where these words occur, and then 'paste them up in their minds,' and put them in practice whenever they find themselves tempted to have a pulling-match with any one at home or in school, to settle which is to give up his way to the other?

BRAVE FIDÈLE.

(Concluded from page 390.)



NDEED, father, you are mistaken,' interrupted the young widow here; 'I felt very anxious all day, although I went about my work just as usual; whenever Frank did not come home before nightfall I felt nervous, but that evening I listened for his footsteps more anxiously than ever, for you were from home too, and I was very lonely; besides, through all that day I had a strange, restless feeling, for which I could not then account, but which I knew afterwards to have been a foreboding of coming evil. Frank had left Fidèle at home to keep me company, but several times during the day the dog had tried to slip away, no doubt to go after his master. The snow had begun to fall heavily towards evening, the wind howled sadly and dismally. I was frightened and began to shiver, though I could scarcely have told what ailed me. As the wind increased the cows in the shed began to low piteously, as they sometimes do when they scent a wolf coming from the woods. All at once I heard a loud crash, and when I looked up I saw the little looking-glass you gave us on our wedding-day broken to atoms. I tried to kneel down and pray, and to seek for comfort where alone we can always obtain it in the hour of trial; but scarcely had I begun my prayer when I fancied I heard the plaintive howling of a dog far away in the distance; never before had I felt so

wretched and miserable. I listened for a long time and tried to convince myself that it was nothing but the howling of the wind; but just as I began to feel sure that I must have been mistaken, I heard it again, and this time it seemed much nearer. I rushed to the door, not daring, however, to turn the key and open it, when a sudden gust of wind burst the window wide open, at the same time extinguishing the little lamp which was burning on the table; I tried to shut it again, and to light the lamp, when, for the third time, the dog began to howl, and now quite close to the door. I flew to open it, and there stood Fidèle alone, but instead of caressing me as usual, he caught my dress between his teeth, trying to drag me away as fast as he could. I knew at once that Frank was in danger, and all my strength returned at that awful thought. I did not stop to fasten the door or the window; on and on we hastened through snow and wind, Fidèle leading the way and I following him closely. After about an hour my shoes were soaked through, and I threw them off, my dress was torn to rags, my hands and face bleeding; what mattered it to me? I had forgotten cold, fear, and darkness, and I felt nothing and thought of nothing save *him*. Now and then I attempted to shout as loud as I could, "Frank, Frank, I am coming;" but my voice seemed to fail me, and I could not.

'Wherever Fidèle went I followed; I knew not how or where! At last I heard a noise like thunder in the air, and as it came nearer and nearer I knew it was an avalanche. I felt the ground on which I stood shake, and for a moment I thought I was tossed high up into the air. I tried in vain to take hold of anything, and then down, down I went, and for some time I lost all consciousness. A sharp, sudden pain brought me to my senses again. I had been dashed against a rock. Taking hold of some shrubs I managed at last to get up; poor Fidèle tried to lick my hands, and on we went once more. I was drenched and almost frantic with grief; close to me I saw the eyes of a wolf shining in the darkness, and I felt sure that I could have strangled him had he attacked Fidèle or me, but the animal seemed scared and ran away. At last, at daybreak, still guided by Fidèle, I found myself on the edge of a precipice over which hovered an eagle. I tried to look down, but it was still too dark to distinguish anything below. Then I think I must have fainted away exhausted with grief, terror, and fatigue, for when I opened my eyes again the sun had risen, lighting up that fearful chasm, and in its depth I could distinctly discern the form of a human being lying there quietly in sleep or in death. Fidèle looked at me so sadly that I had no doubt he knew it was his master, then he began running to and fro, and at last he disappeared altogether; but in a little while he returned, pulling my dress and making me understand, as well as he could, that I was to follow him once more. He had discovered the only possible way for our going down. Indeed it was almost a miracle that I reached the ground alive. When my hands had become too stiff and too sore to catch hold for support of odd pieces of rock or shrubs, I shut my eyes and let myself roll down, and at last Fidèle

and I arrived safely at the spot where Frank's body lay; he must have been dead then many hours already. I knelt down beside him, almost frantic with grief, and for a long time I could wish and pray for nothing but that I might die too; then I thought of our poor father, and that I must try to live and take care of him.

'Fidèle had lain down close to his master, and was licking his face which was partly covered with blood. My despair was at first so great that I did not try to find out how he had died, but when I turned round I saw not far from him a dead eagle; high up sat a young one on the rock, whilst far above him in the air the male was wheeling round and round in his dizzy flight, now and then uttering a sharp plaintive cry. Frank, whilst trying to take the young ones, had been surprised by the parents, and being attacked by them, he had been forced to disengage his hands from his hold in the rock, and in falling he had strangled the one which had attacked him the most fiercely,—the female. The bloody marks of her claws were distinctly visible on his face and shoulder.'

'This is why we are so fond of Fidèle, you see, sir,' continued the old man; 'without him the wild beasts and vultures would have made a prey of poor Frank's body; whilst now, thank God, he lies quietly in a Christian grave, where we can often go to pray, for at times our grief seems almost too much for us even after so many years, and we can only bear it in the sure belief and hope that we ourselves shall, ere long, meet him again in heaven.'

I felt that poor Marian and the old man were better left to themselves just then; so I took my way in silence to the quiet churchyard, where I stood a long time at Frank's grave, thinking of the sad story of his short life, and praying that God would bless and comfort those who had been nearest and dearest to him in this world.

E. K.

THE POOR WIDOW'S BOY.

A NUMBER of well-dressed, happy-looking boys, just dismissed from school, were at play on the village green. Their joyous shouts caused other boys who did not belong to the school to join them, and they were readily allowed to take part in the sports. Pretty soon a little boy, about nine years of age, came slowly out of a neighbouring lane, and, taking his station by the fence near where the play was going on, watched the proceedings with very earnest attention. He was very pale and thin, his clothes were ragged but clean, his feet were without shoes, and his hat wanted a rim. Now and then a smile would pass over his face as he witnessed some feat of the boys; but for the most part it wore a melancholy expression. He did not ask to play, and no one took any notice of him.

In about twenty minutes David Halsey joined the group. He had remained, during that time, in the school-house, with the teacher, in order to receive some explanations in regard to his lesson. He had recited his lesson accurately, but there were some points connected with it which he did not

perfectly comprehend, and which the teacher was happy to answer.

David was very fond of play, as well as of study. When he played, he played with all his might; and when he studied, it was after the same fashion. He had not been on the ground long, before he saw the lone boy by the fence, and he felt sorry for him. He went up to him and said, 'Do you wish to play?' The boy nodded in reply.

'Boys,' said David, 'let this fellow play.'

'No,' said one; 'he don't belong to the school.'

'No matter,' said David; 'there are several here who don't belong to the school.'

'He is too ragged,' said another boy. The pale boy who had come forward a little when David began to speak in his behalf, turned back as he heard this speech, and resumed his station by the fence.

David was sorry that the boys would not let him play, but he concluded there was no help for it. So he joined in the play which was going forward with his usual vigour, but not with his usual pleasure. He could not help thinking of the poor boy. Whenever he looked that way, he saw that he was watching him. He made another effort to get the boys to allow him to play; but the reply he received from the most influential one of the group was, 'Oh, don't make such a bother about a ragged boy!'

It was now proposed by one of the boys that they should go to a neighbouring hill. This proposition was agreed to by acclamation, and all the boys except David set off on a run. David stayed behind and talked with the poor boy.

'Where do you live?' said David.

'Down there,' said the boy, pointing towards a lane, where there were several small houses.

'How long have you lived in the place?'

'About two years.'

'I don't remember ever seeing you before.'

'I was always at work in the factory till I got sick, and was obliged to stop.'

'Where did you live before you came here?'

'We used to live in Lakeville. Father had a snug little farm there, and we used to live so nice and happy. But father was taken sick and died, and then they came and took away the farm.'

'Was he in debt for it?'

'No, he had just finished paying for it; and then a man came and said the title wasn't good, and after mother had paid the lawyers a good deal, they told her she must give up the farm: so we had to move out of the house: we had to sell most all the furniture to get money to live on. Then mother took in sewing, and sat up nights till she got so weak that the doctor said she must stop, or she would die, and leave her children without anybody to see to them. She came here, that sister and I might work in the factory.'

'How old is your sister?'

'She is a year older than I am. About a month ago I was taken sick, and had to stop working; I am better now; I am going into the factory again next week.'

'You don't look well enough to go to work.'

'I feel better than I did; I feel pretty well, only I am not as strong as I used to be, and I have a bad

pain in my side most of the time. I don't tell of that, though; for mother would not let me go to work if I did.'

'I think you are rather foolish for wishing to go to work, when you are not well enough to go.'

'You wouldn't think so if you knew how little mother has to eat, and how thin sister is growing.'

'Hasn't your mother enough to eat?'

The boy shook his head, while the tear stood in his eye.

'Are you hungry now?'

'Not very.'

'Not very! you ought not to be hungry at all, because you are willing to work. Come, go home with me.'

'I had rather not.'

'I'll get mother to give you something to take to your mother.'

This argument could not be resisted. He followed David home. David made a statement of the facts he had learned, and Mrs. Halsey, after making a few inquiries of the boy, and addressing some kind words to him, put up quite a large basketfull of things which she thought would be useful to the afflicted family. She told David to go with him and assist him in carrying it. David was well pleased to go, for he was quite interested in his new acquaintance, and knew also something of the pleasure attending the performance of benevolent deeds.

'Our house is not much like yours,' said the boy, as he turned to go into a very small house. Everything was neat within it, though the furniture was very scanty. A Bible and a hymn-book lay on the table. A sickly-looking woman sat mending clothes. As the basket was brought in and opened, she blushed, and said, 'My son, I hope you have not been begging.'

'No, ma'am, he has not,' said David; 'I got talking with him, and found out you had been sick, and I made him go home with me; and mother begs you will accept of these things.'

'I cannot refuse what Providence has so clearly sent; and I have no disposition to do so. I did not see where help was coming from: for I had concluded that Mary must stop work to-night; she is killing herself, poor girl. She can now stop for a time, and we shall not suffer.'

'Father says the Lord always helps those who trust in Him,' said David.

'I am glad you have rebuked me for my want of faith,' said the woman.

'I didn't mean to rebuke you, ma'am.'

'I know you did not.'

'Mother will come and see you, I think; and turning to the boy, 'You come and see me, and I will play with you.' David then withdrew, because he thought they might be very hungry, and would not like to eat before him.

'Mother,' said he, when he went home, 'I hope you will send me to that place again, for I think Mrs. Barclay will prove to be a good customer.'

'What do you mean?' said Mrs. Halsey.

'You know Christ says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—N. Y. Observer.



Poor Widow's Boy.

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Chatterbox.



Italian Greyhound and Puppies.

ITALIAN GREYHOUND AND PUPPIES.

WILL they ever be like myself? seemed to me the thought of the little dog, as it sat up somewhat weary, looking among a bundle of puppies, the care of which appeared to need all the energy of their mother. It requires a practised eye to foretell the long-nosed, slim greyhound in these short-faced, pudgy, little fellows, who looked more like common little street curs than anything else.

The only thing that betrays the future greyhound is a certain stretchy action in their sleep, which you may trace in the way in which one rests its foreleg against the mother's, and the other puts it on the ground under its sinking head, as a common puppy would not do, and which foreshadows the beautiful action, which Sir Edwin Landseer has made immortal in his picture of 'High Life.'

Very young puppies are always much alike, and you must leave it to time to show what they will be. I knew a gentleman who destroyed a whole litter of valuable old-fashioned hounds, because they did not come into the world with long ears and deep lips, such as he saw in the old ones.

The Italian greyhound is a charming companion for the drawing-room and the walk; he does not easily attach himself to strangers, and, if intelligently treated, becomes very amusing, from a knack these dogs have of judging for themselves. But the very small, shivering animals, which the London dog-fanciers produce, are generally as poor in intellect as in body.

CROSS QUESTIONS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT paid so much attention to his regiments of Guards, that he knew personally every one of his soldiers. Whenever he saw a fresh one, he used to put the three following questions to him:—1. How old are you? 2. How long have you been in my service? 3. Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment? It happened that a young Frenchman who did not understand three words of German, enlisted into the Prussian service. Frederick, on seeing him, put the usual questions. The soldier had learnt the answers, but in the same order as the king generally asked them. Unfortunately on this occasion Frederick began with the second question,—'How long have you been in my service?'

'Twenty-one years,' replied the Frenchman.

'What!' said the king, 'how old are you then?'

'One year,' was the reply.

'Upon my word,' said Frederick, 'you or I must be mad.'

'Both,' replied the soldier.

'Well,' said the astonished monarch, 'this is the first time I was ever called a madman by one of my Guards; what do you mean by it, sir?'

The poor fellow, seeing the king enraged, told him in French, that he did not understand a word of German.

'Oh! is it so?' said Frederick; 'well, learn it as soon as possible, and I have no doubt but you will make a very good soldier.'—*Select Anecdotes.*

THE FIVE CHILDREN.

OH, gently aways the rocking boat
Upon the sleepy seas;
Far and few through fields of blue,
Milk-white cloudlets slowly float.
And the murmuring breeze
Doth a measured softness keep
Like a breathing babe asleep.

Five children, blithe as summer, were
Disporting in that bark,
Their gushing laughter thrill'd the air,
Like the carol of a lark;
They stoop'd to see each face of glee
Peep from the waters gray,
And shouted when their plashing hands
Had startled it away.

An idle stripling saunter'd past,
And with unthinking hand
He loosed the guardian rope, and cast
The shallop from the sand;
But careless still, the children play'd
Too innocent to be afraid.

Oh, lightly springs the dancing bark
Upon the bounding waves!
Thick and fast, along the blast,
Ride the storm-clouds gathering dark;
And from distant caves
Rise wind-murmurs, hoarse and deep,
Like a lion roused from sleep.

Remembering every tale of wreck
That they have ever heard,
Each child clings to another's neck,
And cowers like a wounded bird:
Fear in those stainless hearts woke love,
And love did comfort fear;
And vague, sweet faith in One above
Kept back the rising tear.

But still the lessening shore grew pale,
Dark grew the widening sea,
The boat so frail, beneath the gale,
Writhed as in agony,
And infant sob and faint lament
Were with the night-wind's music blent.

Like the slow ooze of dropping rain,
Two heavy days went by;
The mother sate all desolate,
The father ranged the seas in vain,
And gazed, with straining eye,
On the grey vacancy of tide,
Till his sick heart within him died.

'Twas the third morn—upon the line
Of wan and watery light,
Which separates the sky and brine,
Gilding the skirts of night.
He sees a moving thing—apart
From cloud, or foam, or shore—
Not faster beats his faltering heart
Than works his hurrying oar.

Nearer! it is an empty boat
 Wherewith the slow wave plays!
 Christ, pity him! his eyes wax dim—
 He stands—he gasps—one gaze—
 What sight hath made him start and weep?
 Five helpless children fast asleep!

Opening each blue and wondering eye,
 They greet him wistfully,—
 'Oh, father, nought but sea and sky,
 Nothing but sky and sea!
 Take us home! 'Tis lonely here,
 And we are faint and cold;
 I strove the little ones to cheer,
 For I am eight years old!
 So I took the baby on my knee
 And cradled her to sleep,
 And hid my face, lest they should see
 When I was forced to weep:
 And when I felt the most afraid,
 I lifted up my hands and pray'd.

'The stars came out and gazed on us,
 And the white clouds went past—
 Their silver wings, like living things,
 Did rock upon the blast;
 And we would fain have shelter'd us
 Where the soft moonlight lay;
 But waters dark were round our bark,
 Still sweeping it away.
 At last there came an edge of flame,
 Far off as far could be,
 And we knew the sun was rising,
 And we all stood up to see.
 Like a fired torch the heavens emblaze,
 The waves are liquid light;
 We shade our eyes, and gaze—and gaze—
 There is no land in sight!

'I cannot tell what next befell—
 It seem'd a blank despair;
 Our spirits had no strength for hope,
 Our lips no voice for prayer;
 A sleep of sorrow wrapp'd us then,
 Such as in God's own word
 Fell heavily on holy men
 Who watch'd their praying Lord:
 We thought to wake in heaven—but see,
 Father, God gives us back to thee!

Weeping, the sire stretch'd forth his hands,
 And sank upon his knees—
 'O Man,' he saith, 'if faint thy faith,
 No stronger medicine it demands
 Than what it hears and sees;
 God's love so walls us round about,
 How is it possible to doubt?'

THE SUBSTITUTE;

OR, 'A GOOD DEED ALWAYS FINDS ITS REWARD.'

IT was at the beginning of the year 1812, when the French were in the full pride of victory, before events began to take an unfortunate turn for them.

In a town in the central department of France recruits were being drawn out. Between three and four hundred young fellows there assembled, and not more than ten or twelve would be exempted, all the others must, for good or for evil, go to the wars to help to swell the glory of their master. An old woman stood before the town-hall weeping as she embraced her only son—the conscription, so pitiless towards the poor, was about to tear him, who was the only support of herself and her sick husband, away. Close to these two, who perhaps were taking a last farewell of each other, stood a strong young peasant; he had been more fortunate than the son of these poor people, and had drawn a number which set him free. Now he tried to comfort the poor woman. 'I will take your son's place for you; I will care for you as a friend only can do.'

But the old woman did not heed him and his words of comfort. Who has ever been able to take a son's place in a mother's heart?

A crowd of people had assembled round the group; and much sympathy was shown in all their faces. Unnoticed by the rest, a stranger had also joined them.

The young peasant, Joseph Bertrand was his name, had vainly exhausted all arguments of comfort; he now retired for a while, and leaned thoughtfully against a tree. At last he went up to the old woman again: 'Keep your son, mother,' he cried; 'I will go and serve instead of him!'

A loud cry of applause arose from the crowd. Joseph was confounded; he scarcely knew himself yet what a sacrifice he had made. Mother and son both fell at their deliverer's feet.

'Never mind! don't make so much of it; say no more about it—eight years will soon be over,' said Joseph, cheerfully.

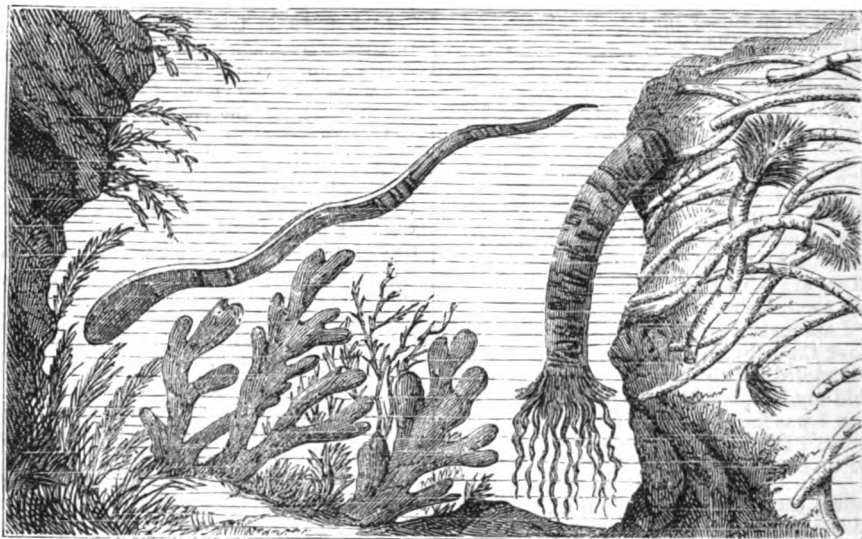
'And a good deed always finds its reward,' said a serious voice behind him. It was the stranger; people looked at him amazed, but he went away with slow measured steps towards the town gate. 'He must be a clergyman or a schoolmaster,' said the people.

Three years afterwards, on the evening before the battle of Waterloo, which for the second time made Napoleon a powerless man, he was sitting among his generals giving them directions about the morrow's conflict, when a young officer entered the room, who wore the uniform of a staff officer. The Emperor greeted him with a friendly smile.

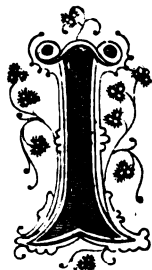
'I have a debt to pay you,' he said to him; 'my journey to Elba did not allow me to do so before, but as I knew that your regiment was close by, I would not defer it any longer. At Bautzen you were the first to penetrate one of the enemy's squares; you distinguished yourself at Dresden, at Leipzig, at Hanau. Take this paper; it is your promotion to be a colonel. I have once before told you that "a good deed always finds its reward."'

The stranger, whom they had taken for a clergyman or a schoolmaster, was no other than the Emperor, who had always kept his vigilant eye on the generous Joseph Bertrand.

J. F. C.



ANOTHER CHAPTER ON ANNELIDS.



In a former *Chatterbox* I gave a short account of the Sea-Worms called *Serpulæ* and *Sabellæ*; I will now try to describe some other kinds of Annelids equally curious and beautiful.

The first thing which attracted our attention one day as the contents of the dredging-net were emptied on the deck of the yacht, was a piece of rock about six inches in length and four in depth; it was quite covered with *Serpulæ* tubes of various dimensions, and at the first glance we exclaimed, 'What a splendid collection!' But on closer examination we were disappointed at finding that most of the tubes were empty. Quite sufficient *Serpulæ*, however, were alive to cause us to keep the piece of rock: on our return home I placed it in an aquarium, and I soon discovered that other Annelids besides *Serpulæ* had taken up their abode there.

The first sign I had of the presence of these worms was a bunch of long, thin, buff-coloured feelers, ornamented by a short, thick, crimson fringe, hanging down from the piece of rock; these feelers were continually in motion, lengthening or shortening themselves every instant.

As I examined the bunch through a magnifying glass, it moved forwards, and in a few moments a salmon-coloured worm had displayed itself to the length of an inch, or an inch and a half. Thinking that probably the Annelid was searching for food, I dropped a small piece of meat near the perpetually moving tentacles. In a moment it was enveloped by the numerous feelers which twined and untwined themselves round it with great rapidity. The tentacles appeared to act for the worm as our teeth

act for us, with the exception of their being *outside* instead of *inside* the mouth; for after a while, the bit of meat was softened and divided into very small particles, and gradually drawn up beneath the crimson fringe.

These Annelids lived but a few days; they came out of their homes in the rock, and lay extended amongst the pebbles, some hours before they died; the restless feelers gradually became quieter, till at last they ceased to move at all, and with feelings of regret I took them out of the aquarium.

In my previous short chapter on '*Sea-Worms*,' I mentioned that we have frequently dredged specimens of those which do not live in tubes; large quantities of these Annelids sometimes came up in the net—most of them are brilliantly coloured, and their movements are extremely active and graceful. The one I have drawn was scarlet with white lines on its body, and a white line on its back. It is the same size as the original, as is also the other worm, sticking out from the piece of rock.

A. C. WHEELEY.

'BE STRONG.'

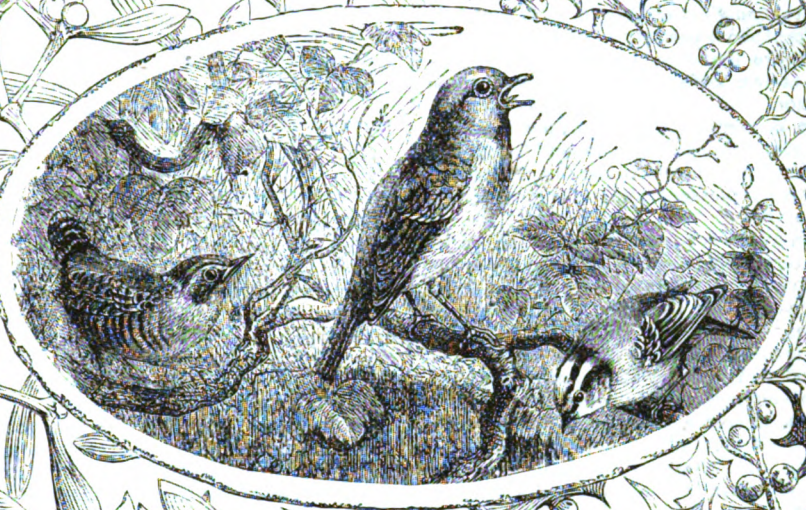
1 Chron. xxviii. 10.

BE strong' and do thy work,
Whate'er that work may be:
If 'tis thy Father sets the task,
It is the best for thee.

'Be strong:' though thou art weak,
Yet He has strength to give,
And at the post that He assigns,
A hero mayest thou live.

One constant war with sin,
With self one constant strife,
And victory by the Saviour won—
Make up the Christian's life.

Sunday at Home.



THE ROBIN AND THE WRENS.

By H. G. Adams.



WE finish our series of bird-papers with these favourites, the Cock Robin and the Jenny Wren. With these two familiar birds the artist has included one not so well known—the charming little Goldcrest, who lives chiefly in the dark pine-woods, amid whose thick boughs he builds his tiny nest, and amid whose gloomy shade his flame-coloured crest flashes like real fire. Sel-

dom does he come to warble out his few sweet, though disconnected notes, near the habitations of man, although a very thick pine or other tree in the shrubbery will now and then tempt him to build there. He is the smallest of British birds, and lays an egg no bigger than a pea, of which sometimes as many as twelve are found in the small, mossy, cup-like nest; he is wonderfully active, seeming to be always in motion.

Jenny Wren is seen on the opposite side of the picture, down, not 'among the dead men,' but among the leaves, where she loves to be twittering and chirping in a very pleasant kind of way, as if she were talking to herself.

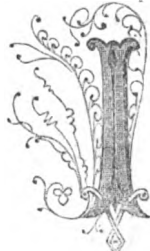
The common Wren is a great destroyer of insects, and therefore very useful to man; she belongs to the family of Creepers; everybody knows her short squat figure, with legs set far back, and stumpy tail; it seems a marvel that she does not pitch forward on her bill, there is a little behind to balance the other parts of the body. Yes, everybody knows Jenny the heroine of the nursery tale in which Cock Robin figures as hero, almost as beloved and cherished a household bird as he, and far more gentle and deserving of love, for Robinet, if truth be said, is a smart, pugnacious fellow, who hops and flits about in his crimson waistcoat and fancies himself a welcome guest everywhere, as indeed he is. Our little modest friend here, in her dress of light greenish brown, with dusky markings to give variety, just a little white over each eye, and white bands across the wings, is as pretty a creature as one need wish to see, and she has a soft voice, too, although it is rather faint and low.

Pert and pugnacious is Robinet, did we say? Truly he is so, and no doubt he sorely provoked the Sparrow before he was shot with his bow and arrow. Put two Cock Robins together and they will be sure to fight, and in the aviary they are most troublesome birds from their quarrelsome ways.

All through the spring and summer we hear but little of the Redbreast; he is away in the woods intent on family cares, or on taking his pleasure in a paradise of insect food; but when the leaves begin to fall from the trees, and the chill autumnal gale to whistle amid the half-naked boughs, we hear his sweet warble in the garden. 'Win'er comes! save your crumbs!' he seems to say, and soon he is hopping on the window-sill or over the threshold of the door, asking for food and shelter where he knows it will not be refused, for in all countries he is looked upon as a kind of sacred bird, so that to shoot a Robin is something like sacrilege. With the young he is an especial favourite, for did he not make a leafy grave for those two poor children who died of grief and hunger after their lives had been spared by the robbers who were employed by their wicked uncle to kill them.

So long as the story of the Babes in the Wood is remembered, Robin will be loved by the young; while those who are no longer children will welcome him because of his fearless trust in man, and because he pays his visits in the dull winter-time when all nature is bleak and dull, and when our other feathered friends have left us or are silent.

OYSTERS—GRATIS—FOR ONE HOUR ONLY!



IN the first week of November, in each year, there exists a curious custom at the pretty watering-place of Arcachon, near Bordeaux. The scene of it is the sea, or rather the oyster-bed in the sea; the performers are any persons who possess boats, and know how to manage them. On that morning the whole coast swarms with boats

of all kinds.

Men, women, and children sit in them closely packed together, for the great object is to get as many arms and legs into the boats as possible. To the small island which lies in the centre of the oyster-park, all eyes are directed. It is completely embedded in oysters, which any of the occupants of the boats are allowed to take gratis, as soon as the signal, a cannon-shot, is heard. This liberty lasts only one hour, so time is precious. Not a minute, not a second of this hour is wasted. Every muscle is strained to the uttermost.

The report of the cannon rolls with a dull sound over the waves, and many a distant sailor who has never heard of the one day and the one hour of the free oyster-fishery at Arcachon, fancies it must be the signal of a ship in distress. How lustily the oars are plied now! Quick as arrows the boats shoot onwards to the island. The sailing-boats indeed come to the scene of action rather later than the swift light nutshell rowing boats, but they can contain more booty and carry more arms and legs to work in the oyster-bed. During the performance the noise and shouting are deafening.

The oyster-bed is scraped with all sorts of instruments—rakes, shovels, sieves, and so on. This, of course, increases the agitation of the water, so that the sea is quite rough all over the bed.

But now the gunner has already got the watch in his hand to give what will really be a signal of distress. Who, indeed, can say what is hastily gathered into the boats in the last few minutes before the closing shot is heard?—star-fish, crabs, and all sorts of things besides oysters are hauled in in the eager haste of the fisher-folk.

Then the cannon orders an instant halt. Woe to him who stoops but once more towards the bed in order to increase his store by a last hasty grasp. He is sure to be seen, for the telescope is pointed at him, and he will be obliged as soon as he lands to throw the whole of his precious freight, to the very last oyster, back into the sea. The spectators of this strange scene, of which there are a large number, either line the shore or are rowed over to the island, where they have a pic-nic on oysters and biscuits.

J. F. C.

NEVER acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.

NAPOLEON II.

NO Emperor probably had so short a reign as Napoleon II. It lasted only a few hours, in the year 1815, during which period he was a prisoner in the hands of the Austrians. Brief as it was, however, it seems to have been considered by the Buonaparte family to have been a *reign*, as his cousin on being proclaimed Emperor took the title of Napoleon III. instead of Napoleon II.

The life of this unfortunate prince was a short and melancholy one. Joseph Charles François Napoleon, King of Rome, was born at Paris on the 20th of March, 1811. His birth was welcomed as a most auspicious event. Honours, wealth, and power were predicted as in store for him, no one seemed to doubt of his greatness and the lustre of his life.

But so soon as the 2nd of May, 1814, less than four years after his birth, surrounded with so many hopes and so many promises, the young prince quitted the soil of France which he was never to see again. On arriving in the dominions of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, he was robbed of his title—his name Napoleon was proscribed—everything which recalled his father's glory and his enemies' humiliation, was most carefully concealed from him, and the son of the great Napoleon, the King of Rome, became the Duc de Reichstadt.

An Imperial patent of the 22nd of July, 1818, bestowed upon him this title and also of Austrian Archduke, regulated the Prince's rank and coat-of-arms, fixed the honours to which he had a right, and made him a member of the Austrian Imperial family. But of *Napoleon*, there was not a word. The Imperial patent of 22nd of July suppresses that glorious name in the list of the titles of the son of the great Emperor, the terror of European monarchs.

When he began to suspect what kind of man—what a great hero his father had been, his soul of fire awakened as from a long sleep; when he read about his campaigns and understood to what a height of glory and of power he had attained, he seemed to have entered into a new world which completely dazzled and astonished him.

Notwithstanding those who surrounded him, in spite of the incessant precautions of the police, he wished to know everything. He procured and devoured in secret all the books which spoke of Napoleon; and when he knew how great he had been, how he had been humiliated, and, lastly, how he had died, he was filled with hatred against those who had succeeded in overcoming and exiling him. He was indignant too, at the suppression in his names of that *one*, which he justly regarded as the most glorious of all, and he boldly and openly took it again.

Like his father, he loved the profession of arms, but that thin and feeble body in which his great soul was contained could not bear up against the severe exercises to which he endeavoured to inure it. Promoted to be Colonel of the regiment, Gustave Wasa, he placed himself bravely at its head,

took part in all the parades as well as in all the fatigues, whatever weather it might be, however ill he was, and notwithstanding all the physicians said against it.

He dreamed of glory and of war. He studied the numerous histories of his father's battles. With the map of Europe before his eyes, he eagerly followed the progress of those combats.

An early death was before him. But his iron will gave him strength to support even to his last day the hard trials to which in his ardour he willingly submitted himself. He did not consent to take to his bed till his weakness was so great that he could no longer raise himself from it. He at once understood that he must die, and he had only one regret in leaving the world, viz., that he must depart from it after having done so little to show that he was worthy of that great name which he bore.

On the morning of the 21st of July, relates one of the officers who attended him, the sufferings of the Prince became so severe, that for the first time he confessed to his physician that he was in pain. He then manifested a deep dislike of life. 'When will my painful existence terminate?' he said in the torment of a devouring fever.

At that moment his mother, Marie Louise, entered the room with an apparent calmness, he replied to her questions, and tried to cheer her as to his health. During the rest of the day, though his sufferings had not diminished, he understood all that was being said around him, and spoke several times with satisfaction of the voyage which he was to make in the autumn. In the evening the doctor announced that the worst was to be feared during the night. The Baron de Mole did not leave the Prince's chamber but against his will, for he could not bear the thought that any one should remain all night beside him. For some time he appeared to sleep, then he suddenly raised himself and exclaimed, 'I am sinking! I am sinking!' Baron de Mole and his valet took him in their arms, hoping to calm him. 'My mother, my mother!' he cried; these were his last words.

Hoping at first that it was only a passing weakness, Baron de Mole still hesitated to call the Archduchess; however, when he saw on the Prince's features the signs of approaching death, he told the valet to run and tell Marie Louise and the Archduke Francis, whom the Prince had requested to be present at his last moments. They came at once. Marie Louise fell on her knees at his bedside. The Duc de Reichstadt could no longer speak, his eyes fixed upon his mother he tried to express to her the feelings which his mouth was not able to utter. When the prelate, who was present, pointed him to heaven, he raised his eyes as a reply. At five o'clock he expired in that same room in the palace of Schönbrunn which Napoleon had occupied in triumph in 1809, after the battle of Wagram.

It was on the 22nd of July, 1832, and Napoleon II. was then just twenty-one years of age.

He had a magnificent funeral. The following inscription in Latin may be seen on his tomb in the dark vaults of the Capuchin convent at Vienna:—



Napoleon II.

TO THE ETERNAL MEMORY
OF
JOSEPH CHARLES FRANCOIS,
Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, Emperor of the
French, and of Maria Louisa, Archduchess
of Austria,

Born at Paris, 20th of March, 1811.

From his birth he was saluted as King of Rome; he was endowed with all the faculties of the mind, and with all the advantages of the body. His figure was imposing, his countenance adorned with all the charms of youth, his conversation full of grace and of affability; he was remarkable for his knowledge and his aptitude in military exercises.

He was attacked by a disease in the chest, the most deplorable death carried him off at the Palace of Schönbrunn, the 22nd of July, 1832.

How much more expressive and poetic was the epitaph which he had himself prepared some days before his death :—

Here lies the son of the great Napoleon ;
he was born King of Rome,
and died an Austrian Colonel.

Negotiations have, of late, frequently taken place between the French and the Austrian governments for the removal of the mortal remains of Napoleon II. from Vienna to Paris, that he may rest with his father beneath the dome of the Invalides, but as yet they have had no result.

J. F. C.

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Chatterbox.



The Ass in the Pound.

THE ASS IN THE POUND.

THE Donkey was standing all day in the pound, His head through the broken bars gazing around ;

A rosy-cheeked boy, as I happened to pass,
With white bread-and-butter was feeding the ass.
'And what have they put you in here for?' he said,
While patting and fondling his shaggy old head.
The Donkey replied, as well as he could,
To the following effect—so I understood :
'Indeed, my dear child, I've done nothing amiss,
To stand all day long in a prison like this ;
And yet I shouldn't mind, for the present I think,
If they didn't forget that I both eat and drink ;
For, at least, I'm not staggering under a load,
Nor cudgelled for stumbling at times on the road :
A feed by yon brook, and a good drink out of it
Would be an improvement of course, no doubt of it.'

MORAL.

We learn from the facts now committed to verse,
There's nothing so bad but it might have been worse ;
When troubles arise, don't indulge in vain grief,
But cheerfully, patiently, wait for relief ;
If an ass for a teacher be not to our mind,
Let us learn from the rosy-cheeked boy to be kind.

THE LEGEND OF HANS
KELLER.

RICH people who, in their abundance, forget the suffering poor, should think of the legend of Hans Keller.

Hans was the richest of all the merchants of Bremen—every week he was told that some fresh ship had arrived whose cargo belonged to him. By the mercy of Providence not one of his vessels had ever been lost or suffered serious injury, and for thirty years Hans Keller had had no loss, and his riches were constantly increasing.

Hans had the best mansion in the town. His luxury equalled that of a sovereign, and many servants obeyed his orders. Sometimes a poor man in rags would stop under the windows of this princely abode, he would hear the sounds of joyous music or bursts of merry laughter from Hans' guests—the beggar would think then, that charity was a duty of wealth, and would go and knock at this palace-door. But Hans Keller's servants would drive away the beggar. And throughout all the town of Bremen those who suffered cold and hunger knew that it was no use asking alms of him, whom they called Hans of the Stony Heart.

The ground was covered deeply with snow, the wind whistled mournfully. A poor old man, almost naked, stopped at Hans' door ; he knocked, the door was opened.

'Old man, begone!' cried the footman ; 'our master does not think it right to support lazy people.'

'But I am old and infirm,' said the poor man.

'Go to the hospital, then!'

'I am hungry!—I am cold!'

'What does that matter to me? Begone, as quickly as possible!'

The old man remained motionless.

'Come, don't you understand me?' said the footman, roughly.

'Lead me to your noble master, he will not refuse me a morsel of bread.'

'You are joking! Come, go, or I will make you.'

The old man made a step or two towards the door, but he fell, seemingly lifeless, on the threshold. The footman went and told Hans what had happened, but he only exclaimed,—

'My house is not an hospital, throw the old man into the street.'

They dragged the lifeless body into the street, and the snow soon covered it over ; though, strange to tell, when they went to search for the body afterwards that they might bury it, they could not find it.

Then a mother came to the mansion and she asked for a piece of warm stuff to wrap up her child which was perishing of the cold. Hans with the Stony Heart drove away the mother, and the child died.

A few days afterwards Hans was seated at table with all his family and numerous guests. It was a merry banquet which the master of the house was offering to his friends. This was the wedding breakfast of his only daughter.

In the midst of the repast a letter was brought to Hans, which announced to him the arrival of a rich Indian merchant, with whom he had traded for many years. The merchant did not give his name, but only mentioned where he was residing.

Hans Keller, foreseeing the chance of an advantageous bargain, ordered his carriage, and set out in search of the Indian merchant.

He had scarcely entered his carriage, before the horses started off at a furious pace. Hans perceived that they were leaving the town, and wished to speak to the coachman. He pretended not to understand him. Hans tried to break one of the windows, but it resisted all his efforts.

The horses still galloped on.

Mute with terror, Hans expected to be hurled down a precipice, he hoped that the tired horses would at last stop ; but their speed did not slacken in the least.

At last the carriage stopped, the door opened, and an iron hand, seizing the unfortunate merchant, forced him to descend. The horses resumed their course.

Hans remained alone. The snow crackled under his feet, a man of lofty stature stood before him. Hans, more dead than alive, fell at his feet and exclaimed,—

'Sir, have pity upon me.'

A burst of derisive laughter was the answer to his prayer. The man approached.

'Hans,' said he, 'God has made you rich. He has made you happy too ; you have a family and large possessions, but you have not used them to relieve

the miseries of those who suffer, you have allowed old men and children to die of cold and hunger at your very gates. You have well been called Hans of the Stony Heart. Your house and your warehouses, in which you stored all your riches, have been destroyed by fire; your family has perished in the conflagration, and people at Bremen are talking of nothing else but the terrible chastisement that has overtaken you. You have seen your neighbour suffer, without pitying his suffering; now you will suffer in your turn, you will be obliged to beg your bread, and you will be treated as you treated others.

'Have pity! have pity!' exclaimed Hans Keller.

'You had no pity for the poor. Now poor yourself, you will not inspire any pity. You are now five hundred leagues from Bremen, in a country whose language you do not speak—but you will understand it. God wills it. Your punishment is beginning. Farewell!'

The stranger disappeared.

The day began to dawn. Hans perceived a ruined cabin at some distance from him; he entered it, sat down on a stone and wept—wept for his lost fortune—for his family who had perished—for the misery which had come upon him and was about to crush him beneath its weight. He wept, but he did not pray.

In a moment, he thought that the stranger had deceived him and that he was in the neighbourhood of Bremen; he hoped so. He got up and searched for a habitation, he walked on for a long time, and at last discovered a hamlet half buried beneath the snow. He knocked at the door of a poor hut. It was opened; Hans, clothed with elegance, was welcomed by the inhabitants. He understood their language: the stranger had told him, that God granted him this favour. He learned that he was in the midst of the steppes of Russia; his hopes vanished, and he sank down in complete despair.

His hosts offered him a frugal repast, then a bed. Hans, harassed, lay down and slept. When he awoke he was alone in the house. His clothes had disappeared, they had only left him a peasant's costume.

Hans called. A man came, who forced him to dress himself, and to go out immediately.

He went away, and when night came he returned again to seek a refuge in one of these cabins. They drove him away, saying, 'We do not want a vagabond.'

Hans was hungry and cold. He had not a morsel of bread to support him; not a corner in a stable to shelter him.

During ten years the miserable man was thus exposed to all kinds of bad treatment. Obligated to dig in order to get a piece of bread, treated like a slave by a rich proprietor, often almost dying of hunger, repulsed everywhere, finding no compassion in those to whom he applied. He wanted to take the road to Bremen, but he was stopped on the way and for a while imprisoned, as a vagabond or a robber. So he fared for ten years!

It was a great day of rejoicing in the town of Bremen. The bells were ringing merry peals. An

asylum for the destitute had just been opened, which was built upon the space once occupied by Hans Keller's palace. On the front of the Asylum an inscription was engraved, reminding the passers-by, that charity is the first of Christian virtues.

On this very day an old man, bending beneath the weight of years, with bare feet, clothed in filthy rags, entered the town of Bremen.

Leaning on a stick he dragged himself painfully through the streets, his half-closed eyes seemed to be searching on the wall for some sign which he knew.

At last he stopped before the Asylum which had just been opened, and his eyes remained for a long time fixed upon the inscription carved on it.

Then addressing another beggar who was standing near him,—

'Was not this formerly the habitation of Hans Keller?' he said.

The beggar replied, 'Yes, but ten years ago he was carried off, no one knows whither, and his house and family were destroyed.'

The old man staggered.

'God is just,' continued the beggar, 'before the same spot, where Hans suffered the poor to die, the poor will live now, and we shall know that Providence will always punish those, who will not stretch out a hand to aid their unfortunate brethren.'

The old man fell on his knees in the same place, where ten years before another old man had fallen dying of hunger.

'Oh, Lord,' he said, 'forgive me!'

Hans Keller had prayed at last.

Some days afterwards the lifeless body of old Keller was found on the threshold of the asylum. Beside the corpse was a parchment, upon which these words were written,—

'God has forgiven Hans Keller, who has repented of his faults, and has prayed.'

Hans was buried in the Chapel of the Asylum, and those words were written over his tomb.

Two centuries have since passed away, but this strange story is often told on winter evenings at the fireside, and when they separate people say,—

'Rich man, who in thy wealth hast forgotten the poor, remember Hans Keller!' To which we may add the words of the wisest of men, 'Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.' (Prov. xxi. 13.)

J. F. C.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON told Boswell, that he went up to his library without mentioning it to his servant, when he wanted to study secure from interruption; for he would not allow his servant to say he was 'Not at home,' when he really was. A servant's strict regard for truth (said he) must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial; but few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for himself?



MARY'S TREASURES.

LITTLE Mary with a smile
Counts her simple treasures o'er,
Coral berries from the wood,
Shells and sea-weed from the shore ;

Pebbles from the rippling brook,
Verdant moss and lichen grey ;
Hazel-nuts and acorn-cups
From the fairies filched away.

Counting up her precious store,
Little Mary paused and smiled,—
'How my treasures do increase !
Am I not a happy child ?'

Mary, grown a woman now,
Lifts her casket's carved lid,
Where amid its velvet folds
Gold and glittering gems are hid.

There the ruby's ardent glow
Deepens 'neath the diamond's ray,
And the emerald's lustrous hues
Coldly o'er the white pearls play.

With a quivering lip she turns
Sadly from their light apart,
'Worthless as my early stores—
Give me back my childish heart !'

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